REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01751 2739

GENEALOGY
978.1
K1325
1911,
FEB.-AUG.


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/kansasmagazine05unse

Kansas Magazine

volume

5

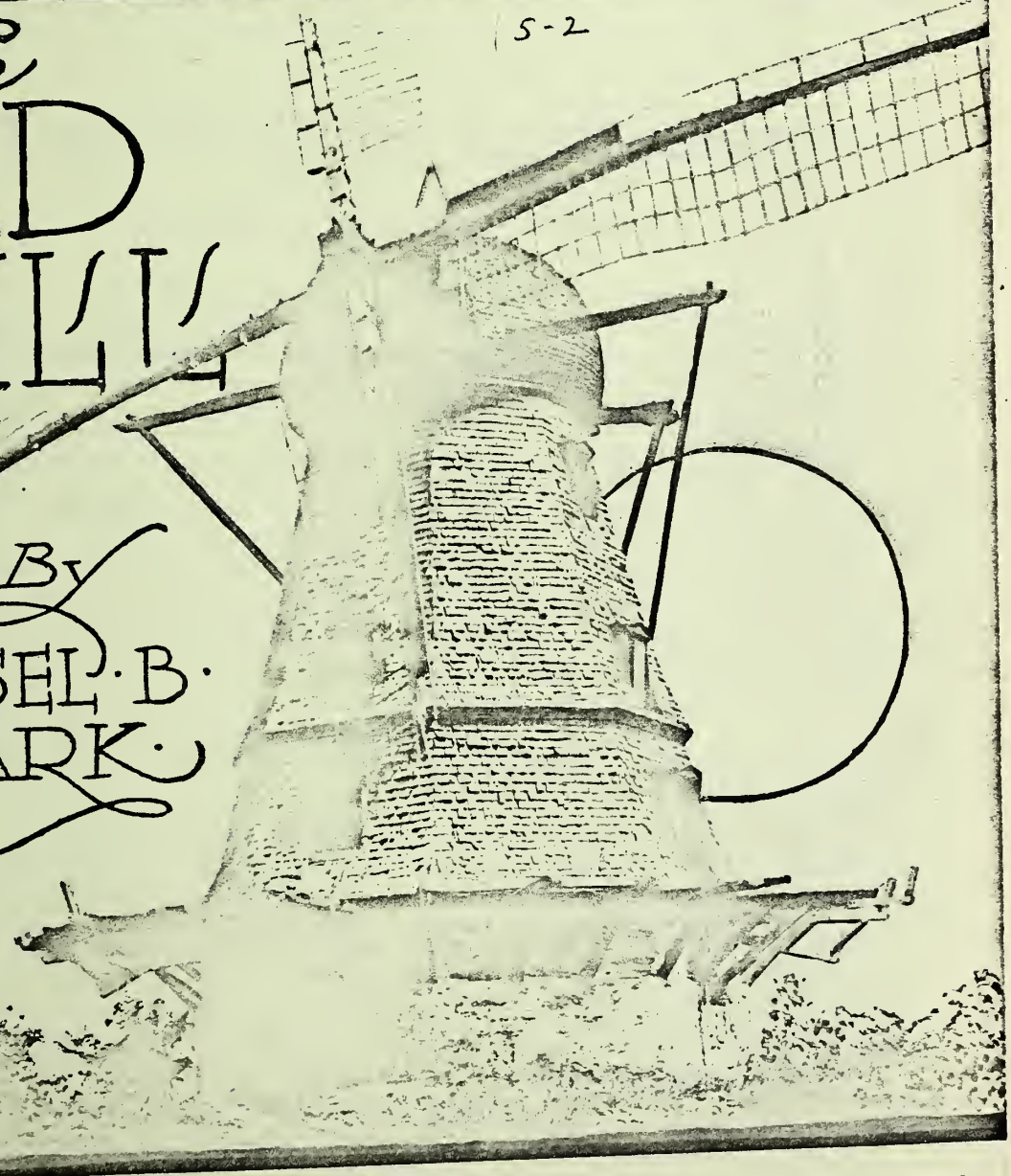
Feburary-August

1911

KANSAS MAGAZINE

5-2

The OLD MILL



By ANSEL B. CLARK

FEBRUARY · 15c

VOLUME V FEBRUARY, 1911 NUMBER 2

KANSAS MAGAZINE

The Vale of Cashmere

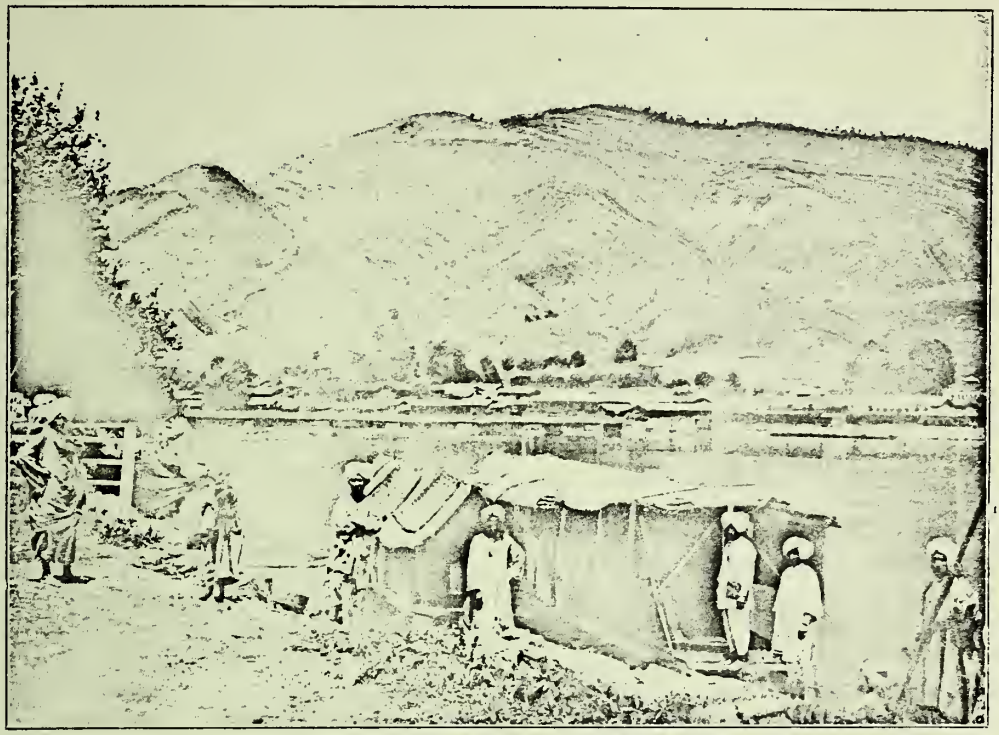
By GERTRUDE HILL SPRINGER

TO the ordinary American traveler, a holiday trip to the Vale of Cashmere is about as sensible a suggestion as a Christmas spent at the North Pole. He thinks of the Vale vaguely as a place of great beauty and considerable mystery, with its principal product a choice collection of similes and metaphors dear to the budding poet, and about as practical and accessible a place for ordinary tourist-travel as the Arctic Circle itself. This conviction is largely a heritage from that generation that draped itself in Cashmere shawls and sweetly quoted Thomas Moore:

> If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
> Think, think what a Heaven she must make of Cashmere.

It is hard for even indefatigable American travelers to realize that to the English residents in India the Vale of Cashmere is a tourist center as dependent on its season as a Palm Beach hotel. The American prefers to cling to the veil of romance and mystery which his fathers spread over this beauty spot of the Himalayas, and if he undertakes a journey thither to regard it as a pilgrimage of adventure, and not as a trip to a summer resort. The English mind dwells on the extraordinary ease with which the journey may be accomplished, and sets forth the fact that twenty days of comfortable train and steamer travel from Paris will set him down at the gateway of the Valley of Delight. But the American mind prefers to overlook these commonplace accessories of romance, and dwells on the new sensation awaiting him in the four-day tonga ride that is the last stage of the journey. It pleases him that he is to leave trains behind and is to travel in native carts and houseboats, and it rejoices his soul that he may book not through a commonplace person named Cook, but through an imposing individual in a white turban who writes his name Djanjibhoy.

Two American women, Miss Mary B. Hill and Dr. Anna Young were among the travelers who last season pushed their way northward from India into the Valley of the Jelum. Ever since the English went to India the number of these has been steadily increasing. Rich Frenchmen seeking sport, followed the English, then came commercial Germans, seeking trade, and then Americans seeking romance and adventure, until now the summer travel to the Valley has reached such proportions that the Indian government has been obliged to establish a durbar at



BOATMEN AT BARAMULLA

Srinagar to assist the visitors in making traveling arrangements with the natives who are so notoriously unreliable that it takes the officials to hold them to their bargain.

"It was hard to realize," said Miss Hill, "while we were on the railroad trains in India that we were on our way to the country of Lallah Rookh; that in a few days' time we would stand in the very garden where she went to meet her royal lover. But when we saw the native tonga in which we were to travel for four days, and still more, when we got under way from Rawl Pindi, where we left the railroad, we realized that our quest for the unusual in travel was to be a success, and that our thirst for adventure was to be gratified."

The distance from Rawl Pindi to Baramulla, the gateway to the Vale to Cashmere, is about 400 miles, and the distance is accomplished in four days. The road, which was built and is maintained at great expense by the government, traverses a country of great interest and beauty. It follows the course of the Jelum, much of the way built along the very edge of deep rocky chasms, and again dropping by hair-raising turns to the stream far below.

"That tonga ride made us feel like nothing so much as the heroines of a Wild West show," continued Miss Hill. "We were always under way at dawn, the two rough little horses leaping away at a gallop, and the beturbaned driver flourishing a wicked looking whip and exhorting them by all the Hindu prophets to bestir themselves and show the worshipful Memsahibs their mettle. The more mettle they displayed the more Dr. Young and I bounced around in the springless two-wheeled cart so we had no desire for a further exhibition.

"The road is very steep with many sharp turns and flimsy bridges and at first we were in spasms of nervousness at taking all these dangers at breakneck speed, with the driver acting like a howling Dervish. But one gets used to anything, even to a tonga, and

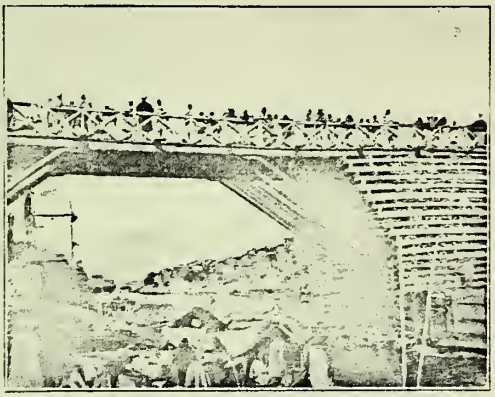
the country was wonderful enough to make u forget its bouncings. The horses were changed every five or six miles with such speed that the swash-buckling driver had on y time for one ecstatic pull at the hookah that stood at the roadside for the comfort and cheer of every passerby.

"At Garhi we were thrown into shudders by the sight of a bridge of cords, three thin looking robes, held apart by v-shaped sticks, stretched for nearly a hundred yards over a deep rocky chasm, with a boiling mountain torrent at the bottom. To cross on it seems a singularly unpleasant way of committing suicide, but the natives trot gaily back and forth as their business demands, carrying huge loads on their heads, and passing each other mid-way without turning a hair. If a timid soul comes along some good friend will always be willing to strap him on his back and take him over."

At Baramulla the tonga route ends, and the traveler stands at last thrilling with romantic anticipations on the threshold of "the most lovely country under the sun." The valley is perhaps eighty-five miles long by twenty two wide. Its lowest point is 5000 feet above the sea, and it is completely cut off from the world by the surrounding ring of mountain peaks, from 14,000 to 25,000 feet high. This ring is broken only by the gorge of the Jelum, and that is closed by snow in winter. The climate is mild and delightful, and the beauty of the scenery, of the rocky glens and the verdure



COOLIES IN CAMP



THE SECOND BRIDGE AT SRINAGAR

of the woods and the waterfalls, has baffled the best reconteurs of all times.

"But we had little time for romantic reflections," said Miss Hill, "before we were set upon by the pests of the valley —the native merchants. They are persistent and patient beyond belief, and are no more discouraged by rebuffs than are the fleas of Italy. One cannot escape them either by sea or land, but one has a little more peace while on the water, so we hastened to engage our houseboat and to get under way. Traveling in a houseboat in Cashmere is about the most ideal manner of getting about the country that can be devised. After the bone-shaking tonga journey it came to us as a progress through Paradise.

"We had a choice of two kinds of craft, the wooden houseboat, usually chosen by the English, and the native which has the sides and top of heavy matting which can be rolled up if desired. Can speed-wearied Americans think of anything more soothing than to float in such a craft on the lovely Jelum, poled along by a cheerful native, who, when he is tired poling gets out and tows a while for relaxation. Can city dwellers, who know the dawn only as it comes over roofs and chimneys, accompanied by a rattle of milk carts, picture what it is as one lies in one's bed with the matting rolled up and watches the light creep over the snow-capped mountains, down into the green valley, and across the silvery river? And can you realize what a sensation of delicious calm and repose it gives one when nightfall comes



THE MAHARAJAH'S PALACE AT SRINAGAR

after a day's travel to look back over the winding stream to the very spot where he has stopped the night before. There are no speedometers on the houseboats in Cashmere, and the person who invents one should meet with a horrible fate."

The houseboats on the Jelum are roomy, are draped with Cashmere rugs, and furnished with everything necessary to comfort. An ordinarily modest outfit consists of a boat with an overdeck and small piazza, a little parlor, dining room, two or three bed rooms and a bath. With this goes the smaller "kitchen boat," where too the servants are quartered, and the shikara or small rowboat which is the gondola of this Venice of the East. With this imposing flotilla one can explore all Cashmere, and for it one pays $20 a month. All the servants necessary to to run it are thrown in. For a most elegant and accomplished man who combines in his imposing person the duties of cook, guide and head servant generally, one pays $7 per month. All the servants provide their own food, which consists chiefly of rice and native vegetables.

"The servants were always a source of great interest and discussion to Dr. Young and myself," said Miss Hill. "Our ideas about them were always rather vague. We seemed to have so many more some days than others, and they were always developing unexpected relationships among themselves, and taking on and dropping off large family connections at every stopping place. The division of labor among them was perfect. Afternoon tea required the undivided attention of four able-bodied full-grown men. One man went for wood, another got the water, a third made the tea, while a fourth was absolutely necessary to serve it.

"This pride of calling that prevented the water carrier from carrying wood often irritated us to distraction, but nevertheless we found the boatmen of Cashmere a simple, good-natured people, and hard-working according to their own ideas. About the only pleasure they have in life is quarreling

at which they go with a picturesque abandon that rivals the Neapolitans, and for which they possess, it is said, a vocabulary so rich and varied that it would arouse professional envy and admiration in a Paris cabby. One beauty of the system however is that all quarreling stops at sundown, and peace reigns on the river. But at the first ray of the rising sun the whole row is taken up again just where it was laid down the night before."

The people of Cashmere are very poor and very lazy, but their peace with life is so great that neither condition seems particularly regretable. Life is too simple, and food comes too easily in Cashmere for want to furnish a spur to industry. The land is not only wonderfully fertile, but the water even lends itself readily to cultivation. Everywhere may be seen water gardens built after the manner of the famous ones of the Dal Lake. The thick growth of acquatic plants is cut off at the surface, a little earth sprinkled on, seed sown, and in due time a bounteous harvest gathered. The houses are unfurnished except for a spinning wheel, a mortar for shucking rice, and a few earthen pots for cooking. All except the wealthiest people live on the second floor of the houses, giving up the lower floors to the sheep and the cattle. In the winter everything is chinked up tight and holes opened through the floor so that the breath of the animals keeps the family warm.

"I can think of nothing more soothing to American house-wives, distraught



CHANGING THE TONGA HORSES



NATIVE HOUSEBOAT ON THE JELUM

with high prices and servant woes," said Miss Hill, "than a sojourn in Cashmere. There the servants are so little considered that they are thrown in almost every transaction, while the cost of food is so slight that the problem is how to buy little enough. One is never far from the man who wants to sell something, and all through the country one sees the vendors of farm produce squatting patiently on the bank waiting for a boat to come along with a possible customer. For twenty-five cents one buys a large hind quarter of mutton; for five cents a fine young chicken, for four cents a dozen eggs, and for one or two cents great quantities of delicious fruits and vegetables. The coolies who carry eighty-pound packs over the mountain passes get four cents a day, and must of course feed themselves.

"We had no sooner set foot in Cashmere than naturally we began looking for the fabled beauty of its women. Our search was rewarded by one or two real beauties, lovely, graceful creatures they were, too, though their great dusky eyes were disfigured, to us at least, by the black lead powder used to darken the eye lids, and which is put even on the babies. But the most of the women were poor pitiful creatures, married at seven, mothers at fourteen, and old, old women at twenty-five. The flower of their life withers at twenty, and the rest of existence can be nothing but a burden.

"From the babies up all the people wear the same costume, the pheranor gown with long-hanging sleeves, fastened at the neck and falling to the



A VILLA ON LAKE DAL

ankles. Under this in winter is carried a kangar or small clay fire basket filled with burning charcoal. This kangar is as a man's shadow, it never leaves him from November till April and he clings to it before his honor. Indeed it is to the kangar that many people, discouraged at trying to instill a little spirit into the gentle Cashmere, attribute his lack of personal courage. He cannot fight while his hands are busy holding his kangar, and he would much rather run away than put it down, so quite naturally he runs away."

The hotels of Cashmere, in spite of the efforts of the English, are still decidedly sketchy in quality, but it doesn't matter particularly, for all the summer visitors live in houseboats anyway. Even in Srinagar, the capital and principal city, the hotel is deserted in summer and the banks of the river are lined with houseboats of varying degrees of luxury. All the life of the city is on the river and canals. The Maharhjah's palace, British residency and the houses of the elite are on the river, while the lesser social lights dwell on the canals where a wealth of flowers and picturesque details cover a squalor that is unbelievable.

Srinagar, from a little distance, looks like a ruin smothered in flowers. The houses, more or less tumble-down, are built upon piles, but even the poorest of them is roofed, all summer long with flowers. The roofs are of bark, covered with earth, and the flowers follow the months so that they are always there. Srinagar has been called the city of roofs and of bridges for next in interest to its flower covered roofs is the succession of seven bridges, queer, to us, in construction, which here cross the Jelum. Each bridge has its particular crowd of hangers-on, but the first is the most popular, for here all the news of the day is dispensed, here one goes if he has an especially choice bit to impart, and here he hastens if he wants to hear the last detail of the newest scandal.

The garden of Shilamar Bagh, that fabled place where Lallah Rookh went to meet her lover, is situated on Lake Dal, not far from Srinagar. It is really not a garden at all, as we use the word, but a great park of splendid trees, through which meanders a small stream, its artificial banks built with many summer houses. On the side of the park that reaches down to the lake are two great gateways, and beyond and facing them, two pavillions joined by an arcade of twelve pillars. Behind this is a group of fifteen fountains. Then there are more pavillions and terraces leading up to the principal pavillion, which is surrounded by basins with 174 fountains.

It was at Lake Dal that all the great Moguls had their palaces, and where the shores are still lined with the summer homes of the wealthy. The shores are practically an unbroken succession of lovely gardens, while in the distance holding this jewel as in a setting, stretch the white-topped mountains, their slopes covered with a veil of flowers, changing with the months, from buttercups to lillies, from forget-me-nots to iris, until in November the white carpet of the snow creeps down over it all, the gorge of the Jelum at Baramulla becomes blocked for the winter, and the Vale of Cashmere, the last traveler gone, retires once again into that splendid isolation from the world that not all the centuries of civilization has been able to break.

The Kansas Harp

By Vie L. Harris

The Aeolian harp of Kansas
Is the one I love to hear;
It thrills my soul with pleasure
And fills my heart with cheer.

The rays of silver moonlight,
The slow descending moon,
The gentle breezes blowing—
How inspiring is the tune!

The sunrise in the morning,
The gladsome song of birds,
Fragrant blooming roses,
The lowing of the herds;

The flocks upon the hillside,
The fields of golden grain,
The beauty of the sunflower
On the undulating plain;

The old footpath that follows
Along the babbling brook,
Where lovers oft' have wandered
To some shady, mossy nook—

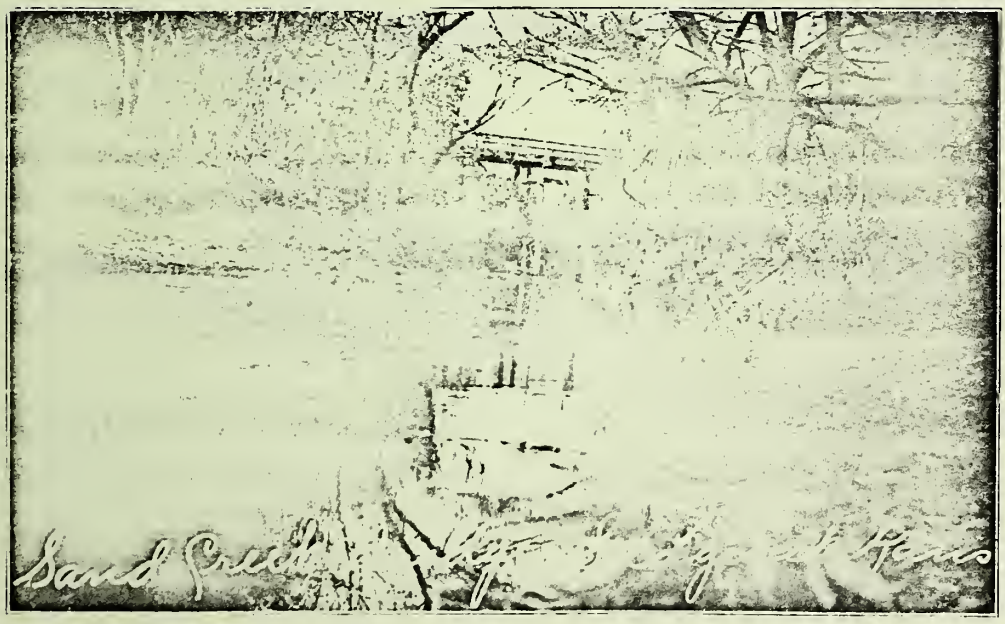
These are the scenes I fancy,
The strains I love to hear;
The Aeolian harp of Kansas
Doth always bring me cheer.

Kansas Magazine Prize Scenery Contest



COUNTRY ROAD NEAR WICHITA—"In the Good Old Summer Time"

First Prize — Photo by W. K. Sprankle

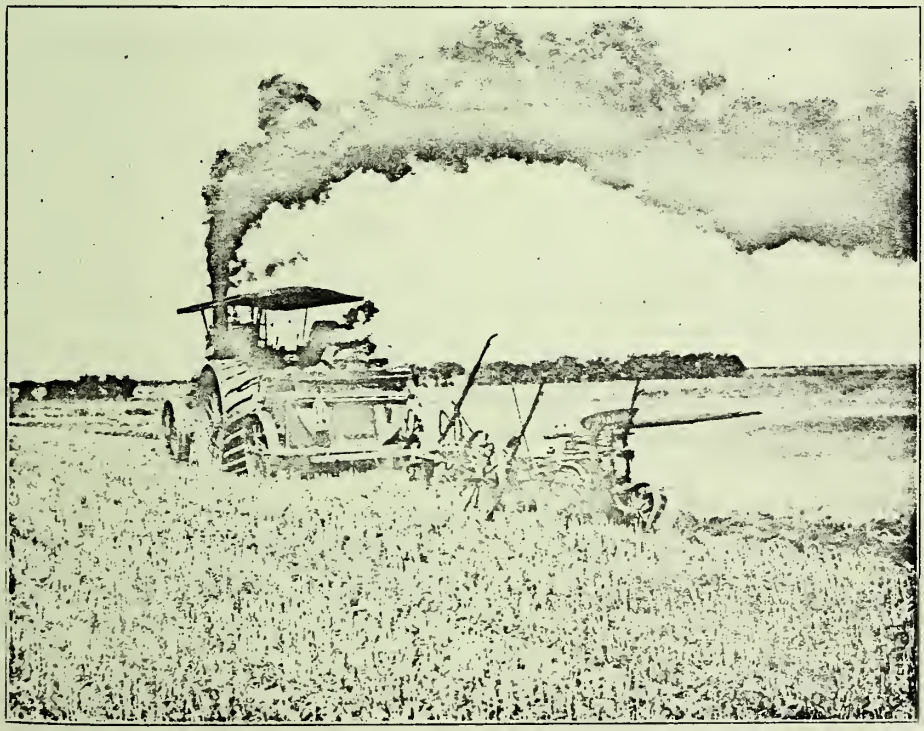


SAND CREEK BRIDGE NEAR SEDGWICK

Second Prize — Photo by Mrs. D. D. Johnson



"REFLECTIONS IN THE MILL RACE"—Scene in Northern Kansas
Third Prize Photo by L. M. Vance



PLOWING FOR WHEAT IN KANSAS—Scene Near Moundridge
Fourth Prize Photo by S. M. Hunt

The Death-Bird's Warning

By Isaac Motes

PERHAPS no class of people are such firm believers in signs and omens as the western frontiersmen and Indian fighters of a generation ago. It was bred into their bones in the early days of Indian hostility, the result of adapting themselves to Indian warfare, of learning Indian chacteristics, of camping in wild unfamiliar mountainous regions, surrounded by wolves, owls and strange night-birds, and exposed to the danger of night attack by savages.

The Indians were so expert on imitating the howl of a wolf or hoot of an owl that when a company of white men camped at night among the mountains or along a canon or river heard such sounds, they never knew whether it were really a wolf or an owl, or Indians creeping upon them. Especailly if such a company of men, or a solitary man, heard an owl hoot near the camp and an answering hoot upon another side, would they or he be suspicious that it might be Indians approaching from two directions, and signaling to each other in this way; or by howling like a wolf, or imitating some other animal or bird common to the West. Many Indians are skillful in imitating such sounds, and so the old frontiersman attached great importance to them, or to the cry of any wild night-bird, many of which were unfamiliar to him, camped as he often was in sections far from home.

To such old frontiersmen lying awake at night in the mountains exposed to Indian attack, every such unusual cry of bird or hoot of owl or howl of wolf was an ominous sound, and had a significance to them, especially if it were an owl whose hooting sounded somewhat unnatural, or if they heard the wild, weird cry of any night-bird entirely unfamiliar to them.

There was a peculiar owl in the West called the death-bird, whose cry at night boded ill for the white man who heard it and failed to heed it; and the cry of this bird was understood by the old plainsman as a warning of some dire, impending danger. Many old frontiersmen believed implicitly that this bird's cry meant death to the one who heard it and heeded it not. Probably no living man ever saw one of the birds in the daytime, to recognize it, but it was believed to be a very black owl with a small body, long wings and a large head, and the superstitious declared that its cry had an almost human sound, like the scream of a woman in terror, and that its face had an almost human look, though no one could give a reason for this belief, or cite the name of anyone who had ever seen the bird plainly enough to be able to say what kind of a face it had. It was probably a superstition arising from the fact that the bird's cry had a human sound and from the further fact that an owl naturally has a large head and a fuller face than other birds.

Many old frontiersmen thoroughly believed that this bird flew around at night and gave warning by its wild, weird cry of any danger threatening white men, from Indians, robbers, wild animals, rattlesnakes or any other great danger, when no other help was possible. It was regarded especially as the protector of officers of the law, Indian fighters, and, in fact, any white men engaged in Indian warfare, or in protecting the lives of woman and children, or other exposed persons.

This belief in the death-bird was much more common to the old plainsmen of forty or fifty years ago, when the Indians were upon the warpath, when men were more exposed to Indian or outlaw attack, or to other dangers in the West, but as the West has become civilized the birds are said to have

disappeared. Therefore the number of men who believe in the existence of the death-bird is not as great now as in former years, so the belief is confined principally to old men, while younger men scout the idea of the existence of such a bird, and that it purposely warns people of danger.

When I went to the Panhandle of Texas to work for the Bar X Ranch, and heard the old cowmen on the ranch who had fought Indians in early days, speaking of the death-bird and its warning cry, I gave such stories little credence, for no one had ever seen such a bird, and no one could really know that there was any connection between its scream and the danger which threatened the one who heard if. I knew that old plainsmen were superstitious anyway, and I often lay in my bunk at night and listened to these old men tell stories of this bird saving the life of some one off in some distant part of the country, without being deeply impressed with the yarns, since the stories were always hearsay. Not a man in our outfit had known of a case where it had saved the life of any of their friends or acquaintances whose word they had entire confidence in; nevertheless the old plainsmen believed the stories, and all scoffing on the part of younger cowboys was put down as youthful ignorance not worth the trouble of trying to remove. Some of the older men were so intelligent, so hard headed, so reasonable about other things that I couldn't help wondering if there were any truth in the stories, and as I was a serious sort of chap, and more inclined to associate with older men, I talked a great deal with the old plainsmen on the subject, and was quite sure that they believed thoroughly in the existence of the death-bird and its warning cries.

During the first five years of my stay on the plains the talk about the death-bird among the cowboys gradually grew less frequent as the old days of Indian fighting became more and more a thing of the heroic past. But about five years after taking service with this ranch I had an experience that rather unsettled my belief that the existence of the death-bird was a myth. At the time I went to the plains the nearest railroad was 200 miles away, but some four years later the Fort Worth and Denver road built through the Panhandle, their nearest station to our ranch being Amarillo, sixty-five miles north-east of the ranch. In the early part of July our windmill broke down, and it became necessary to buy some fixtures for it in a hurry, so the manager sent me after them to Amarillo on a fast young horse, with a pair of old-fashioned saddlebags across my saddle in which to bring them.

I left the ranch about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and rode fifty miles to the Paloduro Canon by 8 o'clock, then as the day had been warm, and my horse young, I did not want to injure it by overheating, so decided to camp for the night on the north bank of the canon, for I struck it where a spring or underground vein of water came up near the surface of the ground, and the grass was fine. This canon was very deep, with rocky, perpendicular banks bordered by a rugged, broken country with scrub timber, but where I came to it the timber was scattering and principally large mesquit bushes, and the banks long and gently sloping making the crossing easy for a man on horseback.

I tethered my pony by tying the end of the lariat to a mesquit bush, then eating a bit of lunch that I had brought along with the expectation of camping here, I took off my coat and laid down forty-five or fifty feet from the canon, with my head upon my saddle and went to sleep. My horse cropped the grass contentedly east of me forty or fifty feet, a short distance further down the stream. I was tired with my long ride, and soon fell asleep.

Apparently I hadn't been sleeping five minutes when I awoke with a start and found myself sitting bolt upright, with the most piercing, wailing cry that ever assailed the hearing of mortal man ripping at my ear drums. It came from the air above me, and and from the suddenness with which I found myself awakened and sitting up the cry must have been quick and explosive like a pistol shot, then trailed off into a long-drawn-out, weird, wailing cry that slashed at my nerves like

a knife. Never had I heard such a wild, foreboding shriek, and instantly the thought of the death-bird flashed into my mind, for in my five years on the plains I had heard the cry of many wild night-birds, but never anything like this.

I could not tell from what direction the bird came, from the cry which woke me up, but it was so long-drawn-out that I got the impression that it was not flying by, but circling around me. Then the cry died away suddenly; but after two or three seconds I heard it again, beginning in a quick, rasping shriek, swelling in volume for two or three seconds, then dying away as before, the bird apparently still circling around me, or partly around me, but from the manner in which the sound died away this time it seemed to have flown on down the canon, leaving me trembling like a leaf, my face and hands wet with perspiration.

As the first cry brought me to a sitting position, the second brought me just as mechanically to my feet. By this time my horse was snorting and circling excitedly around the mesquit to which I had tied him, with lariat tightened.

Had it been in the old days of Indian surprises I would have thought at once of Indians, but knowing no such danger threatened I thought with quick succession of robbers, rattlesnakes, "phoby" skunks or coyotes, and of a Mexican lion creeping upon me out of the near-by breaks. All this flashed through my mind quicker than I can tell it, as I stood there shivering, while the second wailing cry died away—shivering not with fear so much as with a dread of some nameless danger, all the more terrible because I could not locate it.

So tense were my nerves, so overwrought my mind, and so racked was I with uncertainty that I did not know what kind of manifestations of danger to look for, or in what peculiar manner the danger would present itself, so between this dread and uncertainty, and the amount of attention my horse was attracting, I did not at first notice a peculiar dull roaring just perceptible when I first sat up, but increasing so rapidly that it made the ground quiver. About the time the second cry of the owl died away I got a whiff of cool moist air from up the canon towards the west.

The canon was lined with breaks and scrub timber, with here and there a more open space such as the one where I was camped, so west of me a hundred yards were the breaks and some rather thick underbrush, while immediately around me the ground was smooth and the bushes scattering. So loud did this dull roaring become that it soon monopolized all my attention, though my horse was becoming every moment more excited, and looking upstream I saw a wall of water crash through the scrub timber amd come rushing towards me, spread out to the north and south of the canon, reaching ist yellow arms out as if to embrace me. It seemed fully eight feet high, and almost perpendicular.

With a yell I turned and ran towards the north-east, somewhat down stream, and diagonally away from the canon towards higher ground, but before I had gone a dozen yards the water was about my feet, and within five seconds it was waist high, preventing me from running, and the next instant the crest of the torrent struck me and pushed me somewhat upward, shoving me off my feet, then rolled me over, and without doubt I would have drowned, but luckily I was swept by the top of a large mesquit bush at which I clutched and to which I held. The force of the current tore my hold loose at first, but I got another and firmer hold as my hands slipped along the limb, and hung on with all the power of my being, knowing it was my only chance for life. Catching the mesquit pulled me under the water all the more, but it did keep me from being swept down the stream.

How long I stayed under water I do not know. It seemed an age, and yet it couldn't have been long, or I should have drowned. I tried to keep my mouth closed, and for how long a time I succeeded I do not know, but in the effort to breathe I got a large quantity of water into my stomach, either through my mouth or nostrils, and into my head through my ears, until my head throbbed and pounded

as if it were being beaten with hammers.

How it happened I don't know, whether through my conscious effort or by accident, but after what seemed an age I got my feet upon the gound again and by hanging to the mesquit I could stand straight against the current, and by standing straight I got my head above the water, and although the force of the current tore at my hold upon the tree all the more on account of my erect position I hung with the fury of a demon, realizing that in all probability the water would subside soon, for I knew enough about cloudbursts upon the plains to know that water rises very suddenly in the streams and subsides with equal rapidity after the crest of the torrent was passed. Sure enough, within ten minutes after I got on my feet the water began to recede gradually, and was soon down to my arms, then to my waist, and soon to my knees. Then it receded until the ground was bare, but the canon was still 300 yards wide, the water racing eastward with a roar, while I stood weak and shivering with cold, for although the night had been warm the water seemed like ice.

I was sodden without and within from the water which had got into my stomach, and my head felt twice its usual size, the pounding about my ears continued, and every muscle and nerve within me tingled with excruciating pain; my clothes were dirty, while my eyes, hair, mouth, nose, bosom and pockets were full of sand, leaves, dead grass and small pebbles. My horse was gone, whether drowned or not I did not know, and my saddle. saddle-bags, bridle, blankets, hat and coat were doubtless speeding merrily upon their way down the canon towards Red River. The horse had pulled upon his lariat so hard that the knot had slipped over the top of the bush, stripping off the small limbs.

More dead than alive, and yet not knowing just what caused the pain, being a mere cowboy, not a doctor, I turned loose the mesquit bush and groped my way through the slush toward higher ground, so heavy and sodden with water that I felt like I imagine one feels in the last stages of dropsy. After walking perhaps a hundred yards I heard a very welcome whinny somewhere not far off, and arriving at the top of the bank I saw my horse grazing out upon the level prairie, with the halter still around his neck, and limping onward I caught him, and with much difficulty climbed upon his back, and guiding him by the rope about his neck I hit the long trail for Amarillo, every step he took meaning added misery to me.

I arrived there somewhere between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning, I suppose, rode to the door of a livery stable and fell into the arms of one of the employes there, and was put into the bunk bed in the little front corner room of the stable where the night man slept, and a doctor was summoned. But as there was nothing really dangerous the matter, after the water was gotten out of my stomach and I had several good swigs of brandy, I was out in two days, my clothes having been washed and dried, and after outfitting again with a hat, coat, saddle and saddlebags and other necessaries, and buying the fixtures for which I came, I hurried back to the ranch, to find the cattle starving for water and my employer swearing over my delay, but after learning what had delayed me things took on a less sulphurous hue.

My adventure started another brisk dispute as to the existence of the death-bird, the younger cowboys claiming that the bird's flying over me just at that time was a mere accident, that there was no connection whatever between its appearance and the torrent of water, while the old men were still more positive that it was flying down the canon ahead of the torrent to warn people according to its instinct, and that it probably flew all night just that way, shrieking out its wild, weird, nerve-racking notes whenever necessary, then continuing its ominous flight. As to which side of the controversy was correct I do not know, though I have my opinion, but certainly the bird saved my life.



A Visit to a Salmon Cannery

By Mrs. A. L. Spaeth

GREAT as is Alaska's mineral wealth, her fish, as yet, are as great an asset; also one much easier of development. For, in Alaska, the development of mineral resources requires considerable capital, and much time must be spent in preparatory work. In the fishing industry a man who has money enough to outfit a small boat and possesses a willingness to work, is pretty sure to win out.

These waters teem with valuable food fish throughout the whole year; and though the salmon-canning season is the one great rush time of the year, there is steady work in fishing for halibut, herring, cod, and for the kinds of fish utilized by the oileries and fertilizer factories.

Ketchikan, on Revillagegido Island in south-east Alaska, bids fair to become the Gloucester of the Pacific Coast. She has a mosquito fleet of some hundred or so fishing boats. Here is located the refrigerating plant of the New England Fish Company, which handles both halibut and salmon, and also buys large quantities of herring to be used as bait. There are numerous saltries, using salmon for mild curing, an oilery making cod liver oil, and a salmon cannery owned by the Fidalgo Island Packing Company.

It may be of interest to Kansas people to hear something of the processes through which the salmon passes before it reaches their tables. So if you will come with me we will make a visit to the cannery.

As we cross the bridge over Ketchikan Creek it is astonishing to see the thousands upon thousands of salmon fighting their way up the stream and seeming, literally, to be crowding each other out of the water. What perserverance they show as they make their way up over the falls, against a water-power of well nigh irresistible force. You see many beaten against the rocks,

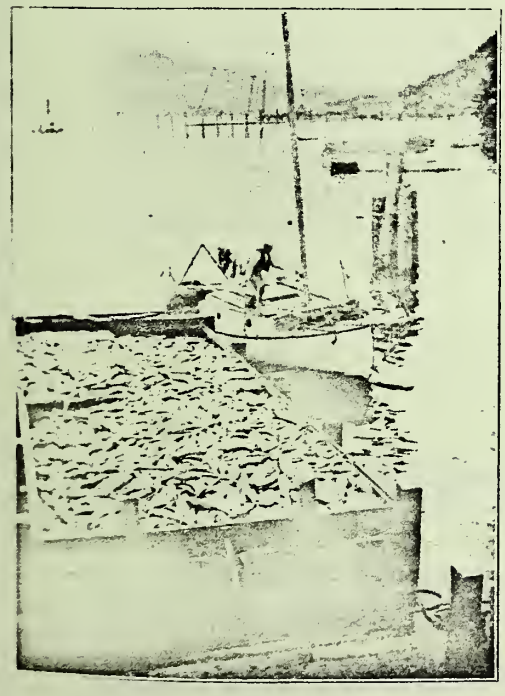
till finally, bruised and exhausted, they are washed back where they rest in some quiet pool awhile, then try again. Many never reach the spawning ground, and those that do so never return to the sea. For the fish of this stream are the hump-back salmon that die after spawning. The young fish spend their first year in the home stream. They go then to the sea and all trace is lost for four years, when, guided by an unerring instinct, they return to their native water to make the same brave fight against the same fearful odds as did their parents five years before.

All the fish used for canning are caught in salt water, either in nets, traps or by trolling. The traps are set near the mouth of the salmon streams the distance being regulated by law. Nets are drawn around schools of fish, and the trolling is done from rowboats.

The work in the cannery is done mostly by Chinamen, but at this place there are many natives employed. The salmon run begins in late July or early August and by this time all the machinery is in order and the cans made. Boats go out each day to the fishing grounds to bring in the day's catch. Upon reaching the cannery the fish are thrown upon an endless chain sort of an elevator where they are under a fall of clean water until they drop to the floor of the fish-shed. While on this elevator they are counted and the fisherman is paid according to the number of his fish.

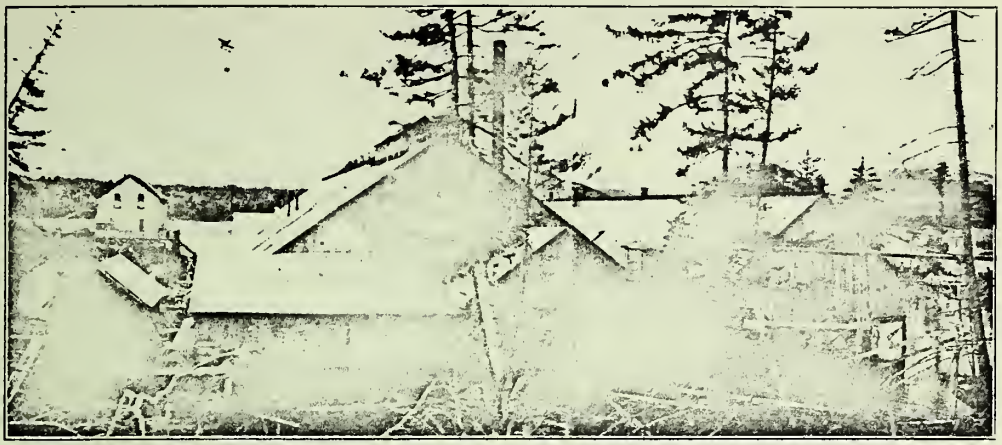


WHERE KING SALMON HIT THE TROLL



A SCOW LOAD OF SALMON
From 20,000 to 25,000 Fish is a Scow-load

Once in the fish-shed, the next step is to the butchers, who, with a few swift motions, cut off the heads, tails, fins, disembowel them and drop them into tanks of running water, where native women wash, scrape, and toss them into other tanks where they are given the final cleansing. From here they are taken on trucks to the cutting machines, where they are cut by revolving knives into lengths to fit exactly into the cans. Those to be packed into "flats" go from the machine to native girls who pack them by hand. Those girls are experts, and so swiftly do they do the work, it seems miraculous that they do not cut off all their



VIEW OF FIDALGO ISLAND PACKING CO'S. CANNERY AT KETCHIKAN, ALASKA

fingers. Each chunk of salmon is given one slash to make it roll more compactly into the can; smaller pieces are crowded in around this until the can is tightly packed. The girls are paid six cents for each tray of two dozen cans, and they earn from $5.00 to $6.00 per day.

The fish for the tall cans go to a machine which both cuts and packs. The fish drop from the knives into a chute through which they fall to a level with the table; in the meanwhile the cans have come down through another chute and fall into position, open end toward the fish. Here the fish is forced into them by an iron rod, enlarged at one end to look like an old-fashioned wood potato masher. This machine fills 350 cases of four dozen cans daily.

When filled, the cans, both "flats" and "talls," are set on a moving belt. As they are carried along, girls drop on top of the fish the small piece of tin that is found in every can of salmon. My curiosity was satisfied at last, when I learned that it is there to prevent any acid reaching the fish when the puncture in the top of the can is soldered. The cans next pass through a steam compartment called the washer, where any grease on the outside of the can is taken off; then the copper where the lids drop into place on top of each can; next into the crimper where the cans revolve as the lids are crimped or pinched tight to them. They are now tumbled off the belt, over on their sides into a shallow trough where they roll thorugh a stream of molten solder and



Overhauling a Net Near Mouth of Creek Close to Shore.



Inside the Fish Shed. End of Elevator in the Corner

then are ready for cooking. They are first cooked in steam tanks for forty minutes at 212 degrees Fahrenheit. When taken from the tanks each can is punctured and given a sharp blow with a mallet to force out the steam. They are immediately soldered and dropped on big trays holding several dozen cans, into testing tanks of hot water. If any bubbles appear on the water the defective can is at once taken out and sent to the soldering tables for final treatment. The last cooking is given in steam retorts at a temperature of 240 degrees. When finished, they go to the storage rooms where the contraction of the cans in cooling sounds like a Fourth of July celebration on a small scale. It looks here as though there were acres of cans. After the packing is finished the lacquering and labeling is done and the salmon is ready for the cases.

This cannery puts up from 18,000 to 25,000 fish per day, and label it all Alaska Salmon. All canneries are not so honest, and the consumer may be eating Alaska Salmon labeled Puget Sound Salmon. I have been told that a trip through a cannery would spoil my appetite for canned salmon, but I did not find it so. Everything was as clean as water and scrubbing could make it.

This is a small cannery and when you consider that its output of 50,000 cases amounts to 2,400,000 cans of salmon, and that there are dozens of plants with more than double the capacity of this one you may feel justified in wondering if everyone lives on canned salmon.

My Songs

Out of my heart's great passion,
I made these songs for you,
From my heart's own gold did I fashion
Them every one for you.
And if to you they bring no joy,
No recompense for pain,—
Say that my love was but alloy,
And all my art in vain.

F. L. Pinet.

"Naugedy Squaw"

By Elizabeth Roberts

IT was one of those afternoons of early autumn, a day in which summer and autumn were gently wrestling for supremacy. The bright hot rays of the summer sun were subdued by the soft clouds that were lazily floating about overhead, a thick haze hung over the earth; the south wind whispered lullabys—a day of inactivity, of dreams—an Indian summer day of late October.

We children, my brother and I, tired of play had just flung ourselves down on the green grass under a shady oak tree on our lawn, prepared to spend the remainder of the day in building "Castles in Spain," a favorite pastime of ours.

Just as we were laying the last block of stone on our "castle," the word "Indians" came drifting into our consciousness. Up we jumped heedlessly and disdainfully, tumbling down our castles, for what cared we about "Ladies Beautiful and Knights Bold" when we could hear about real live Indians.

"Yes," continued the voice in a slow thoughtful way, "it was just such a day as this, hazy and sleepy, an ideal Indian summer day, when I had my first real exciting experience with Indians." A reminiscent look stole over the face of the dear old grandmother; by all the signs, a good story was coming.

Grandmother Carr was not our real grandmother but was one of those unfortunate individuals, who, in their old age, have no particular home but must depend upon the love of their neighbors for the necessities, as well as the comforts of life.

She had been a prominent figure in early Kansas history and was very prosperous until dishonest friends reduced her to her present pitiable condition. However this story does not concern itself about her financial troubles, but about a terrible experience through which she passed soon after coming to Kansas.

Grandmother Carr was a queen of story tellers. Her experiences were many and varied. She had been a citizen of Kansas ever since '58 and to have lived in that turbulent country, the period especially in the years between '58 and '65, was to be the witness of many daring and warlike deeds.

"The Osage Indians," the voice continued, "and their chief, Little Bear, were at that time roaming over the southeastern part of Kansas. They were, generally speaking, peaceable. Little Bear was the finest specimen of an Indian to be found anywhere. He was just, despised thievery and dishonesty, and punished the guilty severely. It was he who first bade us welcome to the new country and pledged himself to protect us as far as it was possible to do so. He was true to his word, and many times by his advice and counsel, proved himself a worthy friend. At this time wandering tribes of murderous Indians roamed at large. Tales of terrible cruelty and murder came to our ears, and I doubt much whether I would be here today were it not for his friendship.

"One day in November '58, I think it was, Mr. Carr reminded me that Thanksgiving was approaching and if we were to have a Thanksgiving dinner he must make ready for a journey to the nearest trading post, which was then at Humboldt. The summer had seemed loath to go and by past experiences we knew winter would come very unexpectedly and find us unprepared if we were not careful.

"In a few days, Mr. Carr was ready to start. The journey would consume the best part of three days, for in those days trains of cars and aeroplanes had not yet displaced the wagon caravan. It was with many misgivings and fore-

bodings that I watched him disappear from sight over a slight eminence with his big oxen plodding slowly and steadily along.

"The feeling of disaster remained with me all day. I couldn't shake it off. I told myself there was nothing to fear, although our nearest neighbors were ten miles away, separated from us by the camp of Little Bear. There was nothing to fear from that source; besides I had my gun and knew well how to used it. Nevertheless the presentment of trouble became only more intensified by my arguments with myself. How much more terrible than I had anticipated by my presentiments, was the disaster when it came!

"Left alone, except for my two little children, I tried to throw off my depressed feelings by busying myself about my work. The cattle and sheep had to be guarded carefully from the wolves and other wild animals which were still very numerous in the forest. Wolves were frequently seen skulking along the edge of the forest but as yet none had ventured in the daytime, up to the log-cabin in which we lived, but at nighttime they were not all timid and would sit on their haunches near the cabin and howl mournfully, yet defiantly, until it seemed to me that I would go crazy with lonesomeness.

"Night found me tired enough to sleep soundly and when morning came I was relieved to find my mind released from fears and misgivings. The day passed pleasantly along much the same routine of work as the day before, except I resolved to make my Thanksgiving cake; so I stirred and mixed and sang, thinking all the while about my girlhood days in New England and how different from my life now.

"Whether it was because I was so tired or that the lonesomeness had begun to strain my nerves, I am unable to say, but that night I slept fitfully. When morning came I woke to find myself burning with fever which was a very common occurrence in a new country and which until now I had escaped. This fever usually lasted from six to eight hours and left as suddenly as it came, leaving the patient very weak for several days. I was indeed much too ill to rise from my bed to care for the stock, or even care for my children. I knew I would soon be delirious. Who in the meanwhile would care for them? They might wandder off when tired of play, to the woods nearby a prey for wild beasts and still wilder Indians. All the tales of child-kidnapping and scalping by the Indians—of horrible cruelty and tortures inflicted upon them, flashed in rapid succession through my mind. If only someone would come—one of our distant neighbors, someone! What could I do? I did the only thing I could—called them to me, bade them play at the house and not to go away to their playground near a copse where Mr. Carr could guard them and manage his work at the same time. Soon I was moaning and tossing with delirium. I remember that my last conscious thought was that all my presentiments about disaster befalling Mr. Carr were instead for myself, and that I was very thankful.

"How long I was unconscious I do not remember, but I do remember falling asleep, utterly exhausted, when the fever left me. Noises outside awoke me. I could hear human voices and they seemed to be coming nearer. Who was it? By the length of the sun's shadows, which I could see out the door, it must have been nearly night—time for Mr. Carr to return. Of course the faint sound of voices was he talking to the children, and with a great sigh of relief I turned over and was almost asleep when the voices coming nearer I could easily recognize the gutteral tongue of Indians! My heart stood still! The voices were evidently approaching the door! Who were they? Where were my children? Where was Mr. Carr? Murdered by these Indians, decoyed away, and now they had come to murder me and my children!

"My thoughts were interrupted by the appearimg in the doorway of two of the largest and fiercest looking Indians I had ever seen. They were both scantily clad, wearing nothing but a clout around their loins and a feather in their hair. They were evidently very angry and desperate.

Each carried a gun and a tomahawk. After a heated discussion between themselves, the largest and fiercest of the two advanced toward me and offered to shake hands, all the time scowling fiercely. 'How, how,' and followed this with some other jargon in the Indian tongue I could not understand. I knew that I should shake hands with him, the proverbial 'treat an Indian well' was sure, but I couldn't bring myself to shake hands with him—he was so big and fierce and repulsive. Shaking my head, I answered, 'Indian go—squaw much sick.'

Finding I would not shake hands with him, he scowled fiercely and broke forth into a torrent of abuses in his own tongue. I realized that I was only enraging him more than ever by my refusals to shake hands with him, but I was too terrified to lift my hand to his.

"Turning from me with imprecations in his native tongue, he began searching the room. His search was evidently rewarded as could be seen by the gleam of exultations that swept over his scowling face when he found some meat in a cupboard built into the wall. Snatching up the meat and a spider hanging on the wall, he advanced threateningly toward me, making gesticulations which were so absurd that had the occasion been less dangerous, would have been laughable indeed. Placing his hands over his stomach, he would draw it in with such a terrible expression on his face, then he would point to me and then at the meat, all the while looking like a sod-faced old woman or a clown at a circus. He was evidently very hungry and wanted me to cook for him. I shook my head—'Squaw heap sick, no cook for Indian. Indian go away—come when squaw well squaw no cook now.'

"Outwardly I believe I was very calm, for to have shown fear would have been the worst thing possible. Above all attributes of either woman or man an Indian admires bravery.

"Although he pretended not to understand English, he understood me well enough to grasp my meaning. I could see he was becoming more and more impatient at my refusals, but what could I do? I was much too weak to stand alone, let alone cook for a dirty savage Indian. Would Mr. Carr never come?

" 'Squaw not sick, no matter, squaw got cook for Indian hungry, eat nothing one, two three suns, squaw got cook.' Apparently he knew more English than at first appeared. I could only shake my head in refusal, Striding up to the bed with an ugly look in his eye, he caught me by the hair and dragged me from the bed across the room to the fire-place. 'Squaw cook or me kill.' Too paralyzed by the pain in my head and the terrible fear clutching at my heart, expecting every moment to be my last, I could only shake my head. Rushing to the door he snatched up his gun and with his face aflame with evil passion, he put the end of the barrel against my lips and with ugly threats demanded me to cook. 'Indian kill squaw if she no cook; very 'ungry, get me 'eaps eat or I kill.' Realizing this was the end I fell back on the floor with a hysterical little laugh, which, unpremeditated as it was, was the savior of my life. Amazement and incredulity and admiration struggled for the mastery on the Indian's face; he thought I was not afraid! Slowly lowering his musket he exclaimed 'Brave squaw, heap brave squaw—squaw laugh at gun—naugedy squaw, heap naugedy squaw.'

"Just what would have followed next is hard to tell had not the face of my neighbor, Mr. Elder, appeared in the door with a command to stand still or die. The Indian who had stood on guard at the door saw the approach of the white man and made his escape into the woods. 'You thieving, skulking brute of an Indian, you deserve to be shot for tormenting a poor defenseless woman. I will leave that for Mr. Carr who is just driving up, but I will bind you so you cannot escape.' And he tied him up, head and foot, drawing the cords until they cut into the flesh, but the Indian betrayed no sign of pain. Only once did he speak while we waited for Mr. Carr. 'No hurt squaw, stare little, Indian 'ungry, no eat three suns—squaw brave, naugedy squaw. Squaw laugh at gun, naugedy squaw.'

"Mr. Carr with the two children came rushing in now. He had found the children wandering along the road, crying for me and he at once jumped to the conclusion that I had been murdered or decoyed away, driving frantically home he found me in my present condition. A few words explained the situation to him and it was with great difficulty Mr. Elder restrained him from killing the Indian at once. If he killed the Indian it would not only jeopardize our lives, but all the white people for miles around. So they unbound him and in the meanwhile I had persuaded Mr. Elder to cook the Indian some meat for he evidently was very hungry. After eating everything that was given him Mr. Carr scolded him roundly and told him to go before he changed his mind. 'If I ever hear of you beating and frightening defenseless women again I will report you to Little Bear; now go!'

"The Indian picked up his gun and without a backward look mounted his pony and disappeared in a whirlwind of dust.

"I suffered no relapse of the fever and was as well as ever in a few days, except for the memory of my first terrible experience which haunted me in my dreams for weeks after. My head remained sore for some time after I had been so unceremoniously dragged from my bed by my hair.

"About a week after my experience a terrible clatter of horses' hoofs on the road brought me in haste to the door. A band of mounted Indians had halted and the leader, who looked strongly familiar to me, extended his hand in greeting. 'How, how, brave squaw, naugedy squaw. Indian bring turkey to cook—he be back four suns, help eat turkey,' and with a clatter of hoofs they were off in a cloud of dust.

"It was the Indian of my former experience. He had brought me the largest wild turkey I ever saw. He would evidently be back in four days to eat it with us. Although the idea of eating with that repulsive Indian was disagreeable, I deemed it best to prepare and enjoy it with him.

"In the fourth day he returned and when he saw my table, which I had spread with white linen and my best dishes brought from England, he asked for water to wash. How he did scrub himself! I venture to say that was the first scrubbing he ever had.

"He ate like a famished and starving wolf, and when he had finished he stood up with a huge grunt of satisfaction, raised his hands high above his head and brought them down over his stomach forming a semi-circle, saying, 'Eat 'eaps, heap good, naugedy squaw, brave squaw.'

"He soon departed, repeating over and over, 'naugedy squaw, heap brave squaw.' He visited us afterwards many times and never came without bringing me a bright bit of calico, beads or wild game.

"It was a strange Thanksgiving, but stranger still, we never had a more thankful one unless it was the one celebrated at Little Bear's camp—but that belongs to another story."

The Secret

By A. B. Leigh

Reluctant, hesitating long—
While Spring went by in fragrance and in song.
Yielding at last. We were betrothed one day
While all the earth was drowned in one wide ray
Of glorious sunshine, and the air
Held the dear scent of springtime everywhere.

How strong the love I bore her—in her eyes
I saw the sun of all my dreams arise.
I saw in her all good, all grace supreme;
And love for her was in my every dream;
Was in each shaft of light that filtered down,
Was in each treetop's fragrant flowery crown,
Was in each song as love has ever been

Since love set out the Universe to win.
She said she loved me—could I understand
Reluctance of her lips and hand
To kiss me and to clasp my own
In tender clasps that made my heartbeats known?
She let the days go by in wonderment of song
Still hesitating, hesitating long,
Until a moon went by and then
By "yes" made me the happiest of men.

Some secret seemed to haunt her and to crush—
Often as in the twilight's yellow hush
We stood and dreamed, the starlight in her eyes,
I saw her bosom tremble 'neath her sighs.
Grief made her pale and in her eyes a gleam
Of grief and terror often broke my dream.
"Oh promise to be mine and if the years
Give you not to me—with my pain and tears
I have the knowing you in word were all
Once to me : If a grief befall
That takes you from me I can dream and say;
She promised to be mine that springtime day.

She promised—and the springtime hours
Had more of sweetness than the springtime flowers;
Had more of music than the songs of birds,
Had more of joy than's told in whispered words.
To me it was a wonder and delight—
A star that blazed across a dreaming night—
A wind that rushing down from Heaven blew
My soul to worlds of glory fresh and new.

She saw my passion in my face, my eyes—
She saw its glory in my heart arise;
She saw the adoration, worship, trust;
She saw my heart bow for her to the dust.

Saw all, my faith, my love, my life
Hers as my Sweetheart—more if wife.

Often the terror filled her dusky eyes,
When words of love would from my heart arise,
And whiter grow her face than flowers;
And she would silent sit the hours
As one in dreams. "Has love then died,
And all the softness of your heart beside?
Have I offended?" In a quiet way,
In voice caressing as the winds at play
She answered that I loved with such
A sudden ardor that I loved not much.

"Strong as is life the love I bear you sweet."
She smiled, bade me the words repeat;
And thrice I said them as a magic charm,
With eyes upon her and uplifted arm.
"And I shall test your love tonight, tonight
When darkness blots the day's revealing light;
When we for darkness cannot see each others face,
Here where we stand I'll tell you my disgrace."

The moon that night a slender sickle shone—
The wind through flowering branches with a moan
Fled and was lost, a silence and a gloom
Was all the night, each fleet perfume
Seemed like a soul that came and fled;
Each bloom the old tree from its branches shed
Was like a hope that died—the air
Held something in it of a soul's despair.

She came not and I waited long—
A drowsy bird burst into sudden song—
A startled breeze the garden hurried through
With odors laden, damp with dew.
Stars past in solemn march to rest;
The sickle moon dropped crimson in the west.
Then far, far down the bloom-lined way of Night
I heard a cry as of a soul in fright.
I saw a light shine out and die—
And then a louder wail went to the sky;
A voice in lamentation and despair,
A voice of horror filling all the startled air.

I sought the place whence such a passion came—
I saw a light through bending branches flame,
A room, a still white form, an ebon face
Touch that white form with lips of black disgrace.
"Touch not her lips"—I stood beside the dead—
By her own hand then had her spirit fled?
And thrust the ebon wench aside—her eyes
Looked full upon me with a soul's surprise—
"You were her lover then," she said.
"From you she kept her secret, she is dead;
I am her mother!" That was her disgrace—
I turned and fled and in the darkness hid my face.

"The Old Mill"

By Ansel B. Clark

For the things that are Man's shall perish,
Is the rule of the vanishing years.

SO sang an obscure Lincolnshire bard in the year 1746, which is a trite enough expression in the light of human experience;. Man comes; labors awhile; and is gone leaving, perchance ,some slow decaying remembrance of his being to perpetuate an ever-fading memory of its creator. These are endearing or repelling, according to the capacities of their makers or the fate of circumstance. About them, in time, becomes woven a mass of fact and myth which is known as tradition. Every established community has its monuments in stone and wood and story to the lives and endeavors of those who have lived within its ken in the days gone by. Every ancient village has its bridge, its mansion or its town-wives' tale retrospective of the vanished years. These things have a finite being and form the real charm of little towns and many a thriving city.

Kansas, with her history of accomplishment and her just-past days of stirring adventure, is replete with tradition and scenes of interest for the romantically inclined, and the student of humanity who judges Man from his works. Upon her broad bosom cities have been builded in a year—and have been demolished in the succeeding twelvemonth; huge towers have risen skyward, to endure the ages—or to please the passing eye as a mass of vine encircled ruins. Kansans view these cenotaphs to their predecessors with an interested and compassionate appreciation, deeming them fitting memorials to the toil, industry and adventure of the early settlers of the commonwealth.

The eye of the wanderer in historical realms has always dwelt interestedly on the region about Lawrence where is at present located the State University and where, half a century ago, was perpetrated one of the greatest outrages of American history—Quantrell's Raid. It is with a certain blackened mound in the north-west corner of Lawrence that this article has to deal. The mound referred to is located at the summit of a small hill a few rods to the north and west of a grassgrown trench where a half dozen hounded citizens are said to have made their last stand before meeting a horrid fate at the hands of Quantrell's ruffians. The mound itself is but a shell of earth, stone and broken mortar surrounding a pit probably ten feet deep and fifteen feet in diameter. Two sloping depressions in the mound lead downward to the pit's bottom which is roughly strewn with a litter of broken rock.

The mound commands a wide view of the surrounding country, a portion of the city of Lawrence and a number of the University buildings. It is a pleasant spot and is visited by parties of students and townspeople, for the sake of its view and its close associations with the past.

But it is the life of the great University perched on the minature mountain nearby that the mound, with its yawning and blackened crater, is most closely associated. On hazy fall afternoons, disdainful Seniors grudgingly relate to unsophisticated and ignoble Freshmen the history of the mound and the marvelous structure it once upheld; a giant mill of the olden style with wide-flung arms and a tall, narrow door.

To the students of K. U., the "Old Dutch Mill" that used to stand guard above its sloping hill, is more than a vanished landmark; it is a tradition and probably the most loved of the University's ample store of them. It is

inseparably interwoven with the webbing of their own lives. To the present day sojourners on Mt. Oread, the sloping mound, with its attendant mental picture of a foreign-built monster atop it, inspires recollections of many an engaging tale of love and adventure. To those who dwelt on Oread's slopes before the Old Mill had vanished from the eyes of men—and "co-eds" the mention of its name or the sight of its ruined foundations brings a flood of memories not infrequently dimmed with tears. For the old mill is gone; and with it passed, for some, a bit of the eternal spirit of youth—and who does not weep when youth grows old.

The "Old Dutch Mill" was not "Dutch," in the strict meaning of the word. The term was but the poetic license of college days when such a slight in accuracy as the mis-naming of a nationality is taken as of no account. Besides, the mill "looked Dutch," at least as "Dutch" as the pictures of other mills that are displayed on delft blue pottery and bulging steins which bear on their reverse sides the familiar legend "Made in Germany." It was "Dutch" in that it conformed to the same general style and plan of the Holland mills; but its builder was a native of Sweden, Andrew Pond by name.

Andrew Pond was born April 30, 1835, and emigrated to America in his youth. He settled near Lawrence and took a more or less active part in the Guerilla warfare that was waged about that town in the Fifties and Sixties. But he was not a man of war. His thoughts ran to the products of the soil and the utilization thereof. He saw an admirable grain country stretching about the town of Lawrence and decided that the town needed a mill, both to grind its grain and to develop power for manufacturing purposes. Very well; it should have one. And he forthwith went to Sweden in 1862, after the men to construct it, returning with mechanics in 1863 and starting the work of construction.

Clever experts planned the great eighty-horsepower wind gristmill and the imported mechanics builded well. The mammoth structure towered tall and strong with a stupenduous reach of sails. Immediately came pouring in the garnered wealth of a diminutive empire, to be ground, fine and smooth between the great whirling stones; and Pond and his associates were esteemed the benefactors of all the country round about.

For many years the old mill was the Mecca for every grain-laden farmer for two-score miles around; the deep rumbling of its prodigous machinery made merry music in the marts of trade. Then came other mills, modern machinery, improved railway freight service and the elevators; and the rumblings of the giant on the mound become more and more infrequent and finally ceased altogether.

Repulsed by a cruel and modernized world of commerce, the genial ogre of the moundtop took refuge in the world of sentiment. He was adopted by the University students and became as one of them. About his feet wandered the coming rulers of the commonwealth, men and maidens of the newborn West. Their dearest secrets were his and the tobacco smoke of the college boys rolled as fragrant incense along his sides and about his now silent and motionless sails.

Years came and went; the ill-clad, though ambitious, youths, who attended the University when the entire institution was housed in the square towered old North Hall, had given place to a newer race of beings; a more modern, more affluent and more prodigal race with a most complex mode of living. Additional names, initials and fraternal insignia spread their carved twinings along his beams, rafters and shingles until no space remained save upon the most inaccessable points; and even here daring spirits were daily risking their necks in an endeavor to completely eliminate the bare spaces whereon no carvings were.

The songs, too, that floated skyward from the ancient mound, had changed with the times; no longer were heard such olden melodies as "Roll On Silv'ry Moon" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye." Instead the victorious wail of "And Bingo Was his Name" and the in-

volved warblings of the doings of Old Barbee and his son Buster, wherein the latter "Rambled" as long as the singer's voice lasted, kept the patient townspeople awake far into the night.

The mill was growing old. Its shingles were warped and in many cases torn off entirely by too appreciative faithful. In fact, it seemed that the more dilapidated the mill became, the stronger grew their attachment for it. Seldom indeed did it remain long isolated from the sound of their joyous voices.

The mill always drew with the charm of things that are beautiful in their



THE OLD MILL.

souvenir hunters among the ranks of its friends. The old sails were crooked and broken; its encircling balustrades had fallen away and the wind played aeolian fantasies along its rattling sides. Still the students remained decay; but it was upon the warm fall evenings, when the moon shone large and full upon the softened landscape, that it seemed the very embodiment of mysticism and allurement. Within its welcoming shadows strange whisperings

echoed dreamingly; talk of "proms," "hops," "scraps" and "rushes" were mingled with a low-hummed tune. The many hallowed mound offered close solitudes for the renewing of old acquaintances or the making of new ones while in the upper chambers of the mill the annual combat of the "Sophs" and "Freshies" were oft' times planned and guileful plots were laid. Girlish laughter rose tremulously and sudsided into scarcely audible murmurings, followed by an interlude of silence. Could the mill but have spoken—but ah! there lay a measure of its charm; the friendliness of dumb auditors.

The mill was itself sometimes chosen as the scene of wild deeds. A tale is told of a class president kept captive for days in its now dry and yawning cistern, while his exasperated supporters scoured the country for miles around without avail; and one April night in 1905, close on the heels of May, a dark file of youths stole stealthily along the the edge of the storied mound to the secret hiding place of the coffin, in which they sudsequently bore the mock corpse of their herdetary enemy, the class of 1907.

The mill knew all; in one way or another it became the confident for every enterprise that formed the many-sided life of the University. It was mentioned by Chancellors; referred to by visiting orators and beloved by every student. It was as much a part of the great educational institution as Frasier Hall itself.

But "*jay de mi*," as the Spaniards say, all things have their ending and the old mill was to prove no exception. One night at the close of a windy blustering day, came a tramp, an outcast of society. Man would have him not; but the old mill was more chartiable. It proffered to him the gusty hospitality of its mouldering chambers and he accepted the mute invitation. Into a dusty corner he threw his scanty pack and lighted a battered pipe. Later he slept.

Of course it was carelessness; perchance a tiny spark unaccounted for; but it spelled the doom of the Old Mill. The spark became a smoulder; the smoulder a flame and then the mill became a roaring furnace. It was as a torch to light the scene of its own undoing. The savage flames licked skyward through the tinder of the rotting wood; burning embers were whisked to windward; and a vast concourse came to see.

It was a moving spectacle, this fiery going of the old giant of the moundtop; and the people lingered to the last. Then they straggled homeward through the still morning hush. On the moundtop was but a heap of blackened timbers, crowned by a myriad upward eddying spirals of thin grayish smoke.

"For the things that are Man's shall perish,
Is the rule of the vanishing years."

Childless

'Tis an empty vale, though its grass be green,
Where never the foot of a child has been;
And the trees you can count them every one—
Seem more at ease when their leaves are gone.
Oh, the long day whispers of faded things,
And faint are the notes of the birds which call;
Would that the summer like them had wings,
That winter might hasten and cover all!

H. Howland.

The Funeral of Granny Sikes

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

GRANNY SIKES was dead. From the length to the breadth of Turkeyfoot Range the news went by word of mouth that April morning. Afoot, ahorse in low, broad-axled wagons built for mountain travel, the fateful fact was spread. As the mists about the higher peaks began to turn rosy, and while the shadows still lay black in Dead Man's Run, midway of which her mouldering log hut stood, the soul of Granny Sikes escaped from her worn-out body. The watchers were two—both men. One was a mighty fellow; huge of build, broad of shoulder, thick of limb. His presence seemed to almost fill the small room as he crouched on his haunches at one side of the dying woman. His hair and beard were long, shaggy, and beginning to gray. His eyes were heavy and strained, for that night he had not slept. This was Bush Slinger, whose clan claimed by right of occupation that part of the range extending west of Dead Man's Run.

Across from him, outstretched upon the earthen floor, lay the other man. He was not asleep, nor had he been the past twelve hours. The room contained only one chair, whose rickety condition prevented either man from sitting in it. It would have supported no heavier weight than the skinny form of Granny Sikes, and only the day before had she left it, for she was determined not to die. The man lying down was of lesser build, howbeit his shoulders were massive. He was swarthy, black-haired, crafty looking, and a cob pipe on the end of a reed stem stuck out from his bushy jowl. This pipe had been perpetually alight. The shut room, unventilated, was oppressive with a rank, acrid odor. The man's position was such that every mouthful of smoke which he blew hung just over the peaked visage of the woman lying on the shuck pallet. There it dissipated, most of it rising, but some finding its way into the thin nostrils below, whence it was drawn into the throat, and produced a harsh, metallic cough. Neither man noticed this, or else thought it did not matter. Granny Sikes was as good as dead, and it was not natural to die in peace, anyway.

The man with the pipe was Buck Laboe. He was the recognized head of the faction that lived and moved in that section of the range stretching towards the rising sun from the pass with the gruesome name.

Each leader traced his direct origin to Granny Sikes. No one knew her age, but for years upon years she had been a leader and a power. A gaunt, bony, Hecate of a woman, she had held her own among the contentious, hot-headed men of her people, using her fist upon various occasions to quell disturbances. She discountenanced the promiscuous killing off of her race, first by one side, and then the other, foreseeing total extinction if the practice increased. But the wild hearts which she sought to control could not and would not be held in check. Grievances would arise, more often fancied than real, it is true, and the word "forgive" abode not in their hearts. There came the inevitable meeting, and the equally inevitable brawl. Granny Sikes was not omnipresent. When out of the range of her tongue and her bludgeon men fought at the wink of an eye, or a careless word.

Then the astute mind of the old Amazon conceived a plan. It was daring, heoric, and in a measure self sacrificing, but Granny had grown tired of useless slaughter, and determined to put an end to onfall and ambuscade. It was in this wise she planned.

Turkyfoot Range was a spur of the Cumberland Mountains which nature had divided into three equal parts. They diverged from a common base, like the toes on the foot of a fowl. These vast ridges of rock and stone were uninhabited by people. They were inhospitable, difficult to surmount, and offered no recompense for their conquest. The valleys between were equally desolate. It would have been a long, hard way from the country of the Laboes to the country of the Slingers had it not been for Dead Man's Run. This was a deep, dry, narrow gorge, channeling the mountain at a point just back of where the trifurcated section converged, and from time immemorial had been a common passway for individuals or bands bent on incursions into the enemy's country. Naturally meetings took place here, and men had died by the dozens within its cramped precincts. It was here that big Bush Slinger had made the "long shoot," a feat of native prowess unsurpassed in native history or tradition. He had killed his man, the latter running, the entire length of the gorge between them, a distance of something over five hundred feet.

Now there came a day when Granny Sikes called some of her numerous descendants to her, and bade them build her a home midway of Dead Man's Run. They objected with rough talk and strong oaths, foreseeing her intent, and liking it poorly. But Granny still had vigor of arm enough to swing a club, and she drove her rebellious offshoots before her with curses just as keen, and with gibes added because of their laziness, and had her way. It was a miserable shack they made her, for the builders thereof had no heart in the undertaking. It was worse by far than the average home of the neighborhood, but Granny took up her abode there, levying tribute east and west for her support, her only companions a clay pipe and a long barrelled rifle. She sat in front of her door all day long, guarding the pass with grim vigilance. No one went by her. A few had made the attempt during the few days immediately following her occupation of the lonely spot, but they quickly learned that Granny meant business. Her hand was steady and her eye was true, and the bullets she sent after the few who forced a passage had not gone astray.

But the old woman had to sleep, and during the black still hours, more feet glided noiselessly by her door than she ever dreamed of. Still it was noticeable that there were fewer fatalities on Turkeyfoot now. Then, when her labors seemed to be bearing ripest fruit Granny Sikes sickened and died.

Her two uncouth descendants had watched throughout the night in stolid silence, by the light of successive tallow candles. Before the first bird note awoke the silence the following morning Granny's peaked chin dropped and her gurgling breath ceased.

Buck Laboe spouted a last mouthful of smoke over the still face.

"Bush, I 'low she's daid," he said and spat a little to one side.

"I reck'n she is," replied his companion, laboriously straightening his cramped limbs. "Granny's hell on wheels," he continued, rising.

Then they went out to summon the women, one man going to the east, and the other to the west.

Now it must be told, briefly, how one, Lef Slinger, accidently met and thereafter clandestinely made love to a maiden named Vie Laboe.

It is needless to say the factions did not intermingle; the chasm of hate which divided them was longer than the length of Dead Man's Run, and more difficult to traverse. It was after Granny Sikes had put into execution her plan to pacify her warlike people, that Lef Slinger went a-hunting squirrels one day on the neutral spur of Turkeyfoot. By some chance he found no game, and the sound of his firing-piece was not heard. It was due to this simple fact that he came upon a girl later in the afternoon. Like unto the Doones of Bagworthy forest were the Slinger men, both in build and strength, and if they lacked the arrogance of birth, they had a contemptuous scorn for their lesser-sized neighbors, albeit these same neighbors could shoot as far and as true as their larger foes, as the weed-grown burial plots

scattered here and there could bear mute testimony. Lef had the characteristic frame of his people, and he loomed big among the trees and scattered bowlders as he proceeded rather aimlessly on his fruitless quest. Possessed of a superb animal strength which had never felt fatigue, he scaled the high slope of the mountain, passed over its narrow crest, and slouched down the other side. His worn, brown clothing made him inconspicuous; his feet, by instinct, found spots which sent out no sound, and when he crossed the valley and began the ascent of the next slope, it was almost as a shadow moving with the sun, though with greater rapidity. He knew he was on forbidden ground. The fact brought no concern. He pictured Granny sitting before her shack with her rifle leaning on the wall beside her, and chuckled that he had outwitted her. Not that he was bent on trouble. His savage heart beat placidly that afternoon, and the great peace of the wilderness had, unknown, crept upon him.

Suddenly Lef saw a moving patch of color. A flash of scarlet, as of the passing of a cardinal through a thicket. A second glance revealed the truth. A girl was coming down the mountain. Lef stopped short, and let the butt of his gun fall softly to the ground. He was standing upon a narrow, shelving strip which traversed the mountain side at this point for some rods. The approaching girl, or woman—for she was grown, though young—was above him, and was moving fearlessly down the rather steep slope, grasping any bush or bough which happened to be near to aid her descent. The watching man saw that she was surely coming to the low precipice which faced him, a ten foot cliff whose rim was screened by a tangle of vines. She did not see it, nor him. There was nothing to do but try to warn her.

"Look out, sis!" called Slinger, sharply.

She was on the verge. She jumped, slipped, but did not scream, and fell squarely into the arms and onto the broad, oak-hard breast of Lef Slinger.

Vie Laboe was a buxom lass and the impact of her solid body brought a grunt from the brawny chest which received it, and caused the powerful figure to take two backward steps. He had unconsciously loosed his rifle when he saw her slip. The man's arms closed around her temporarily in a bear-like hug, and deep in the breast of the girl a thrill of pleasure was blended with the feeling of fright and amazement. Lef let her sink to the ground from his rough embrace reluctantly. On falling, her face had swept past his whiskered cheek, over his shoulder, and as she drew it back the eyes of the man saw a rose tinted cheek, and lips of even a deeper color. Her hair was black and coarse, but Lef's breeding had not been aesthetic, and the picture as a whole was most satisfying.

Vie was embarrassed. Conscious that she stood before a stalwart stranger, and suspecting intuitively that a blood enemy faced her, she smoothed her rumpled clothing and blushed deeper red.

"I's huntin' my dawg," she said, confusedly. "Have you saw 'im?"

"Naw!" replied Lef; " 'n' I don't wan to see 'im 's long 's I c'n see you!"

It is true this compliment was neither delicate nor deft, but it brought the blood surging to the cheeks of the girl, as she turned partly aside and flung the hair backward from her face.

"Come put nigh skeerin' yo', didn't I?" continued Lef, smiling amiably, and lifting his rifle from the ground. Already it had been from his grasp far longer than habit sanctioned.

"I didn't know anybody 's clost," answered Vie, still delaying the departure she should have taken the instant she was released. Then, with a sudden direct glance—"Who air yo'?"

"My name's Lef," replied the man.

"Lef who?"

"Lef Slinger."

The girl looked at his great bulk, her eyes moving from his head to his feet, and as the silence grew between them, an indescribable light crept to her eyes; a look of cunning, hate, elation and daring.

"I mought 'a' knowed it!" she breathed, just loud enough to be heard.

"I'm not sich a tur'ble feller, am I?" asked Lef, drawing a little closer.

She smiled, but back of her lowered lashes was a beady gleam unseen by Lef. The same gleam was in the eyes of the serpent when it offered the apple to Eve. He only saw that she was comely, and did not repel him.

A fallen tree lay not far away. On it a few minutes later a Slinger man and a Laboe woman sat side by side, the one forgetting his squirrels, and the other remembering her dog only to know that he would find his way home when he was tired of wandering. It was late twilight when they parted, after arranging a tryst for the following afternoon at the spot where they had accidentally met.

Human nature is the same in the mountain of the wilderness as it is in the palace if the populous city. Love, hate, revenge are primal passions. They cannot be bred out; they cannot be educated away. Now, Vie Laboe hated, and the spirit of revenge was bounded only by the proportion of her body. She hated Bush Slinger, the big chief of the opposing faction on Turkeyfoot. None knew why, because she had kept the insult to herself, but only a fortnight before her spectacular encounter with Lef, she had met the leader of the other clan as she rode from market on the back of a little brown mule. Bush was partly in liquor, and he drew up his horse, blocking her way, and leered at her. Then he strove to parley with her, but she urged her mule forward, and tried to pass, saying no word. Thereupon the man lifted her bodily, gave her a rousing kiss, plumped her back on her little brown mule and resumed his way, laughing uproariously.

After this incident, Vie Laboe nursed her wrath day by day, although she refrained from speaking of it, for fear of ridicule. But when she met Lef Slinger, and saw the greedy look which his eyes bore when they rested upon her, a plan of revenge was born immediately. She encouraged him. She even suffered his arm about her waist in time, and his rough lips upon her soft ones. With each successive meeting Lef sank deeper and deeper into the toils of this woman. In a way she held him off, and would allow caresses only at long intervals. Lef's infatuation changed to madness, and on the morning when Granny Sikes breathed her last, it had become desperation. Vie played her part well. She would trick herself in her bravest and finest attire; she would wreath flowers in her black hair, and wear loose-necked garments of gaily colored stuffs, which made a snare of her pretty round throat for such a hotheaded animal as her suitor was.

When the girl heard the news of the death of Granny, she set her mind to working anew. Things would change quickly now. Dead Man's Run would again become a general passway for the bearers of doom, and men would be killed as of old. So as she went about her simple household duties that day, her mind was very busy.

The women came—the old housewives from the east and from the west, and met in the desolate cabin. There they m i n i s t e r e d to the lifeless clay of the warlike old woman who had compelled contentious men to her will. By noon she was in her coffin, a receptacle made of undressed planks and boards. All morning people had been coming, entering both ends of the Run. Men, women and children gathered, not to pay honor or respect to the memory of Granny, but because this was to be the biggest funeral they had ever seen, and it was generally understood that the undeclared amnesty would continue through that day, at least.

By common consent of the leaders of each faction, the grave had been dug just in front of the cabin, in the middle of the Run. The interment would take place about three in the afternoon.

Vie was not there, and neither was Lef. The girl's thinking had borne fruit rapidly, and in an interview at the old trysting place soon after noon, she had won her point, although falsehood and treachery were the methods employed.

There was deep silence throughout the length of Dead Man's Run, as the rude box containing Granny Sikes' mortal remains was lowered into the earth with ropes. There was nearly two hundred people present; a remark-

able number for such an occasion. No song was sung, no prayer was spoken, no gospel of hope and resurrection was read. Stark silence marked all that was done. Four men with spades quickly filled in the grave. One of these men was Buck Laboe, and one was Bush Slinger. When the work was done, and the latter turned to fling his spade down, the familiar and unmistakable crack of a rifle sounded. Bush did not even stagger. His knees gave way, and he crumpled up on the fresh earth before him like a rag. A small stream of blood flowed from a hole in his temple. From the top of the cliff on the south side of the gorge a thin wisp of smoke curled gracefully upward.

Then, as pandemonium began in the fateful Run, Lef Slinger, rifle in hand plunged headlong toward the spot where, a quarter of a mile away, he had left Vie Laboe and two strong, swift horses, which were to bear them to Tennessee. Such was her plan. But when he reached the place she was not there. Not once had a suspicion of foul play come to the man. He was so intent upon gaining possession of this fair daughter of the enemy, that no contrary thoughts had entered his mind. For a moment he stopped, puzzled. Both horses were waiting. He glared around fiercely. Far up the mountain on the Laboe side he saw her. She waved her hand, and her mocking laughter goaded him to recklessness. Quickly his Winchester went to his shoulder, but before the sight found her she was gone, and a bullet from the spot where he had last seen her tore through his hat. She had reached her friends, and was safe.

Choosing the best horse, he flung himself astride it, and rode south alone, an exile and an alien henceforth.



X 706717

A Child of the Desolate

By Margaret Perkins

ELVIRA wrenched from its fastenings the slender, stubborn pole of the barbed-wire gate in order that the lean cow might pass from the milking-pen to the drought-smitten pasture. Pity and anxiety peered from her sombre eyes, and accentuated the untimely lines of her face imbrowned and leathery from much exposure to hot winds and blizzards. Every movement of her spare drooping figure was pathetically indicative of the patience that hopes nothing from tomorrow. She seemed old at thirty-five; but so seemed innumerable plainsmen whose hands helped to wrest from inimical elements the sites of fair fields and whose feet made faint outlines for broad, splendid thoroughfares.

When she turned toward the house, a great, brindled cat dropped from the straw-roofed stable, where he had observed the milking process, to trail after the milk bucket. In a peculiar turgidity of the muscles of his legs he resembled his untamed kindred, a breed as swift and shy as the little prairie ceratures on which they preyed. Like the perilous old wells and fragmentary, abandoned homes, these derelict cats, inevitably reduced to primeval wildness, were relics of the earliest settlers on the seductive, treacherous plains.

A mid-May dawn was flowering into the expensive splendor of a prairie sunrise. Vividly crimson in the East, it diffused into gold and pink and jacinth until the level landscape was encircled as with an exquisitely tinted wall. But to Elvira, gaunt, shabby, unconscious priestess of Apollo, the morning's rosy effulgence conveyed a sinister augury: a red sunrise was the portent of a windy day. She must, therefore, see if the two barrels on the sod-sled near the windmill needed replenishing. All day her father would stare uneasily into the southern horizon, nervously dreading the appearance of the plumy, pearl-hued column that led the fiery assault which was the terror of plainspeople.

Before entering the kitchen, Elvira divided the scant contents of her pail with the big cat. Her younger sister, Lottie, was coaxing with her breath the obstinate fire. She did not look toward the opening door. Elvira set her bucket on the table and reached for the strainer. "You've been crying again, Lottie," she faltered with compassionate reproach. "I hoped you and Gus would settle the matter last night."

Rising abruptly, Lottie turned toward Elvira a pretty, tear-flooded face. "We did sister; I've promised to marry him in a month." It was a sobbing, shame-faced confession of sisterly infidelity, and Lottie fled to her cheerless chamber.

Elvira suddenly affected with the giddy bewilderment of one who finds herself in a strange, bleak region, leaned heavily against the familiar bulk of the cupboard. She felt the need of a corresponding moral prop, so shaken was she by the uprush of turbulent, alien emotions from some unexplored grotto of her nature.

Life without Lottie! With the startling vividness of a lightning-disclosed object she realized that she had not even faintly foreseen this desolating loss; for across her dismayed inner vision there fluttered the wraith of the comfortable conviction that Lottie would choose to remain with her. She, a scion of Puritan planting; she who had ostensibly cherished truth in the inward parts faced the clarified evidence of guilefulness.

Had she not for more than a year urged this decision upon Lottie, extolling the manliness, enterprise and

devotion of her lover? Had she not sturdily disclaimed that destiny required Lottie, too, to immolate her birthright of husband and babies on the family altar?

"You love each other, Lottie," was the invariable climax and conclusion of Elvira's argument. "Do you dare wilfully to disable two lives?"

"You did, Sister," Lottie would remonstrate, "for Father and me."

And always Elvira answered gently, "It was my duty, Lottie, after Mother's death and Father's accident. You were too young to take my place. Long ago I found peace."

If the discovery of deceit existing collaterally with truth in her soul was disconcerting, it was less hideous than another emotion that was wriggling serpent-wise out of her presumably placid bosom. She was envious of Lottie!

That the grim years had wrung her heart dry of passion, and had mercifully blunted the edge of the primitive longing for her mate was the diligently cherished belief of Elvira. Now she knew she had mistaken the fortitude of renunciation for the tranquility of resignation. It was bitter to see the cup at the lips of this sister for whom she had refused the delicious draught. She had never dissembled to herself the pangs of denied motherhood, though even to Lottie she could not confide that her breast was the abode of a yearning appeasable only by the tender touch of a baby's head and lips.

Already tutored in the subjugating influence of action upon feeling, Elvira responded gratefully to the imperative summons of life. By the time breakfast was ready she was invested in her usual apathetic gentleness. Nor did the armour of composure fail during the time she assisted Lottie with her poor trousseau.

But Lottie, filled with the compassion of the adored for the love-lorn, and pricked with the consciousness that her going away must entail increased hardships and lonliness on her unselfish sister, grew wan and dolorous. Only with her lover did she experience the ecstasy of surrender, or reflect her irradiated spirit.

She was a tearful bride. With her foot upon the steps of the nuptial buggy, she evaded her husband's assisting hand to return to Elvira. Haltingly she delivered her parting message; her delicately colored face, singularly free from the imprint of the prairie wind, was aflush with shy confusion.

Then Lottie knew! A half-resentful feeling of having been despoiled of something intimately precious tended to mitigate Elvira's benumbing sense of loss. Yet with insuperable reluctance she entered the house smitten with a desolation that grew more palpable with succeeding weeks, and drove her most of the day to the less intolerable environments of garden and barnyard.

She dreaded the laggardliness of the night; then she could not escape the haunting silence, intensified rather than relieved by the windmill's creak, or the eldritch wail of the coyote. Through the lens of her lonliness she sometimes had a terrifying vista of all her future years, empty and drear.

Hot winds, bred of the malignant drought, began in June. There was no harvest. By the middle of July the corn was scorched to crispness, but the hardier kaffir—Elvira's hope for winter cow feed—waved lush, defiant arms to the baneful blast. With a sickle she had garnered from among the sunflowers a little rick of wheat for her hens. The garden was irrigated by an ingenious system of troughs and trenches.

In the twilight she carried water to the rosebush—sole memento of their eastern garden—on her mother's grave. She had the feeling that the languishing, barren shrub, uprooted from its native soil, and transplanted in an unfriendly atmosphere to fail of fruition was symbolic of her life. The big cat, when not contending with his fierce kin, always accompanied her. Elvira had the propensity of the childless for his demonstrative, fickle affection.

Through the winter Lottie and Gus made frequent visits which Elvira and her father occasionally returned, riding the four miles on the sod-sled because the crippled man could not mount a wheeled vehicle.

In April Lottie came for a protracted visit, and the restored intimacy of the sisters took its trend from the tiny garments they made in the pleasant afternoons. Happiness at first vague and evanescent as a sunrise mirage, put lissomeness in Elvira's step and vivified her face. As with new-created eyes she watched the greening prairie stretch away to meet the brooding, azure heavens inexplicably conscious of infinite breadth to her repressed, incomplete life. She was athrill with kinship to the tender, young things, upspringing from the dismal chambers of the earth with things, the message of immortality to the understanding heart.

With Lottie's little girl nestling in her arms, Elvira entered her kingdom of heaven. Her maternal passion, so long frustrated, dissolved into ineffable tenderness for the dependent, little creature. It was as though her nature had found its magnetic zone; the woman scintilated with delight.

Lottie's stay was prolonged beyond its anticipated limit; but strength returned slowly, and she was pale and dispirited. To her sister she willingly yielded the privilege of mothering the baby. But sometimes Elvira, engaged in the exquisite task of bathing the soft little body, or watching the extravagant ecstasy with which the little one received the nursing bottle, would surprise an anguished expression on the mother's face. Then she would cry out, "O Lottie, you are suffering!"

Lottie's refutation was the plea of wearisome inactivity. She always blossomed into prettiness and gayety during her husband's visits. Gus, turned reverential in the presence of the miracle of motherhood, found commonplace conversation difficult. Yet for the reward of Lottie's laugh he detailed his doings embellished with whatever drollery imagination suggested.

Early in July Lottie went home. It required the capacity of the big wagon to transport the baby's belongings; for her lame Grandfather with delicate dexterity had fashioned for her a cradle and a chest for her elfin wardrobe.

Elvira watched the lumbering wain out of sight with the curious consciousness that it was attached by an invisible cord to her heart. Yet the house was not wholly unendurable; there remained the faint fragrance of divine happiness; and she would see the baby often.

Thenceforth the sod-sled made frequent trips across the grassy plain, Elvira's hunger for the baby even goading her to the neglect of duty. For failure to return these visits, Lottie offered as excuse her continued frailty. She met Elvira's solicitude with the unchanging assurance that she would grow robust with cool weather.

There came a September morning when Elvira, with the far-sighted vision of plainsdwellers, recognized afar off her brother-in-law's team and discerned two forms on the wagon seat. Much she wondered why they had not chosen to be conveyed in the lighter, more comfortable buggy. When the wagon turned from the road into their lane she knew: in the back were the baby's chest and crib. Lottie meant to make a long visit!

Sudden, pulsating joy contracted Elvira's throat. She ran to open the yard gate where she awaited them. But her warm greetings failed on her lips at sight of their striken faces. Silently she followed the wagon to the house where she held up her arms for the baby. Stupified by the certainty of coming calamity she permitted Lottie to draw her into the birth-chamber and close the door. Limply she collapsed into the chair beside which Lottie crouched, her piteous eyes seeking Elvira's. She spoke with the vehemence and rapidity of one long tortured for confession.

"I've brought her at last, Sister, as I promised on my wedding day. I ought to have done this long ago; I ought to have left her when I went home in the summer; but O, Sister, I could not!"

Confounded at the significance of her sister's words Elvira could find no voice to protest. But on her moving lips Lottie laid an imploring hand.

"No, Sister, no! Hear all my story! Gus consented to this the night I agreed to marry him. He didn't know—neither of us had any idea, how hard it

would be. But he is willing now; and he has me left."

Elvira could have spoken then, but again Lottie stayed her. "Just a little longer, please Sister," she begged.

"I loathed my selfishness in leaving you. It seemed so unsisterly for me to have what you denied yourself for my sake. My love for Gus showed me your sacrifice. But I meant to atone to you; I vowed if God sent me a baby I would give it to you. I knew how you longed for children. And so I tried to teach myself to think of the coming little one as yours; but O, when you laid my little baby in my arms, and the mother-love rushed through me—!"

White and shaken with Lottie's suffering, Elvira reached across the sleeping infant to clasp the Mother's quivering shoulders.

"Lottie! Lottie! As if I ever considered your foolish promise! O, my dear! You are in no wise bound by it, but if you were, I would freely, fully release you." She paused to marshal adequate arguments.

Lottie was crying not, but on her face was a faint radiance—the prefigurement of the peace that succeeds Love's supreme resignation.

"You can't, Sister! You can't release me, she asserted triumphantly.

And Elvira, looking dazedly at the transfigured face, thought the little room was bathed momentarily with lily-like light.

Night

Unchangeable, boundless everlasting Night!
Eternity and thou art one and all!
Below, above, thy depths can know no end.
Thou art a wonder and a mystery,
Unsolved, unsolvable, and unfathomed.
The rays of light that shoot from star to star
Must have each barrier stop, and where they stop
Thy never-failing shadow takes its place.
Sun planted here and there within thy depths
To furnish light and heat and vital force
To things that grow in God's great nurseries,
Will serve their time and then return to thee,
As gently falls thy silent, sable veil
To cover o'er the spots where they have been.
Though all created things should pass away
Thou wilt not pass, but in thy majesty,
Unchanging, dark, and cold shalt still endure.

W. R. Heylmun.

Tales of a Pullman Ark

By Margaret Hill McCarter

THE traveling man had finished his story. The little company marooned in the Pullman car surrounded by the angry floods of the Kaw river, listened for a time to the roar of the winds and waters. The Pullman coach seemed secure enough, and yet the situation was not a very comfortable one. The soft-voiced old gentleman was the first to speak.

"Too much have I seen of Kansas wind and weather; too much of peril and anguish to be frightened by a night like this. We are perfectly safe, finely housed; the chef has promised to feed us soon. I could tell you a story of the days when floods and railway Pullmans had no place in the West. But a barren wilderness and the prairie schooner gave setting for human activity."

"We are waiting for that story," declared the Traveling Man, and the old Plainsman took his turn in the evening's entertainment.

A Great Rock in a Weary Land

The great white trail lay broad and blistering under the July sun. Far and near the prairie grasses were yellow in the midsummer heat. Dry, sandy draws gave little hint of the floods that sometimes swept down between their banks when the spring rains flushed the land. A narrow strip of green marked the few shallow water-ways, lined with a slender growth of stunted willow bushes. Trees there were none, nor any clear, sparkling waters. Only sluggish, green pools and slow, muddy currents sliding by barren banks, and limitless wastes of earth below and sky above made up the landscape. But however level the plains seemed to lie, the old Santa Fe trail really lead along the crest of a gentle divide with the land spreading away to the north and south in shallow undulations.

Over this trail, one July day, long ago, a small wagon train toiled heavily. The glare overhead was pitiless and the stretch of plain seemed, through the heated air, to quiver against the blue-gray horizon-line far, far away. All the appointments of the outbound trader's outfit were here; the pack mules, the big prairie schooners, the few outriders keeping with the train for protection, everything except that this was a smaller company than one usually found trying the dangers of the wilderness in the long journey from Westport, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The train was now in the region of uncertain peril where Pawnee and Cheyenne Indians oftenest attacked the white invaders of the wilderness, and the little band was pushing on through the mid-afternoon heat, hoping to overtake a larger train reported to be only two days further out on the trail. At sunset a camping site was reached and the wagons set in the circle corral for the night.

"We might git through all right if it wa'n't fur that girl," growled the train captain, "I dunno why I ever let her come with us."

"I reckon it was her passage money sorter influenced you maybe," drawled a Missouri trader named Purdy, who had joined the company at Council Grove.

"Oh, yes, I reckon so. We all go crazy at the sight of a silver eagle anyhow. Here we are thirteen of us, countin' that cub of the cook's and the tender-foot, Jerry Payne, from Cincinnati. Not a very strong force at best, and three of the thirteen not worth countin' anywhere, 'cept by their scalps, in a Injun rumpus. Lord knows what we'd do if we was all men —but a woman to be took care of— well, damn the unlucky thirteen number, anyhow."

"What made you ever consent to bringing her then, and puttin' a female Jonah on yer ship o' the prairies, by addin' a burden to the twelve already goin'?" It was Purdy who put the question.

"I told you I didn't know," retorted the captain, "and besides, it's not her that's the thirteenth one, it's you ups and joins us at Council Grove."

"I didn't know you had this girl along till we was a day's journey out," replied the trader. "I'd just missed Beck's train and I'd a reason fur bein' in a hurry to git this trip done—it's my last one. I never counted noses, ner seen the girl anywhere till campin' time."

"She keeps pretty close. Her dad's been a plainsman and a trapper up in the Glorietta's long enough to forgit civilization. But here he ups and gits his death-chill in a late snow-storm last spring, an' now he's dyin' slow an' certain, an' he wants to see his girl 'fore he goes. Natural enough, I reckon. I thought so when she pleaded with me to let her come along. She was willin' to start off when we did with Beck's train two days ahead an' not wait for Burrell's that was makin' up fer ten days later. Beck's orter a waited fur us at Council Grove, anyhow. But its no use goin' back to 'whys.' Here we air thirteen of us, one, only a boy, one, a young feller never out of Ohio before, an' this weak, scary girl, right in the heart of the Injun country, crossin' the very trail of the Pawnees. Why couldn't old Jack Malden have kept out of that old cussed snow storm, I wonder!"

"Old Jack Malden!"broke in Purdy, "why he's dead already. Them Mexicans we passed just out of Council Grove told me that they was takin' the word back to Westport. I didn't know the girl was with you then, as I said a minute ago."

The old train captain sat silent for a time.

"It's a plum beautiful fix," he said presently. "There is every sign of Injuns right around us. Maybe we could take care of ourselves and the tenderfoot, but this girl—they're all fools and cowards, women are. Never any tellin' what they'll do when they git scared. Maybe scream, when life jest hangs on everybody keepin' still. So, old Jack's gone. I knowed him twenty year. An' his girl goin' on a fool's errant now to Santy Fe. But worst of all, it was only last May a Pawnee squaw was shot by a white trapper right about here, when she was goin' peaceable to join her band. If them Redskins find a white woman here, they'll have her scalp. An Injun never forgits. Durn 'em!"

"We'll just have to take chances on what's comin'," said the trader. No use to scare the girl to death now. An' I reckon somebody'll look after her even if she aint wanted, an' aint got no business goin' on now her dad's passed up. It'll be a standstill between her an' the tenderfoot who's the biggest coward if anything comes on sudden."

The summer twilight was changing the barren desert into a dream of beauty. The sky was one sweep of pink deepening into the flaming glory of the sunset with the purple richness of the Eastern horizon, and the silvery mist swathing the far distances of the land. A gentle breeze rippled cool against the traveler's fevered cheeks that had felt all day the hot South wind.

Out by the wagon farthest from the group of men Mary Malden sat watching the shifting splendor of sunset. She was only eighteen, slightly built, with a fair, trustful face where innocence and inexperience were easily discernible. And yet, there were hints of firmness and a promise of self-reliance in her countenance.

"Good evening, Miss Malden. What are you thinking about, I wonder." It was the young tenderfoot who spoke sitting down beside her.

"I'm thinking of my father, Mr. Payne. I wonder if I did right to try to go to him alone. Captain Kerr is an old friend and he promised my father he would take me with him. He thought and so did I until the morning we left that another family was going with this train. But they left with Beck's train two days ahead of us, expecting to wait for us at Council Grove. I wish we could overtake that train. I should feel less unhappy, maybe.

Tonight I am full of fear that I shall never see my father again."

The young man, no more experienced than herself, made no effort to comfort her. He had heard enough of the talk by the captain's wagon to get the drift of things. But he knew that he himself was a tenderfoot, and while he believed these plainsmen were not anxious without a cause, he would not profess a courage and a knowledge he did not possess. Yet he longed to let this girl know something of the peril that was menacing the party, longed to prepare her, somehow, to meet and fight against a fate that threatened. His wish had its reflection in her mind, for she turned to him suddenly and asked.

"Do you think we are in danger from Indians before we overtake the Beck's?"

"I do not know," Payne replied slowly. "Captain Kerr seems a little uneasy, but there is no telling."

Mary Malden's face grew white.

"I didn't think about being afraid. I thought only of my father when we were starting."

She looked imploringly at the young man—and she was very pretty. Most youths of inexperience would doubtless have offered rash promises of a protection they knew nothing of how to deliver. But Payne returned her pleading gaze steadily.

"I wish I could promise you many things, Miss Malden, but the fact is I am as new as you are to these conditions. We must depend on these plainsmen if perils come, and above them," he spoke reverently, now. "It may not seem good doctrine for the wilderness, but above skill in fighting the Indians, above every evil that may befall, I am tenderfoot enough still to hold to the faith my mother taught me in my Ohio home, the faith in a Power that is as 'the shadows of a great rock in a weary land.' "

Mary Malden's face in the gathering twilight shone with trust and courage. She had need for both, for the cruel reality of the plains was close about her. The night guard was detailed. The warning for everybody to be ready for the Indians was given, and the camp was quiet. In the deep gloom Jerry Payne went back to where the captain and the trader still talked of the grave situation.

"I tell you, Purdy, I know them Pawnees aint fur off. Our only hope is that they won't scent us. They've probably trailed Beck's train on ahead, not thinkin' a baker's dozen of fools would be so close after him. If it hadn't been fur that break-down back there east of Council Grove, we'd all be together now and safe."

"Well," said Purdy, "this is my last trip across these plains. I've made a pile of money out of 'em, and when I git back from Santy Fe, I'm goin' to settle in St. Louis. I've got everything ready but this last trip. It'll fix me. I'm a humane man, but I'm goin' to tell you right now, that I've got myself to look out for. This is my last go, and if worst comes to worst, I'm looking after my own bacon. The cook can take care of that brat he brought to help him. I don't owe nothin' to tenderfoot city gents gettin' broke to the plains at my expense, an' as fur this gal—honestly now Kerr, what's she got ahead of her? Spent all her money, every cent to go to her dad that's already gone to heaven—maybe —why should I give my life an' break the heart of that girl of mine waitin' for me in St. Louis, for a fool woman who can't take care of herself? It aint good sense, ner Christian religion to go an' take your own life that way."

"I guess you're right." Kerr spoke slowly. "When I was younger I was darin' as a lion, an' saved many a life at the risk of my own out on this desert. But now life is as sweet to me as to any body else. An' what could a train do without a captain? I'm needed worser'n some others is. If the Injuns come, the weakest must give in first. That's all."

The young man from Ohio listened to all this philosophy as one may hear his own doom pronounced. The moral order of the world had suddenly turned for him. All his ideals of courage, all his notions of a rude Western gallantry were destroyed in a moment. Here he was for the first time in his life, face to face with a real and deadly peril, weighed down by a sense of his own

ignorance. And the seasoned plainsmen, the men who could best protect the helpless and ignorant were coolly planning to save the stronger and leave the weaker to their fate.

"At least, I can die game," Jerry said to himself, "and that's what seems to be reserved for the woman, the cook's cub and the tenderfoot. But who wants to die?"

He turned on his hard bed in the wagon and breathed heavily. Then the memory of his own words of comfort to Mary Malden came back to him.

"A refuge from the heat, a refuge from the storm—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." And with this message in his soul he fell asleep.

* * * * * *

The July sun was shining hot and pitiless on the site of the camp. No shadow of a great rock had been a protection in this weary land. In the space surrounded by the wagon corral lay a heap of ashes and burned wagons. Blood stained the ground and the sickening stench of smouldering flesh filled the air, from mutilated, naked bodies that had been fastened in this burning heap. Thirteen persons had made up the company. Ten bodies were here, and three were gone. The tenderfoot, the cook's boy and the girl, the helpless ones whom the captain had determined to leave to their fate had missed what fell to him.

Over in a clump of tall grasses and weeds lay the tenderfoot, wounded, suffering and tortured with a burning thirst. The thin grasses gave only an uncertain protection as a hiding place, and a poor covering from the fierce summer sun. But helpless and alone, he could only wait his time. He lifted his eyes to the glaring light. "The shadow of a great rock!" How like a mockery came the words. Was there no God in this land? Had the wilderness a law unto itself where all the promises of the Almighty were of no avail?

At daybreak that morning, the Pawnees had swooped down upon the little corral, and the burning pile of goods and wagons and human bodies told what had followed. Strangely enough the two who could have slipped through the attacking line and saved themselves were Jerry Payne and the cook's boy. But in a heroic effort to protect the girl, young Payne had been wounded almost unto death. Only the cook's boy had been adroit enough to escape unhurt. In the rush and fury of the attack through the gray morning shadows, he had dragged Payne's body to its place of concealment in the tall grasses where he watched the scene that followed. Ten bodies he knew were in the heap. What became of Miss Malden he did not know. Early in the strife she had dissappeared. Only one long, agonizing shriek, a woman's voice he had heard. To the day of his death he never forgot it. Somehow he did not think she was one of the ten. By sunrise, all was completed. The horses and mules stampeded with the Indians and only two human beings were left living where thirteen had been only a few hours before. Two living. and one of them wounded and unconscious now from loss of blood.

It was long before the boy dared to rise from his low hiding place and look about him. Nobody was in sight. Only the same monotonous stretch of arid land, the same arch of burning sky, yesterday, today, and forever. White and helpless beside him lay the young man who had tried to save a woman's life. He was murmuring deliriously now—"The shadow of a great rock—the shadow of a great rock!"

"There aint no shadow of nothin' here," the boy muttered, "less it's the shadow of death."

Even as he spoke he caught sight of something on the edge of the draw to the southward. He flattened in the weeds in fear. The canter of a horse's feet relieved him. He looked again. It was the pony he had ridden all the way from Westport.

"They didn't stampede you, Major, did they?" he cried as the pony came slowly toward him sniffing the odor of the burning pile. "Come here, Major. You and me have something to do now. I've heard about horse sense. If you'll only have sense enough to take

me to Beck's train. Oh, if I could find it and get somebody to come back for him!"

He looked down at the wounded man. "Lord help us, Major, and me to do somethin' fur him."

The boy looked about for some means of shelter. Not a brand from the awful pyre could he touch; not a stick of wood, nor bush, nor shrub was there anywhere.

"I'll just have to trust to Major's legs and Payne's strength to hold out till I find help."

He did not consider the Indians whose trail he might cross, nor did he think of himself. That sublime heroism that has carried men on to fight and win even to the ends of the earth was in the cook's boy's soul that July morning. Tenderly he tried to place the young man's body in a comfortable posture, then tying the grasses together above his head for a wisp of shadow at least, he mounted his pony and dashed off down the long yellow trail toward the southwest.

It was long after the boy had left him before Jerry Payne roused from his delirium. He knew nothing of the effort for his deliverance. He knew only that he was alone and wounded, that the heat was like a furnace, and that the sickening smell of slowly burning flesh filled the air. Nausea and a frantic thirst were torturing him. As he turned his head a faint shade, the very shadow of a shadow, fell across his eyes. He put up his hand feebly. The grasses were knotted together above him for protection.

"Such shade as this accursed country can give," he murmured. "Somebody tied the weeds together. Not an enemy, so it's not an Indian. Somebody wants to help me. If they did that, they can do more."

And then delirium came again and he knew nothing more for a long time. When he was himself again the sound of horses' feet filled his ears, and the rumble of a great wagon followed that. He tried to lift himself but could not from very weakness. But a great joy filled his soul,—the joy of the saved. Nearer and nearer came the sounds. A cool wind was sweeping out of the northwest, and a gentle summer shower was falling on the thirsty ground. Rude but gentle hands were lifting him, water was put to his lips, and life and safety were his once more. The cook's boy whom the train captain and the trader had consigned to be lost had found Beck's train, and had come now with a force strong enough to protect the helpless. After all, he had not been left to perish, although he knew so little of plains lore. He tried to save Miss Malden. He had done his best, but he must have failed.

There was no way of finding out her fate. Investigation showed that she was not among those who had perished in the massacre. Such had happened before to women. God pity them! So, Beck's big train moved slowly westward to where the Pawnee Rock stood out on the old trail, a landmark of tragedy, a citadel of the plains. At its base the great train rested in order that the stock might feed and gather strength for the long dry route that lay beyond the Cimarron crossing.

With his returning strength Jerry Payne thought more and more of Mary Malden. Why had he been saved and this helpless girl lost? A man might escape from the savages, but a weak, defenceless girl! Heaven grant they had killed her at once. It was the kindest thing he could wish for her. And yet, as the hours went by, a great loss seemed to grow upon him. Life was full of excitement and perils always increased westward on the trail. He might have counted her with other sacrifices on that ill-fated train. Instead he was coming swiftly to know that something of his life was torn away by that Pawnee raid. He struggled against the feeling but it was overmastering. In the days that they had been together, he had watched her about the camp, quiet, tactful, and self-possessed. He realized now how much her companionship had meant to him. And then all suddenly it swept over his soul with a great gust of power, that he had learned to love her. He did not know it until now that it was too late; now that he could never tell her, that she could never know what she meant to him. The agony at

thought of what must have befallen her was torture to him, and he chafed out the hours in bitterness.

"Young man, your fever is up again," the surgeon of the wagon train declared. "You must brace up if you don't want us to plant you down in the Cimarron country somewhere."

"I don't much care if you do," the young man looked up wearily.

"That's about what I thought," said the surgeon, looking shrewdly into the face. "It's a mind wound that's not healing right. Better let me diagnose for you. I've saved some pretty serious cases in my day."

He was a cheery son of the West, a reckless, daring plainsman whose medical knowledge gained in the best schools of the East was augmented with the discipline of years of study of men in almost every phase of human circumstance. He was a man any sick man could trust. Young Payne turned an eager face toward him.

"Doctor, I did not know until it was too late that I should care so much more for the loss of a girl than for the others who were killed in that train massacre. But somehow every hour since I found she was lost, I have felt worse and worse." He groaned aloud. "O Doctor, could there be any chance for her?"

The doctor shook his head.

"The Pawnees can travel like the wind, and like the wind, no man knows which way they'll go next. It is an incident of your life that you will never forget, but it will not trouble you long. It is not deep seated enough. The chance is any pretty girl in Santa Fe would have won out over this Miss Malden, if nothing had happened here."

"I thought so too," assented Payne, but the farther away I get from the loss of her, the more I know myself. I guess the Indains did get the tenderfoot. Oh, if only it could really have been myself instead of her."

"Come, come, you need a new line to think on. I'm going to take you up on the top of Pawnee Rock at sunset and we'll study the country. That rock will go down in history. It has been the stage of many a tragedy. I was in one of them myself once."

At sunset the two rode up the slant side of the grim old rock that for so many years stood a fortress of the plains. On its top many a company of the old trail had found a refuge and had fought for their lives against a murderous Indian horde. On this evening the two men sat on their ponies and gazed out at the magnificent sweep of landscape tinted with the sunset lights. The doctor looked to the westward, but the young man's eyes scanned the northern horizon that lay like an amethyst circlet about the world.

On the morning of the massacre, Mary Malden had wakened to find the camp in an uproar. The stampeding of horses, the firing of guns, the whizzing of arrows, the savage yells of a murderous band of Redskins, the sudden sense of danger, the nearness of death—seemed to paralyze every nerve. Terror-stricken, she watched the scene, until with a cry of fury a huge Pawnee dashed toward her. She saw Jerry Payne spring between him and herself. Helpless she watched the two struggling together and she knew the young man was fighting for her life. Just as he had thrown off the Redskin and turned toward her, she was seized by another savage brute. At that moment Payne was stricken down. One long shriek of agonizing fear she uttered, and then all was darkness.

For a long time she had only a dim sense of what was going on. The yells of savages and the groans of tortured men filled her ears. Then she was placed on a pony and a long hard ride began. Gradually fright gave way to the need for self protection, and her mind turned now to the mastery of her forces as a life-preserving measure. On and on the file of painted Pawnees rode regardless of the burning heat. Farther and farther into the trackless wilderness they pressed. Mary Malden had learned to ride in her girlhood. All her life she had been accustomed to horses, but no ride had ever been like this one. So sudden and terrible had been the events of the day, she did not fully grasp the horror of her position. The hope for escape came quickly. She

had read of captive women tearing off shreds of their clothing and scattering them to mark the way for those who followed after them. No opportunity was given her to do this, even if there were anyone who should seek to save her life. On every side the stalwart braves watched her constantly. She did not believe any white man had escaped from the massacre; and if any one had escaped, it might be days before he found other white man. Nobody in that train would have wished to folllow her, she felt sure, unless it might have been young Payne. He had been very kind to her. A tenderness grew with the memory of him; a sudden sweetness of joy at the thought of what might have been between the two, had they been spared to each other. But he was dead. She had seen him striken down and she was going now toward a living death, a white woman in the hands of merciless Pawnees. She wondered that she could think at all, as the tantalizing picture of what might have been swept before her mind. Life and love and security from harm, what priceless blessings these were and how many, many women never stopped to be grateful. For her there was now only horror and despair.

But young pulses beat fast, and the hope of escape began to take shape in a plan. Mary Malden's first effort was to keep her sense of direction. This was not easy to do for the wily Pawnees had no notion of losing their prize. She might bring booty in ransom. She could bring a dearer thing—revenge for the murdered squaw of the early summer. So, they craftily veered to right and left. They made wide circles that were deceptive. But all the time they bore to the northward. And Mary knew this. Eagerly she scanned the skies by day, and read the stars by night to keep her bearings. But so far they went, she began to lose hope.

There might be a friendly heart somewhere among the savages. What could she do but perish if she tried to escape now so far from the Santa Fe trail? Her endurance weakened with her growing fear. And nightfall of the third day came. It brought the band to a camping place beside the Smoky Hill, a wide, shallow river in the days of summer drouth.

"If I cross this river, I shall never get back," Mary said to herself. "I know my doom lies over there."

She tried to pray, but God is forgetful in the wilderness. Up to this time her food had been the remnants stolen from the wagon train in the raid. At night, she had lain apart on a blanket taken from the captain's wagon. No indignity had been offered to her. But cruel eyes watched her, and the slow-waiting their time of torture did not promise less of it for her.

In the depths of her misery, forsaken of God and man, suddenly the memory of Jerry Payne's last comforting words came back to her, the faith that is as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Clear as a voice in her ears the words sounded. She had almost sprung to her feet, but quick prudence held her impassive and motionless.

Slowly the sun went down that night, leaving a wide, desolate land in darkness. The last sunset in camp came back to Mary sitting here lonely and defenseless, surrounded by her enemies, and memory was possession. It stirred her to hope and plan again.

"I will trust to the Lord," she murmured. "If I perish, I perish. It will be His will. But He can save me, even in this awful place."

A few hard breadcrusts she had concealed in her dress, When at last the savages were asleep—they were far from the trail and no watch was set to guard the camp—Mary rose quietly. It was an almost impossible undertaking but a prayer was in her heart each moment. Quietly she found her way to the ponies feeding at the ends of their long lariats.

"They gave me a good one. I'll not forget him," she said, as she loosed the pony she had ridden for three days. And then because God willed it, she and the pony stole quietly away and quietly the other ponies nibbled the tender grasses by the shallow banks of the Smoky Hill, making no noise at the going of one of their number. For the day of miracles had not passed in the time of the old Santa Fe trail. In the still summer night the Indians slept

soundly while Mary Malden, daring at length to leave off the slow walk, broke into a fierce gallop away across the midnight plains. Keeping the North star behind her—that was her only guide—she rode through that still night like the ghost of a fury lost in the mazes of space. Daylight brought her to a shallow stream. She did not dare to stop for herself, but she gave the pony a moment's time to drink, and then she urged him on. In hours like these, human endurance loses count, and a strength that is God-given takes its place. Mary Malden knew that time counted for everything. She had no hope of hiding from these sons of the plains. Her one thought was to out-distance them in pursuit. Personal peril had made her keen-witted. She had listened to their talk in their own tongue, and by her quick intuition, had fairly judged what their plans were for her. Also she guessed shrewdly that they would not give her up easily.

It was a long ride for life, whither, she did not know. But the promises of the Almighty to be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land gave her courage. It is in hours like these that reality comes into those sweet and sacred words that have for all our lives before been meaningless sounds.

Toward the close of the second day Mary slipped from her pony in sheer exhaustion. The light grew dim and like a tired child on its mother's knee, she lay down on the hard, brown earth and slept. The prairie breezes toyed with her hair, fallen about her shoulders, the dew of the evening was damp on her dusty clothing, the shadows of night folded down about her and hid all the wide plains. The hungry coyote cried in the hidden draws, and the wild animals of the plains prowled near her. Alone with only the stars of heaven to see what might befall, she lay in that heavy slumber that nature will have on demand. Yet not alone, for He whose is the earth and the seas, and who notes even the fallen sparrow, He was here, and under the shadow of His protecting care no harm can come.

It was almost twenty-four hours before Mary Malden awoke, too stiff and sore to move for a long time. Gradually she realized what had happened. Then terror came. She had abandoned her pony, and now she was helpless against every foe. Why had she yielded to weariness of body? Why had she not tried to secure her pony while she rested this little time? She did not know that a night had passed while she slept. She turned her head at a slight sound. There stood her pony quietly picking at the scant green growth under the fallen stems of the long brown grasses. He had not deserted her. Could her heavenly Father be less kind than this dumb brute? She ate the few bits of hard bread she had carried with her and once more she mounted her pony for a last effort to find safety.

* * * * * *

The sun had slipped behind the horizon and the lowlands were all in purple shadows. Only the crest of old Pawnee Rock stood out in the last crimson of the day's rich glory. Down on its slope the surgeon of Beck's train and the wounded young Ohioan sat on their horses, watching the twilight deepen. The Doctor's face was toward the west, while Payne looked steadily toward the north. Suddenly the young man gave a great start.

"Look, look!" he cried. "See coming yonder!"

Out of the gathering gray mist of the evening, a horse with a rider fleeing for life came galloping with great bursts of speed toward the rock. Behind it, gaining at every leap, came a half dozen naked Pawnee Indian braves. On they swept, the horse and fugitive trying to reach the rock; the pursuers determined to overtake their victim or cut off the way to the height.

Up on the rock the two men stood still for a moment. Then the doctor gave a wild cry, a shout that rang far across the land. Up from the big camp hidden from the Indians, a dozen armed men rode furiously. Safety was almost in reach of the fleeing rider, when the Pawnees dropping on their ponies' sides, sent arrow after arrow toward their escaping prey.

Jerry Payne, wounded and helpless to do more than to watch, rode forward toward the pursued with a call of cheer.

"Come on! Come on!" he shouted. "You're almost safe! Come on!" And then he reeled in his saddle and a wild cry of joy rang out on the evening air.

"It's Mary Malden!" he shouted, and as quick as a flash, a ball from a rifle in the hands of the cook's boy crashed by her side and straight into the heart of the horse nearest her. It reared and fell upon its side. Its rider leaping clear by a very miracle and ran like a deer toward his mounted comrades, who whipped their horses for flight. The whole camp was aroused now, and three of the intrepid Pawnees fell before darkness, and distance could save them from the skillful plainsmen.

Up on the bare side of Pawnee Rock, Mary Malden lay white and still with the wounded young tenderfoot gently supporting her head on his knee.

"You have come back to me, Mary," he said softly. "God has spared us for each other."

She smiled sweetly up at him with eyes full of peace.

"Yes," she murmured. "He has been as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The flood waters of the Kaw lapped and gurgled about the stranded Pullman car. The old gentlemen who had told the tale looked out of the window into the misty darkness of the night, his own eyes dim with tears.

"Mary is spending the summer in Colorado. I am on my way to join her. Too much have I seen of peril in these forty years to be frightened by a little rise in the Kaw river, or a night in a marooned Pullman. The Almighty has been very good to us all along the way, 'A refuge from the heat, a refuge from the storm, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' "



A Child's Interest vs Divorce

By Ross C. McCormick

IT is a travesty on justice to think that a young mother with a three year old tugging at her skirt, an infant in her arms, and another en matre, can be shamelessly abandoned, left distitute, by a dastardly husband, roaming the world at large, a free scoundrel, and is too abominable to be true. And yet, every lawyer knows that this is no infrequent occurrence and also that the law makes no adequate provision to forestall or punish its recurrence.

Such abandonment was hardly known when the present law was enacted. But new conditions have arisen calling for new laws to govern them. If old laws are inadequate, discard them: if new ones are needed, enact them. To delay is but to invite the offense. No one will contend that the present law in granting a divorce (what good is it?) for abandonment—after one year—adequately meets the above situation. Divorce, the old idea, is not the remedy. But punishment and relief, the new idea, are the remedy. A new idea need not necessarily be poohooed because it has been untried, but should on the contrary, if it bear the test of reason, be enacted into law by the generation originating it instead of by future generations. The old idea that divorce cures all domestic ailments has given way to the new idea that all persons, who are vitally and personally interested in the continuance or the severance of domestic ties, should be classified according to their interests and governed by laws enacted particularly for their class.

The marriage relation is said to be a civil contract between three persons—the man, the woman, and the state. The interests of each are safe-guarded by laws. But observation has shown us that no sooner are the relations assumed than arises the interest of another person—the child. The state, it is supposed, has at heart the interest of the child, but the supposition is founded on theory, not on fact.

Our present laws relative to divorce, with some additions, are quite adequate for the first named persons, but wholly inadequate for and almost wholly negligent of the welfare of the child. Naturally, and subject to the interest of society, the parties particularly and personally interested in divorce and the matter pertaining to and growing out of it are divided into three classes, viz:

First. Husband and wife.

Second. Parent and child.

Third. The child or children: and their conflicting interests in divorce matters cannot be equitably adjusted by general laws treating them as one class.

If only the interest of the spouses and of society in general is to be considered, the present laws are fairly adequate; but, if a child makes its entrance into, and its interests become a part of, the household and its welfare is to be considered, then the ten grounds of divorce, as a curative or preventive, in the present law are wholly insufficient and, aside from amendments, should be restricted with this general proviso—that they have no children under 18 years of age, unmarried, and living with them. The spouses then would have the full benefit of the law as it now stands and the children provided for under the amendments. But if the spouses have children under 18 years of age, unmarried, and living with them, then for the benefit of the children a different set of laws should govern and the grounds of divorce should be restricted in number as well as in scope. When the welfare of children is involved, there are only four grounds of divorce which can be defended at all, namely:

First. When either of the parties had a former husband or wife living at the

time of the subsequent marriage, provided the former spouse is living and the child or children of the former marriage are under 18 years of age.

Second. Adultery, only when continued and notorious.

Third. When the wife at the time of marriage was pregnant by another than her husband, if petition is filed within one year after marriage.

Fourth. Extreme cruelty, consisting of physical violence and abusive and obscene language.

The first ground of divorce here mentioned, as well as the first ground of divorce in the law as it now stands, is an anomaly; for, according to our laws, two legal marriages cannot subsist at the same time. Yet, doubtless, prudence put it there in the first instance and prudence will leave it there to cover contingencies. But, for the benefit of the second class, the proviso should be attached, as is above indicated, so that, though the subsequent marriage was unlawful when made, yet the death of the former spouse and the marriage or the attaining of the age of 18 years by the children of the former marriage will legalize the second marriage. Exact justice cannot be done both sets of children, the sins of the parents being visited upon their children; but the general welfare of the children of the subsequent marriage, they being the younger, must be considered above the children of the former marriage.

Adultery, the second ground mentioned above, is restricted for the benefit of the children. Such a restriction may seem contrary to or inconsistent with good morals; but when the interests of the children are considered, the objection itself becomes inconsistent. Granting a divorce for adultery does not attone the crime nor justify either party. If, however, the offense is so continued and notorious as to become opprobrious and the family name become scandalized by the profligacy of the parent, the welfare of the children would doubtless be better subserved by the disruption of the family ties. The object of the restriction is to subordinate the conjugal offense to the welfare of the children.

Pregnancy, the third offense named above, is also restricted for the benefit of the children. If a man husband his wife after the birth of the child, he has condoned the offense and waived his right to the paramount consideration of the child.

Extreme cruelty, the fourth offense named above, is likewise restricted for the benefit of the child. Extreme cruelty, as a legal phrase, has not been and cannot be exactly defined. We learn its meaning only by concrete examples furnished by the court. Hence that ground has become a camping place, a rendezvous, for many a clandestine collusion, a subsequent imposition on the court, and a decree that is disgrace to civilization.

It will thus be seen that the four grounds of divorce, when there are children in the family, are practically restricted to two. The other offenses, as will be later noted, ought to be covered by amendment to the present law.

Abandonment, Impotency, Fraudulent Contract, Habitual Drunkenness. Gross Neglect of Duty, Conviction of felony and imprisonment, the remaining grounds for divorce as the law now stands, are offenses not of sufficient gravity to out-weigh the consideration of the welfare of the children and cannot be made grounds for divorce to govern the second class. These offenses, however, deserve attention and will be noticed in the order named.

Abandonment of the wife and child ought to be made a felony. Abandonment, as the law now stands, is one of the most frequent causes of divorce because not tainted with moral turpitude. Many of the older divorcees, having regard for their character (?), avoid the taint of the graver charges by technically laying themselves subject to abandonment. Many of the younger men, particularly those who have insufficient means, or stability of character, but captivating personalities, induce ignorant, silly, and inexperienced girls to marry them without the least thought of tomorrow. Such young cubs, often within a year satiated of their enamored and restless of the added burden of domesticity, quietly and unobtrusively withdraw themselves and their meagre earnings from their accustomed habitat and leave their female

and brood in the most deplorable condition thrown on the community for sympathy and succor. They ought to be taught that marriage is something higher, nobler, and holier than mere animal relationship, and that no matter how lightly the bonds of matrimony might be assumed, they cannot be so easily and capriciously discarded.

In order to reduce this practice, almost a national habit, to a minimum and to punish those who still persist in it, the law ought to provide that a man who abandons his wife and children for a definite length of time should forfeit his property to them, unless he otherwise provide for their support in a manner suitable to their station in life, and if he have no property, and being convicted of abandonment, he should serve a term in the penitentiary where he may have plenty of time to reflect, particularly in the long weary evening hours, on his marital duties and whether or not he has been worthy of and properly observed them. In order further to protect her and the child, the law should provide that the transfer or sale of any property, real or personal, within four months prior to his abandonment shall be void as against them. The objection that such a provision would impede business transactions and cast too great a burden upon the commercial world, can be successfully met by citing the fact that the bankruptcy act makes just such a provision for the benefit of creditors. No matter how well the creditors of the bankrupt may deserve his property, they do not deserve it more than the wife and children of an absconding husband and father.

The law should also provide for those who, without abandoning, neglect and refuse to support, their families, and should punish the offender both by fine and imprisonment. Every practicing attorney knows how many times mothers and children have been left without means of support by a shiftless and good-for-nothing, though able-bodied, husband and father. If such sluggard will not work for himself and children, the state, who has to provide for his wife and children, should put him to work and receive the benefits of his labor.

Impotency, when tested by reason, can make no valid claim as a ground of divorce when there are already children to the union. Nothwitstanding some notions to the contrary, the welfare of the children cannot, by a reasonable people, be subordinated to the gratification of the base passions via divorce.

Fraudulent contract might be a valid ground in India, or the Zulu Islands, or in titular-ridden Europe, but hardly in democratic America. Should A Catfish representing himself to be A Goldfish or A Sturgeon, after marrying A Mermaid, be allowed to abandon his beautiful spouse and their mongrel spawn, merely because he discovered she had used a little, and the usual, feminine deception? Or should she, after discovering that he is a A Cad, be allowed to divorce him and deprive the little ones of his parental care and love? How Absurd! Spew the notion back onto Europe and India where it belongs and where casts and class distinctions abound.

Habitual drunkenness when not coupled with an offense, is hardly grave enough to sever domestic ties. Drunkenness, deplorable as it is, is as nothing compared to no, or a disrupted, home. If it is accompanied, as it too frequently is, with violence, obscene and abusive language, then it takes on another phase, which is provided for—Extreme Cruelty.

Gross Neglect of Duty, like extreme cruelty, cannot be exactly defined, and like the latter and frequently associated with it in petitions, has become a cloak for collusion of the parties and deceit upon the court. With good reason, it is a ground in the first class; but not in the second class. If a woman has children, she cannot be guilty of neglect gross enough to warrant the disruption of family ties and jeopard the welfare of the children, and if the husband be so grossly negligent of his duty as to warrant some action, she has recourse to other provisions covering such contingencies.

Relief for aggravated cases, not coming within the provision of the law for divorce as amended, may be had in an action for alimony. By this action and other provisions of the law, many of the lesser offenses against domestic ties may be entirely suppressed and many more in a greater or less degree repressed.

By it also even the wife and children of the former marriage may force a contribution for their support from their faithless husband and father.

That class of people who allow their quick temper and ill judgment to get the better of them and who, after having found his or her sponse guilty of a graver offense, rush into the courts for divorce, may be given time to mollify their feelings and to re-consider their hasty acts by a general provision that no petition for a divorce shall be heard within a year after date of filing. By such a provision the parties, after having ample time to reflect on the offense, and the consequence of divorce, and to implore, forgive, and condone, may and doubtless will affect a lasting reconciliation.

In order that the wife when sued for divorce may secure counsel, that collusion of the parties in instituting an action for divorce on fraudlent grounds may be detected, and that the court may be aided in detecting fraud and collusion and assisted in arriving at a righteous judgment. every man who files a petition for divorce should be required to deposit with the clerk, before summons can issue, an attorney fee to assist the wife if she care to make a defense or to compensate an attorney appointed by the court to ascertain the facts. Such a provision would be of far more reaching benefit than the public generally suspects.

And thus with the present ten grounds of divorce available only to those who have no children or whose children are not connected with or dependent upon the family ties; with but practically two grounds of divorce available for those who have children interested in the divorce; and with the amendments to the law providing that those who abandon their family shall forfelt their property and be punished for a felony, also providing for proper punishment for not supporting, though not abandoning, their famlies, and also providing that no hearing shall be had on a petition under a year from date of filing and that no decree shall be granted by default,—much and most of the present distress and deplorable conditions arising out of discordant and disrupted domestic relations may be relieved and alleviated.

Two Lion Mates

Warwick and Hill; two lions of one brood!
Kingmaker, one, of old: his lion mate
Monarch of the virgin prairies rude,
The Empire builder of a century late.
Warwick's way with swords is roughly hewed
And warring Barons on his bidding wait;
Like Jove he plays with fickle Fortune's mood,
And falls o'erborn before the spears of Fate.
No martial pomps the other's car attend—
But cities rise at his compelling nod.
The ancient terrors of the Desert end
Forever where the Master's foot hath trod;
And where the highways of his faith extend.
There, states are born in travail of the sod.

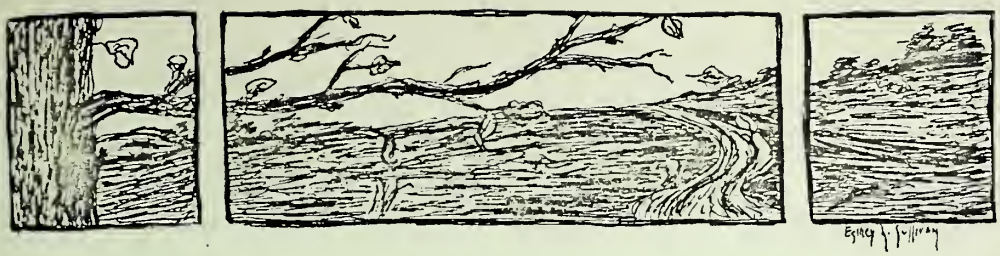
C. L. Williams.



The Hours

Now that the leaves all fallen; and is gone
The wonder of their form, and tint, and grace;
But the trunk's girth is broader, and its roots,
Groping the earth, pierce deeper than when leaves
Were last new-green and wind-swayed.
Buds, snugly coated, dream upon the branch,
Waiting the touch of warm rain on their heads.
That they once more may set a thousand looms
To dart a myriad shuttles back and forth,
Weaving green canopies and carpets.
Then shall there go a joyous song abroad,
A vibrant, soul-sweet, life-awakening song;
Children will cry, "Spring's here!"
Who cannot understand spring joy? But now
On grey ground, under grey sky, grey leaf-ghosts
Dance their weird death dance; flutter, shiver, sink;
For passing winds blow keen, forgetting all
Their summer-sweet caressing
That gay, green throng singing great songs the while
It worked and played the summer long, is dead?
Never! God-love's not drawn to such a scale as that.
The grey leaf ghosts are only hollow things—
The worn out shuttles thinned and useless by
The summer's weaving.
The life threads that they wove thrill now with life
Swelling trunk-girth, root-length, or new-formed bud.
That afternoon when drowsy lay the sun
Even upon the bee, high in those boughs
That silhouetted now scale the red West,
The shuttles toiled, prisoning the sun's life-rays,
In iron-strong meshes. Now secure in trunk
Or root or bud they lie, sustainers of

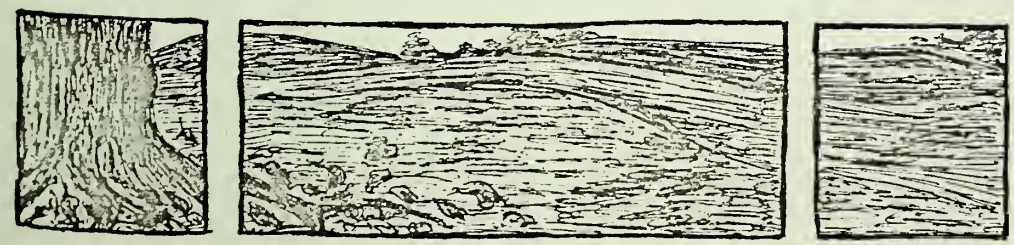




The power that then enslaved them.
So by the spinning shuttle—leaves was wrought
A fabric wonderful; rough bark, keeping the rude
Cold out; iron heart-wood, steeling height and breadth;
Gnarled roots, clutching the earth and drinking deep
Its lucious waters; folded, waiting buds,
Charged with a precious volt that in due time
Shall send new shuttles forth to glad man's eye
And weave more sun-light-threaded tapestry,
Or burst a wealth of blossom on the bough,
To bear in sacred beauty, fertile seeds.

The hours our shuttles are and, like the leaves,
They pass, and new ones come. Some, passing, drive
Soul-roots yet deeper in God-love, sand some
Broaden soul-girth or place upon the branch
Tight folded buds that in the soul's springtime
Shall burst their brown bud-scales and, lengthening fast
Fill out uneven contour, burst with bolom,
Looking to harvest fruit. But some forget
To set their shuttles spinning: their soul fabric—
Root and trunk and bud—is much the same
Or less, from year to year. How can a man,
By God's hand set just under Angels, shun
His birthright, and because the day is warm,
Be the less sturdy?
The grey leaf-ghosts now rattle with the past,
And legion hours, also, of seasons past
Heap up their broken shuttles. Leaf and hour
Are gone; but tree and soul grow only thus.
So no lament shall rise to dying life,
Or year, or hour, or leaf. But a sweet song,
Gladsome as when a skylark wings, shall thrill,
For this strange thing that seems a death, is life—
New, different, higher, more divine.

Flora Duncan.



In The Third Watch of The Night

By Homer M Price

THE old station baggage-man put a scuttle of coal in the big cannon-ball stove, went into the telegraph office and then returned to the baggage-room.

"No. 4's losing time," he said; "won't get here under three hours late. Did you have any baggage to check?"

"Well, that's why I've been waiting here for the last thirty minutes," I said, with some little impatience.

"Excuse me," said he; "I knowed the train wuz late, and most people set 'round here in the baggage room on cold nights, and I s'posed you wuz doin' the same. Where to, please?"

"Knoxville," I said cooling off some.

He adjusted his glasses and looked clear over them for the pigeon hole of the Knoxville checks, finally getting one, he placed it on my trunk, remarking:

"Been over to the mines, eh? Purty cold drivin,' wa'nt it? Coldest night we've had this winter, 'cept one; that wuz the night Ben Spillman's mother come. Know about that, I s'pose?"

"No," said I, "I never heard of that; I'm a stranger here."

"Well, sit down thar by the stove an' I'll tell you 'bout it, if you care to hear. Shows you're a stranger in these parts not to know 'bout it. Jest think of it, a lookin' for his mother for thirty-five year 'fore she come!"

"Wait till I light my pipe and put a trunk agin that door, that wind from the mountain is mighty searchin'. I tell you, stranger, it's mighty lonesome 'round here to-night. Not another passenger to go, and none of the neighbors out visitin', and that train 'way late. But you want to hear 'bout Ben and his mother."

"Well, Ben wuz here when I took charge of the station in '67—one of them awkward, shy boys, always gettin' in the way, but not meanin' to. Nobody knowed whar he come from, just found him here one day on the platform after the east-bound train come in, a peerin' into every woman's face that got off. He looked at all of 'em and then turned away, sayin' jest these four words: 'She said she'd come.' He wuz 'bout five or six then, they said, and all kinds of questioning only brought out those four words. and his name—Ben Spillman. It was believed that his mother had brought him down from the mountains and had got on the west bound train, a tellin' him she'd be back on the next east-bound one. It wuz just at the breakin' up of the war and nobody thought anything of strangers bein' about, and not one of them ever remembered of seein' the mother. The child wuz kinder weak in his head, sorter daffy like. Whether he wuz always that way, or the shock of losin' his mother wuz the cause of it, nobody never knowed. But thar he wuz when I came, the saddest faced little chap I ever saw, with his expectations way up every time the train come in, and 'way down to bass when the train had gone and his mother hadn't come.

"Some of the old residents here said there had been a big wreck up 'bout Lebanon at the time the young one showed up, and that thar wuz two or three dead ones, one bein' a woman, that nobody ever knowed who they wuz. They 'lowed maybe t'wuz his mother. Others said that some woman wanted to get rid of a crazy child, and give him the slip, but I never believed that, 'cause the kind o' mother that would want to give her child the slip could never have impressed him with such confidence in her. True, he wuzn't just right in his head. but my experience is that that's the kind that knows the most 'bout some things. They've got somethin' in 'em that tells

who's who. Some say it's instinct, but whatever it is, the Lord Almighty put it thar; so I says, that boy's mother wuz intendin' to come back.

"Well, Squire Heartsill takes the boy to his house, and he makes himself useful 'bout the place, runnin' errands and sweepin' out the furniture store, but no matter what he wuz doin' when the evenin' train from the West gave the signal for the station here, he came as fast as he could; and then if the train wuz late, he would come down and wait for it; didn't matter whether he'd had any supper or not, he'd stay here till the train come. Many a time, when he wuz a kid, I'd tuck him in here behind the stove on a cold night, with my overcoat, while he waited for the train. I used to try to get him to tell me what he wuz lookin' for, but he would look so wild and scared like that I stopped. He'd mumble a whole lot that I couldn't understand, but always ended with, 'She said she'd come.' If he had dropped off to sleep when the train would whistle he'd be sure to wake up, and his eyes would sparkle and he would go runnin' out on the platform, a clappin' his hands —then purty soon, as the train pulled out, I'd see him goin' slowly down the path to the Squire's.

"You'd think he'd 'a gotten tired, wouldn't you? But he never did. As he grew up the Squire wanted to send him to school, but he wouldn't go. I always thought it wuz 'cause the school house wus too fur from the depot, so he stayed on thar in the shop, and come to be a pretty fair workman. He never had had much talk for anybody, and after he got to be a man, he had less. He would go for weeks without sayin'a word to a soul, and I believe he would have forgotten how to talk if he hadn't had them four words to say to hisself every evenin' when the train left. He never said 'em to anybody; just sad like, as he turned away, he'd say 'She said she'd come.'

"He made purty good wages in the shop, and saved his money. When he wuz a kid we wuz real good friends, but as he got older he got more distant toward me. True, he'd nearly always come in the baggage room just 'fore the train come and roll the truck of trunks up to where the express car stopped but he didn't talk none.

"So matters went on this way year after year.

"One summer night the train wuz late and there wuz no passengers to get on, and nobody at the depot lookin' for anybody to come, 'cept Ben. He wuz a grown up man then, I'd say about thirty and he come out and set down on a truck with me. It had been an awful hot day and some thunder heads had gathered up in the west. Ben set there and watched the lightnin' without sayin' a word. The train wuz 'way late, and by and by the clouds got to comin' closer, and I said, 'Ben, its goin' to storm. Are you scared of storms?' He waited some time 'fore he answered, then he said: 'No, I ain't scared of anything, except that she won't come.' You couldn't get his mind off of it at all. I asked him why he didn't go and hunt her, for he'd saved his money and could travel everywhere and find her. He said he'd thought of that, but then she might come while he wuz gone, and then she'd feel just like he did, when she didn't find him here a lookin' for her. He thought he'd best stay here and wait for her, for she'd said she'd come. I didn't say no more and we sat thar watchin' the comin' storm. Most an hour passed without a word, and then Ben said suddenly, 'Don't the Scripture say 'bout 'em comin' in the third watch of the night?' It kind o' startled me, and I said, 'Yes, b'lieve it does.' 'Well,' said he, 'I b'lieve she'll come some time away in the night; might be to-night.'

"When the train come, 'way long in the mornin', the storm had burst, and the lightnin' and thunder wuz makin' things lively. I didn't have anything to put on the train and the only thing that wuz put off wuz a little bull calf, and when the train left I found myself thar a holdin' to a rope with the calf at the other end. Ben had been back to the coaches, but he see in the lightnin' flashes my predicerment, and he come to help me. The calf wuz a rearin' and bawlin' terrible, but Ben says, 'I'll take him, he's fer the Squire. I heard him a sayin' as somebody wuz goin' to send him a calf by express,' so he goes up to the bawlin' critter and says somethin'

to it and it gets quiet. He takes the rope from my hand and goes down toward the Squire's barn. I see 'em 'way down thar when the lightnin' played 'round, the calf a follerin' 'long like a dog; and, as he'd sprung the Scriptures on me I says to myself, 'And a little child shall lead them.' 'Course I knew that bull calf wa'nt no lion, but I wa'nt sure that Ben wa'nt a child. Years don't make you a man; it's knowin' and doin' things that are wrong that makes you quit bein' a child.

"That same summer a young feller from Kentucky came a courtin' Squire Heartsill's daughter Bessie. Bessie wuz only a slip of a girl, born and growed up since Ben went to live with him. He'd carried her 'bout on his shoulders all over the hills when she wuz a kid, a gatherin' sweet Williams and wild pansies. She always did the talkin' and the orderin', but she wuz mighty fond of Ben. After she grew up she went away to school, and when she come back she wuz the loveliest, liveliest girl in these parts. While she wuz away Ben had done nothin' but work and come to meet trains; so when one day she got off the cars and, comin' straight into Ben's arms, kissed him, the poor fellow wuz awfully taken back. He looked at his great rough hands and homely figure and grew awkward. Somehow he avoided her after that, and when she did come close to him he'd turn red and amble off. My wife, she goes up to the Squire's a whole lot, and she see how things were goin', and she says to me, 'Tom, he's in love with Bessie,' but I didn't take no stock in that, and neither did Bessie. She treated him just like she always had when he give her a chance, and I don't believe she ever thought about it, until one night six years after, when Ben's mother came, and she found it out.

"But that summer, when the fine young feller come out from Kentucky, and got off the train and asked where Squire Heartsill lived, Ben wuz thar, of course, and said he could show him, and the two went down to the house together. I saw 'em a goin' and saw Bessie when she met 'em at the gate. I don't know what wuz said, but Ben come back up to the depot and stayed aroun' till I closed up for the night. He never said a word, but it seemed as if somethin' wuz troublin' him that he couldn't quite make out, sorter like your dog looks when you hurt him accidentally. He knows you didn't mean to do it, but it hurts him just the same.

"Well. Ben spent lots o' time with me for the next two weeks, until the young feller went home again. The young feller at first was inclined to make fun of Ben, but he found out mighty quick from Bessie that that wouldn't do at all; so he tried to be friendly with Ben, and other times when he come down they got right chummy—that is, as chummy as two folks can get when one of 'em won't talk. They went huntin' and fishin' together, and one day Bessie went with 'em over to the lake, and Ben wuz quite happy a settin' silent in the middle of the boat a pullin' of the oars while the young folks fished and talked. But they were mighty kind to Ben and never talked anything but what he could hear. The young feller tried his best to get Ben to let him row, but it wa'nt no use. Ben just clung to the oars and watched 'em, or, rather, watched her. This day he just got back in time to meet the train.

" 'Long next spring the weddin' come off, and I've always thought it was Providential that they married just in time to take the evenin' train; and, of course, Ben wuz at the train and didn't see the weddin'. He wuz dressed in his best, tho, and just as he wuz lookin' at every woman that got off the train, still expectin' his mother, Bessie comes up to him and puts her little hand on his shoulder and says, 'Ben, I'm goin' away and I hate mighty bad to leave you. I'm awful sorry for you, and I wish so much that your mother would come. Ben, kiss me now, and God bless you.' The poor fellow kissed her, and when they wuz gone Ben watched the train puffin' round the cruve yonder and says—he'd forgot to say it sooner—'She said she'd come,' and then burst out cryin' for the first and only time I ever heard of.

"He never seemed the same after that, tho he wuz, if anything, happier than ever before. But it was a kind of resigned happiness. He grew thinner and got tired easier. He didn't work regular, but would wander off to the hills where the sweet Williams grew, and

would bring back great bouquets of them to the train, thinkin' maybe. that one of the two women he'd seen leave might come back. The Squire's folks just let him do as he pleased, so year followed year, and Ben grew thinner and more holler-eyed, but somehow his eyes got brighter and more intelligent like. 'Bout a year ago he quit work altogether, 'count of gettin' out of breath when he tried it. The doctor said it wuz his heart,and that he couldn't do anything for him, but that it wuz best for him to quit work.

"Well, Ben had a purty lonesome time, till long last fall, Bessie come back from Kentucky to spend a couple of months with her folks. It wuz worth a good deal to see Ben when she come, and he saw for the first time that other Bessie, her little three-year-old girl. Seemed as if Ben didn't know 'bout her, and he wuz trumped, I tell you, when he saw thar toddlin' on the platform a little chap, the very spirit of his old playmate of twenty years before. She went right straight to him, and he set her up on his shoulder without a word, like he used to do her mother. Thar's somethin' strange 'bout children and animals; they knows their friends quicker than us that reasons and suspicions. He carried her on down to the Squire's, and me and her mother follered on behind. This wuz the first time he ever failed to say 'bout his mother a promisin' to come. When he put the child down she puckered up her lips to be kissed, and she kind o' hugged him, but Ben never said a word.

"Them wuz happy days for Ben for the next two months. That child and him were together all the time; over the hills, through the brownin' woods and acrost the stubble fields they went. He made her all kinds of things, from pumpkin whistles to cornstalk fiddles; and he got so he talked to her. I expect he said more to her in them eight weeks than he ever said in his life before. We could see and hear him talkin' to her in a low, tender like way, but somehow we never asked the child what it wuz about. When winter come on she stayed most of the time in his room, and he never left her 'cept to come to the train.

"Well, the night the mother and child wuz to go back home wuz just such a night as this. A norther from the Cumberlands had been blowin' all day long, and as dark come on it turned a sleetin' just like 'tis to-night, and the train wuz late, same as 'tis now. Ben had come up to the depot on time, but when I told him the train wuz late he went back to the house. This wuz the only time in more'n thirty-five years he hadn't stayed here and waited for it. no matter how late it wuz. He knew they wuz goin' to leave and I guess he wanted to be with the child. Well, 'bout a quarter of an hour before the train come they all comes up from the Squire's, Ben a carryin' the child high on his shoulders They stopped here in the baggage room, as thar wa't a good fire in the waiting room. Ben set right over thar in the corner, where he had curled up many a night, waitin' for his mother, a playin' with the child. His eyes were bright like stars and his face terribly flushed, like he had fever. I talked with the Squire and the child's mother, and we had a sort o' silent understandin' not to notice the two over in the corner.

"Directly old No. 4 whistled, and we all made for the platform, Ben a leadin' with the child's hand in his'n. The engineer wuz a comin' to the station like somebody—no matter who—a beatin' tanbark. Ben's hat had blown off and he looked ghastly thar under the headlight, with his long white hair a flyin' in the wind. It had been white for twenty year or more.

The old baggage man stopped here and went into the telegraph office to see the last report about the belated train. When he came back he said, She'll be here in ten minutes," and then went on with the story as if there had been no interruption.

"We never knowed just how it happened, whether the light blinded and scared the child or somethin' else took her fancy, but she slipped right away from Ben and run right out on the track. The engine was not a rod from her, and we all saw her a standin' a clappin' her hands. We wuz plum' paralyzed with fear; the engineer whistled for brakes and reversed, but it wuz too late, he couldn't stop. In the terrible confusion I saw Ben make a leap and fall

sprawlin' on the track, but knockin' the child clar over on the other side. When the train stopped we ran 'round, and thar wuz the child safe and sound, but scared nearly to death. The pilot had thrown Ben clear of the wheels, but his side, the heart side, wuz just one big wound. We carried him here in the baggage room and sent for the doctor. He lay like one asleep, without pain, seemingly, with his eyes closed. The doctor examined him and shook his head, said the heart wuz givin' out. For two hours he lay that way, with his head in my lap and the mother, Bessie, a bendin' over him. Finally his eyes opened, and the old, crazy look wuz all gone. He saw her thar a hoverin' over him, and cryin', and we heard him say, very low, 'Kiss me, Bessie,' and Bessie just kissed him again and again and told him how sorry she wuz. He looked very contented, and said, between his gasps for breath, 'Don't be sorry. I would have died any time in the last twenty years for you, or for--one—you—loved.' Then his eyes closed again, and we watched and waited a way long into the night.

" 'Bout the third watch he stirred and tried to get up, sayin' excited like, 'The train's comin' with my mother. She's comin' back. Thar it comes; don't you see it? It's stoppin' now; they are comin' out of the coaches. Look! She said she'd come,' and with his arms uplifted, 'She's come!' Then the poor old heart beat out and he sank back limp and lifeless.

"So that's how Ben's mother come back. My wife says I'm gettin' daffy, like Ben, when I say this, but nobody but me and Bessie saw the look in his face when he held his hands up, and neither of us have ever doubted but that Ben's mother come back as she said she would. But, thar's your train, stranger. Hope I havn't tired you out with my talkin', but a night like this always makes me think o' the time when Ben's mother come. Be careful 'bout the platform; it's mighty slick and slippery."

To a Heroine of Romance

I read the book in heavy years,
  I read, and scarcely knew
If all my tears were selfish tears,
  Or some were tears for you.
But when I laid the volume by,
  I mused—and marvel yet—
To find that selfish tears were dry
  And still—my eyes were wet.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Some of the Plays and Players That are Amusing Broadway this Winter

By Ruth Crosby Dimmick

IT would be useless to deny that business in the New York theatres this season has been poor and conditions that exist here, prevail the country over. The fact that we have too many theatres and too few plays of real artistic merit, is beyond question, but aside from this, the theatre-going public has come to the conclusion that it will no longer be humbugged. People now want to know for what they are spending their money and when sure of receiving full value they will part with: not before and this fact has been proven by the crowded houses of the big successes on Broadway within the last four months. Good plays, as a general thing, are not wanting in patronage, while plays without merit are getting what they deserve. Occasionally the public is not just in its support of a production, and now and then a play of worth suffers, but in the long run, the bad ones suffer most. But good, bad and indifferent, the theatrical output for the season of 1910-11 must be set down as one of the poorest seen in many long years.

A play that came as something of a surprise to Broadway was the "The Nest Egg," written by Anne Caldwell and made popular by Zelda Sears in the stellar role. The theme is an old one, but so dressed in bright, snappy dialogue, that it appears almost new.

Hetty Gandy is an old maid. She has had practically no attention in her monotonous life and has spent her days in a little New England village, sewing for her neighbors and looking after a small niece and her chickens. One day, while packing a crate of eggs to be sent to the city, she conceives the bright idea of sending a message around one in the romantic hope that some far-away swain will read it and become interested in the sender.

The message reads something like this:

> The rose is red, the violet blue
> And if this message reaches you,
> Just drop a line to her, I beg,
> Who owns the hen that laid this egg.

Hetty waits three years for an answer, during which no word comes. "A long time for an egg to hold out," she observes, and then, out of a clear sky, there comes to her one day a telegram which stated that the sender has received her message and desires her to be ready to go with him to Albany on a certain day. Hetty considers this a proposal of marriage and makes preparation for her wedding, inviting all the neighbors who send her as gifts, a bunch of cream pitchers which greatly vary in ware, size and workmanship.

When the happily anticipated day at length dawns and the supposed bridegroom arrives. Hetty's anguish of mind can perhaps be pictured when she discovers that the sender of the telegram is an Albany attorney who wants her to appear as a witness in a pure food suit he has on hand. The egg she packed had been laying in cold storage for three years and it will mean a lot to him if she can identify the egg.

Since Hetty cannot bear the gossip of her friends at home, it is arranged that she slip off to Albany without informing them of her mistake, and in order to carry out her scheme, she registers at her hotel as "Mrs." Hetty Gandy Bassett. [Bassett is the attorney's name.]

Here her friends come to see her and poor Hetty has excitement enough in one day to pay up for all she has missed in her close-to-on forty years.

Of course in the end Bassett proves to be a good old sport and having fallen in



Zelda Sears, in "The Nest Egg."

love with Hetty's cherry pies, marries her.

In "The Nest Egg" Zelda Sears, who left the field of journalism in Chicago to be "a leadin' lady" has at last come into her own.

* *

Blanche Bates is scoring just now in a light comedy by Avery Hopwood, called "Nobody's Widow." Personally I like this actress much better in a more serious role, still the lines and situations in this play are often very funny, and perhaps she has reached a point where she had rather hear her audience laugh than cry.

Roxana Clayton, some months before the opening scene, married the Duke of Moreland without knowing he was a Duke, and an hour or so after the ceremony, found him kissing another woman. Without waiting for explanations, she left him and does not see him again until they meet at a house party given by her friend Betty Jackson—far from the locale of their court ship days.

No one in the house knows of the relationship of these two, since Roxana married the Duke under an assumed name, which he adopted while wooing that he might be sure she was not after his wealth and title and her friends believe her husband is dead. The situation is embarrassing, but they agree to keep up the deception before the others.



Blanche Bates, in "Nobody's Widow."

However, it is plain to be seen that the two are in love, and the Duke assures Roxana he has been guiltless of any wrongdoing and will win her back before the week is over. She is quite positive, [in the beginning,] that he will not.

Six months have elapsed since their marriage and in the mean time Roxana has applied for a divorce, the decree of which is sent her during the week, and of which the Duke is ignorant. To relate the many complications that arise would be to give the play in detail, but the manner in which the incidents are strung together makes a most delightful comedy.

Some of us like best to recall Miss Bates in the title role of "The Girl of the Golden West," and it is almost impossible to witness a performance of the operatic version of the play without thinking of her. Recently, as she sat watching a dress rehearsal of this opera her eyes filled with tears.

"It gives me a most uncanny sensation," she said, "I feel just as though I had been at my own funeral or met my own ghost."

* * *

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," is having quite a run at the Republic Theatre with Edith Taliaferro as Rebecca. The play is a dramatization of Kate Douglas Wiggin's book of the same name which has been popular for several years and treats of the visit of a bright-spirited young girl in the home of two spinster aunts. They have never been accustomed to having young people about them and from the first it is a struggle between the buoyancy of youth and the staid principles of middle age in which the former finally wins. The part of sunny-hearted Rebecca seems particularly well adapted to Edith Taliaferro who is following in her older sister's footsteps.



Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

Save your breath. Do not ask an accomodation of a hungry man.

Nobody understands a woman. She doesn't understand herself.

When some people try to be funny they succeed in being only foolish.

If there were no cowards nor sneaks, the "comic" valentines would disappear for lack of support.

If you happen to sit down on a tack, wiggling around will not help matters. Either get up or sit still.

February is the shortest month in the year, but what it lacks in length it usually makes up in strength.

Never call a man a liar unless he is smaller than you are. It isn't polite. Besides that, it isn't safe.

In view of recent events we believe we will continue to do our duck hunting without the aid of an aeroplane.

No one will help you so well as you can help yourself, because no one will have the same interest in your affairs.

Of course you do not worry over trifles, but what do you do when the collar-button slips and falls down inside?

The way the prices of meat continue to climb, we presume the ground-hog's shadow will soon have a market value.

The man who tries to remove the mote from his neighbor's eye while out in a crowd is liable to find a fist in his own.

There is a good deal of news in every community that the editor does not print. Not because he is afraid but because he isn't mean enough.

Some people wander around in the wilderness of speech in the hope that they will eventually come out in a clearing or strike a plain road.

If people are mean to you, get out of their way and let them alone. Of course seal skin is prettier than skunk hide, but you can't stop to kick every skunk because it isn't a seal.

Little Willie, from Boston, visited a Kansas farm and was butted by an unruly calf. He said: "The horrid creature butted the previous end of its anatomy against my afterward with great earnestness and velocity."

Here and There

Reforming the Senate About this time when a large section of the English people are clamoring for the abolition of the House of Lords, we begin to hear some talk about abolishing the Senate of the United States and getting along with a single Chamber. While there has been much criticism of the Senate as an obstructive influence, no one till very recently has seriously proposed its extinction. It comes from highly intellectual sources, not from the proletariat, but rather from the High-brows, and it is backed with much historical elucidation.

We are told that the idea of the separation of government into three co-ordinate branches Executive, Legislative and Judicial. was derived from Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, who who in turn borrowed it from the theory of the English Constitution. Blackstone borrowed it from Montesquieu without stopping to consider, as an Englishman might well have done, that in practice there was no such division in England.

That as the English Constitution by practice and precedent has grown to be, these apparently independent branches are hopelessly confused and commingled. For instance, the Prime Minister who is always a member of Parliament, in fact cannot be a minister unless he is a member, is the real Executive; he and not the King. He administers, through his subordinates, the finances; controls the Army and Navy, and all their appointments; regulates expenditures, makes new Peers, and even appoints Bishops of the Established Church. But our forefathers thoroughly conversant with Blackstone, took his theory instead of the practice, and the division in our country both in the Federal and State Governments has been rigidly maintained. Many laws have been declared unconstitutional on the ground solely that they combined in some body these functions irreconcilable, according to our notions.

Our forefathers however, added an innovation, intentionally or unintentionally, when they gave the judiciary the right to nullify the Act of a Legislative body.

Nothing like this power exists anywhere else in the world. It is roundly asserted that the Fathers never intended it, that John Marshall put that crimp into the Constitution. Be that as it may it is there and there to stay for a while.

But the question of two Legislative bodies, one acting as a check on the other has been pretty general in all parliamentary countries and as an argument for it we are pointed to the horrible things the French Convention, a single chamber parliament, did. But just here recently we have begun to abolish the bicameral city governments and are instituting government by commission, where a single body exercises both Legislative and Executive functions, and it seems to work well.

So they say, let us abolish the Senate, have one chamber, and let the President and his advisors sit as members of that chamber.

Constitutional changes in this country come slowly. Much water will run under the bridge before this is done, if it ever is. In my judgment the present movement toward the popular election of senators by a direct vote of the people will remove every objection that has ever been urged against the Senate. When the senators are elected by the direct vote of their constituents, by a state-wide primary, there will be no more corruption in senatorial elections. No more selection of senators to serve certain interests. Their longer term will steady them, and give a needed balance to the Federal Legislature.

Kansas has a pretty good law, but it could be improved by doing away with the fiction of selection by legislative districts, making one man's vote in one district count as much as the votes of six men in another, and provide a state-wide primary, by popular vote that should select the candidates of each party as candidates for Governor are now selected.

In a very few years this will be done all over the country without any amendment to the Federal Constitution. Several states have already done this and many more are preparing to do it. Kansas has made a good start with the present primary law, but the district compromise should be wiped out this winter and the law amended so that the State as a whole shall vote on Senator just as it does on Governor; so that every man's vote on Senator shall count just the same as every other man's.

The Ascending Taft It seems in the retrospect that Taft went to the bottom in the summer of 1910 with Congress on his back, and that he is now coming to the surface again bringing Congress up with him.

The howl of execration that went up from the whole country and particularly from the Middle West, when the Payne Tariff Bill was fully understood, has seldom been equalled in this country. The West was bitterly indignant and justly so. It felt that the bill was a repudiation of a distinct party pledge and a betrayal of the interests of the people. The resentment however was not confined to the West as it usually is, but extended even to the tariff strongholds, such as Massachussets, Maine and Connecticut, which registered their disapproval by the election of Democratic Governors.

Taft, who never dodges, defended the law, and stood for it as a whole. And here is a curious thing. The West met him with sullen disapproval—hostile silence—but he was spared the condemnation that was showered

on the Standpat leaders in Congress. The West met him more in sorrow than anger, nor was there one word of suspicion as to his notives, his personal honesty or his own good faith.

They felt as Sen. Dolliver expressed it; that Taft was a good man surrounded by men who knew exactly what they wanted, and for a time they got it from him. His cabinet was filled with men whom the public distrusted.

From the open distrust of Ballinger to the secret distrust of Knox, there was little difference of opinion in the West.

But very gradually Taft has begun to grow into his office, feel its power, gather confidence in himself, and to fill his job. No one is dictating to Taft now. It is doubtful if he is taking much advice from any source. Rather he is giving it. He is calling members of Congress to him, Standpatters and Insurgents, and is telling them what they have to do this winter and measurably they are setting out to do it.

He is no longer conferring with people to find out what he ought to do. He is conferring with them to tell them what they must do. The public is beginning to understand that the Payne-Aldrich bill is just as good a bill as ever could be gotten out of Congress with the present method, where no one knows anything about the subject; and it is a game of dicker, and the shrewdest trader gets the most. They realize that the Taft idea of a permanent Tariff Commission of experts, well paid, with broad powers, dealing with one subject at a time, is the only way, and even Standpatters like Lodge are now vociferously for it.

But all the while that this big, quiet man has been going quietly along, submitting to much unwarranted condemnation he has been doing things.

More trusts have been brought to book in two years of his administration than in all the previous eighteen years of the Sherman Law. Some of the trusts are beginning to dissolve under the mere threat of a proescution, notably the bathtub trust. His threat to enforce jail sentences rather than fines, a thing Col. Roosevelt talked much about but never did, is having its effect.

A saving of fifty million dollars a year in expenditures without any decrease in the efficiency of any department is another thing that commends itself. It is not spectacular. Economy never is, but the people feel it.

Cutting off the political graft of useless navy yards, is another. Closer and more rigid control of corporations, through the corporation tax law; the splendid progress made in the Panama Canal; these and a dozen other big things are beginning to tell.

The President is beginning to take his rightful place as the real leader of the Republican party and no sane man doubts now that he will be renominated. Whether he will be re-elected is another question that the Democrats are helping to solve.

The Democrats Already there are signs that the old split in the Democratic Party between the Bryan and anti-Bryan forces is opening again. Bryan always hated Harmon and since Gov. Wilson of New Jersey is turning out to be a good deal of a radical with no modicum of concession to Wall Street in his makeup, it is becoming quite apparent that Eastern Democracy will be for the Western candidate Harmon, while the Western Democracy will be for Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. This is the lineup as it stands now. On such a lineup my guess is that Harmon will win, for Harmon is more likely to get the South. He is a politician of the old school, knows how to get convention votes and Wilson does not.

As between Taft and Harmon, Taft would win. As between Taft and Wilson it would be a real horse race.

I am counting a good deal on the propensity of the Democrats to blunder as soon as they get into power. And I am counting also on the fact that the Republican party is great on getting together when the real fight comes. Of course there might be a radical candidate outside of both parties that would complicate the situation; but this is long range prophecy. But my guess now is, Taft against Harmon, Taft to win.

Boss Rule The organization of the State Legislature just concluded in Topeka illustrates to the full the baneful effects of boss rule and one man power. A majority of members of the lower house desired Robert Stone for Speaker; Stubbs wanted Buckman and got him. As a result the Republicans are split into factions, powerless to do anything as a party. In the Senate Stubbs ordered Dick Hopkins to displace that splendid lawyer and highminded gentleman Senator Francis C. Price as chairman of the Judiciary committee of the Senate, its most important committee with Senator Hamilton. The Senate revolted and took the appointment of the committees away from the Lieutenant Governor.

So the Governor finds himself confronted with a hostile combination in the Senate and is likely to find the same state of affairs in the House solely because of his desire to run all branches of the Government. By and by the Governor will find out that public men in Kansas are not section-hands and hunkies, to take orders, and obey them without question.

Beating a Train

By F. Dumont Smith

I had often heard of automobiles exceeding railroad speed on a country road, but had always taken the statement with several grains of salt.

It was reserved for Cowley to convince me with a Cadillac.

I was in Wichita on an afternoon in September, intending to go to Hutchinson on the Missouri Pacific which takes an even two hours for the journey.

Cowley offered to take the Hon. Bill Miller and myself across and beat the train; not only offered, but bantered me to bet that he couldn't. I didn't bet but I accepted his invitation.

It was just twenty-five minutes past five when we started; Cowley driving, the Hon. Bill, two grips, rugs and a jug that Bill said contained hair oil in the tonneau. Maybe it was hair oil, I was too busy to open it and see.

We started from the corner of Douglas Ave. and North Lawrence and I decline to tell the speed at which we went out of North Lawrence. If the speed limit in Wichita is not over fifty-six miles an hour we did not break it. The throttle was open, and the exhaust could be heard a mile. We were safe from arrest but others dangers loomed largely. I have driven a car a good deal but twenty an hour is my limit and I have always regarded fifteen as safer. We had to slow down for the stockyards and just as we struck the long straight stretch of north road, there were two hay wagons loaded, declining to give an inch of the road. Cowley turned into the ditch to pass them. The right hand wheels sunk down, and the left-hand raised clear from the ground. Fortunately Bill was on that side. Bill is built on the plan of a dirigible ballon but there is no gas in him. He is fat but he is also a quick mover. Any one who has seen him in the Legislature when there was a Senatorial election going on knows that, and he never moved so fast in his life. He was out on the up-side as we struck the ditch, hanging far out and very white around the gills. That three hundred pounds of ballast saved us. The machine righted with a grunt, slewed into the road and we were off. It was a long, slightly descending stretch and my hair raised as as I saw the speedometer needle rise to sixty and stand glued to the top. Eighty an hour I think we made for three miles. Anyway we ran to Valley Center—eleven miles—in fifteen minures. That is going some, when you allow for the Stock Yards and three railroad crossings.

But here is where I began to understand the speed mania. The big tires didn't have time to take a jolt—they just skimmed the high places. The swift, rushing air was as exhilarating as red liquor. In two minutes I had forgotten my fear and was crazy to see how fast we could go. The long, descending slide down that slope was like the dip of a swallow on the wing.

No one stayed in the road after we met the hay wagons. The roar of the exhaust warned everyone that a car was coming at crazy speed. As I recall the trip, the most vivid impression is that of dogs, chickens, buggies, old women and children fleeing to the road-side to watch us with fear-stricken eyes as we howled past them. I presume the passing of that car will be a tradition along that highway for long years to come.

But I must say this for Cowley: We never turned a corner faster than ten miles an hour. We took crossings at a decent speed. We never were in danger but that once. Yes, one other time. We struck the top of a hill going about forty-five miles an hour. The road dropped steeply a hundred

feet to a bridge and just as we struck the crest where we could look down to the little stream beneath, a drove of pigs trotted onto the bridge and stopped to look at us. I knew it would be bad for the pigs, but I was more concerned for myself. I looked to the roadside. There were no wire fences—only low trees and bushes. I picked the one where I was to light, grabbed the hand-rail and prepared for aeronautics. Nothing happened. When we struck the bridge that machine was running about four miles an hour.

The pigs "woofed" at us and scattered in ample time, and in an instant we were soaring up the other slope as though a twenty-five per cent grade was nothing. I don't believe that anything but an automobile could have ever been checked and that situation saved. Its incomprehensible perfection of control compared with a horse was perfectly demonstrated.

We sailed through Valley Center, left Sedgwick to the right and passed south of Burton without ever slackening. The car never missed a spark and the farther we went the smoother it seemed to run.

We struck a point that I knew was ten miles east of Hutchinson, and I looked at my watch in amazement. At the Reformatory we slowed down for the last mile for it was growing dark. At exactly seven o'clock we stopped at my office on Sherman St. The speedometer showed fifty-nine miles, done over a Kansas country road, in one hour and thirty-five minutes—an averaging running time of just under forty an hour.

The car was a thirty Cadallac, stock car, that had been run six hundred miles, started on the spur of the moment, without any "tuning up" and it went back that night.

This is not an add for the Cadillac; It is simply written to show to what perfection American automobile manufacturers have brought their work. I would not have missed the trip for a thousand dollars, but a little bit slower will suit me just as well the next time



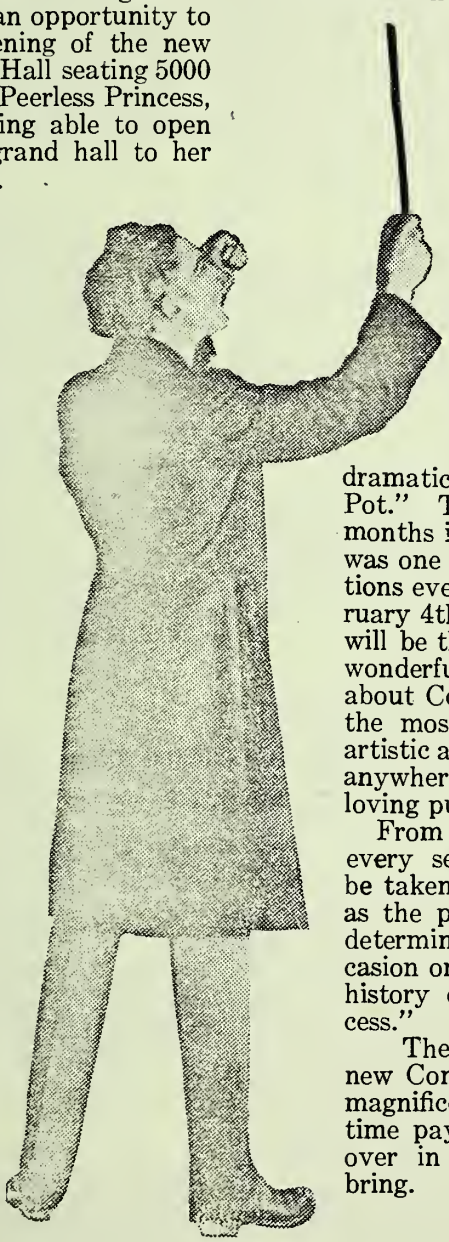
Opening of Wichita's Forum

ON January 25th, the people of Wichita and surrounding territory will have an opportunity to attend the opening of the new Forum, a Convention Hall seating 5000 people. Wichita, the Peerless Princess, is indeed elated in being able to open the doors of such a grand hall to her citizens and neighbors.

In honor of the occasion attractions of international reputation have been secured. No expense has been spared in order that the occasion may be one that will linger in the memory of the amusement lovers, and those who have charge of the booking of the attractions have done their work well. "The best is none too good" has been the idea ever before the management in charge, and the result is a line of attractions gathered from the four corners of the globe.

Music and art of the highest type will participate in the occasion, and those who attend will witness such attractions as cities older and larger than Wichita are privileged to patronize.

On January 25th, the "Children's Crusade," a grand musical cantata, will be the attraction. For months the children of Wichita have been rehearsing for this event. Their performance will be supplemented by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and an adult chorus of 500 voices under the direction of Mr. Lucius W. Ades. At the meetings, January 26th, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra will be the bill. A concert will also be given in the evening. January 27th, Walker Whiteside will be the attraction in the strong dramatic play 'The Melting Pot." This piece ran for many months in New York City, and was one of the greatest attractions ever produced there. February 4th, the Russian Dancers will be the drawing card. This wonderful and much talked about Company affords one of the most unique, as well as artistic attractions being booked anywhere for the amusement loving public.



Leopold Stokovski, Conductor
Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra

From present indications every seat in the Forum will be taken for every attraction, as the people of Wichita seem determined to make this occasion one of the events of the history of the "Peerless Princess."

The city is proud of her new Convention Hall, and the magnificent building will in time pay for itself many times over in the publicity it will bring.

Twice Told Tales

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

He Needed It

An excited man rushed into the chair car. "Has anyone here got any whiskey? A lady in the next car has fainted."

A charitable passenger opened his grip and produced a bottle. The excited one pulled out the cork, turned up the bottle and took a big drink much to the surprise of the charitable one. The excited man handed the bottle back and said, "I thank you, sir, I needed that, for it always makes me sick to see a lady faint."

◈ ◈ ◈

A Real Gentleman

A Boston couple were recreating near Augusta, Ga., and met an old negro woman, to whom they took a fancy. They invited her to pay them a visit, and the black woman accepted, especially as her expenses were paid. In due time she arrived in Boston and was installed in the house of the white folks. She occupied one of the best rooms and ate at the same table with her host and hostess. At one of the meals the hostess said:

"Mrs. Jones, you were a slave, weren't you?"

"Yes, marm," replied Mrs. Jones, "I b'longed to Mars' Robert Howell."

"I suppose he never invited you to eat at his table," remarked the Boston woman.

"No, honey, dat he ain't," replied Mrs. Jones. "My master was a gentleman. He ain't never let no nigger set at the table long er him."

◈ ◈ ◈

Too Bad

It is customary for parents in the rural districts of the South to help out the teacher's salary. This is done by giving meat, meal, potatoes—in fact, anything they may have. In a certain community there lived a large family. All the children were in the school, but the parents never gave anything toward the salary. One day the oldest daughter, Mary, came up to the teacher's desk and said:

"Fessor, pa's gwine sen' yous a pig." "Tell him I'll be more than obliged," said the surprised teacher. A week or two passed and the pig did not get around to his house. "Where's that pig your father was going to send me?" he asked Mary. "Oh," Mary replied, "that pig got well.—*Exchange.*

◈ ◈ ◈

The Right Place

"Put your feet where they belong!" snapped a passenger bound for the ball grounds.

"If I did," growled his neighbor, getting a fresh grip on the strap, "you would not be able to sit down for a week."

Wasn't Sorry

The story is told of a little girl who was sent to her mother's closet for punishment. After the door had been closed quite a while the mother's heart began to ache just a little and she decided to end the punishment. She opened the door and said: "Dearie, if you feel that you are sorry for what you did, you may now come out." The reply was: "I ain't sorry. I just spit on your hat, and I spit on your seal coat, and I am making more spit to spit on your silk dress!"

◈ ◈ ◈

One for Daughter

The little girl had been acting naughtily before company. Her mother warned her sharply.

"If you do that again I'll smack you," she said.

"No, you won't," replied the pert daughter, "I'll sit down on myself and then you can't." —*New York Sun.*

◈ ◈ ◈

The Day Shift

O'Grady: "An' why do you want to sell your nightshirt?"

Finnegan: "Sure, an' what good is it to me now, whin I've me new job of night watchman, an' slape in the daytoimes?"

◈ ◈ ◈

Taking No Chances

A young man lived some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful day he set off for the station in good time, but, being delayed, missed the train. Then he bethought himself of the telegraph. "Don't marry till I come—William," was the message he sent.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

◈ ◈ ◈

A good sized-squad of newspaper men, citizens and merry villagers flanked the entrance to the Taft summer home at Beverly and kept their eyes on the road back of the secret service guard for the approach of the carriage containing Col. Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. The wait was more than two hours' long and conversation flourished at times. One knot fell to discussing Roosevelt.

"The secret of his success," said a villager, "is that he is a good man."

"That makes me think of the death of Casey," replied another. "When Casey lay in his coffin a neighbor looked long at his face and then said to the widow, 'He was a good man, Mrs. Casey.'

" 'He was that,' she replied. 'It always tuk more than two cops to handle him.' "

Instruction from the South

When Davy Crockett sat in the National Legislature as a Representative of the State of Texas, he had many clashes with men of more education but less wit than himself. It is told of him that one day, while standing in front of his hotel on Pennsylvania Avenue, a swarm of mules trotted by under the custody of an overseer from one of the stock farms in Virginia. A Congressman from Boston, who was standing near by, attracted Crockett's attention to the unusual sight, saying:

"Hello, there, Crockett; here's a lot of your constituents on parade. Where are they going?"

The celebrated hunter looked at the animals with a quizzical glance, and then turning to the other, said quietly, but with great emphasis: "They are going to Massachusetts to teach school."—*Harper's Weekly.*

◈ ◈ ◈

A Qualified Chauffeur

A chauffeur who had just returned to the garage after taking the State's examination to determine his fitness to be licensed was asked by a fellow-worker what the questions were.

"One of them was about meeting a skittish horse," he replied. "They asked what I would do if I approached a horse which showed signs of being afraid of the car and its driver held up his hand to me."

"What's the answer?" asked a bystander.

"Oh, I had that, all right," the chaffeur replied. "I told 'em I'd stop the car, take it apart, and hide the pieces in the grass."

◈ ◈ ◈

An Embryo Emancipator

A little miss riding on a Brooklyn trolley car the other day tendered the conductor half fare.

"How old are you, little girl?" he queried, gingerly handling her fare.

She pursed her lips for a moment, then calmly opened her purse, dropped two more pennies into the conductor's extended palm, snapped her purse and demuredly said: "You have your fare, sir; my statistics are my own." —*Brooklyn Life.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Homeless

A Scotch minister was called on to marry a couple. After the ceremony refreshments, consisting principally of "Hot Scotch," were served, which we are told has a tendency to tangle one's ideas as well as the feet. The dominie partook and after awhile started home. His ideas became confused and meeting a man hailed him.

"Hoot, mon, Geordie, can you tell me where the Reverend Docthor Watson leves?"

Geordie stared at the dominie a few moments and exclaimed:

"Why, mon, ye are Docthor Watson yersel."

"I weel ken that's me name, but where's me haime?"

A Bad Case

In the bright sunlight on a railroad station in Georgia slept a colored brother. He snored gently, with his mouth ajar and his long, moist tongue resting on his chest like a pink plush necktie. A Northerner climbed off a train to stretch his legs, unscrewed the top af a capsule and, advancing on tiptoe, dusted ten grains of quinine on the surface of the darkey's tongue. Presently the negro sucked his tongue back inside his mouth and instantly he arose with a start and looked about him wildly.

"Mistah," he said to the joker, "is you a doctah?"

"Nope."

"Well, then, kin yo' tell me whar I kin fin' me a doctah right away?"

"What do you want with a doctor?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"Powerful sick."

"Do you know what's the matter with you?"

"Suttinly I knows whut's de matteh with me—mah gall's busted!"

◈ ◈ ◈

Round Trip

The railway station in the little Irish village was crowded with people all eager to board the outgoing train. Among the throng the parish priest noticed one of his parishers and inquired of him: "Where are you, going Pat?"

"To the races, your Riverence," promptly responded Pat.

"Then you are going to hell," the priest replied. whereas Pat said:

"Faith, and it is no matter, for I have a return ticket."—*Exchange.*

◈ ◈ ◈

His Own Barber

During the early hours of Sunday morning a long and lank native boarded Frisco train No. 104 for his first ride on the cars, his destination being Kansas City. He was decidedly nervous, but was determined not to show it, and attempted to cultivate an air of familiarity with his surroundings. He sought a position in the middle of the chair car, placed his grip on the floor and braced himself against the side of one of the plush chairs.

"Won't you have a seat, sir?" asked the porter.

"Nope," the young man answered, "Dad cuts my hair and I shave myself."—Saline County, Mo., *Citizen.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Insurgency

"And what," asked a visitor to the North Dakota State Fair, "do you call that kind of a cucumber?"

"That," replied a Fargo politician, "is the Insurgent cucumber. It doesn't always agree with a party."

A Sickening Accident

"Our elevator fell down the other day."
"Was anybody hurt?"
"Not exactly; but four got the dropsy."

◈ ◈ ◈

A Distinction

"When you go to the theatre do you go out between acts?"
"No; come in between drinks."—*Princeton Tiger.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Scotch Luggage

Sandy McDonald went to visit his son, and on arrival the son noticed his father looked very much downcast, and inquired, "Father ye look sad and despondent; what's the matter?"
"My son Jack, I had a sair disappointment coming over."
"Is that so Father, what's the matter?"
"I lost me luggage, son."
"Ye lost your luggage, Father?"
"Yes."
"How did it happen?"
"The cork cam oot."

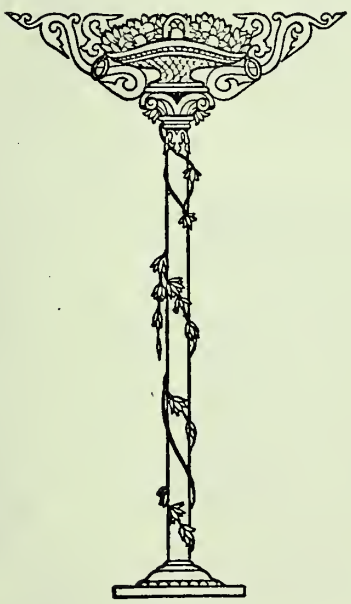
Foiled

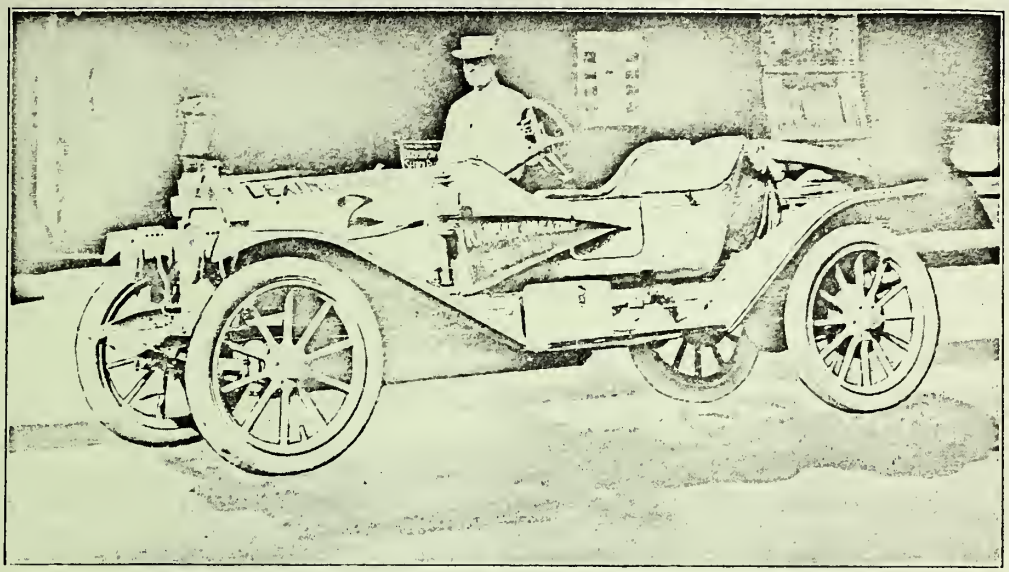
He was bashful and she tried to make it easy for him. They were driving along the seashore and she became silent for a time. "Whats the matter?" he asked. "Oh, I feel blue," she replied. "Nobody loves me, and my hands are cold."
"You should not say that," was his word of consolation, "for God loves you, and your mother loves you, and you can sit on your hands.—*Success.*

◈ ◈ ◈

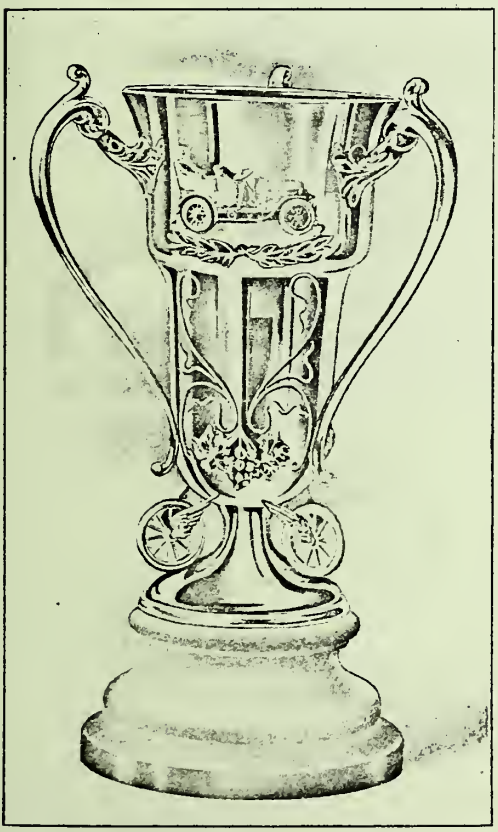
Efficient Equipment

A well-to-do housekeeper in need of the services of a plumber telephoned to a nearby establishment for a competent man.
Answering the doorbell she found a typical Irishman.
"Good mornin', ma'am," said he.
"Good morning; are you the plumber?"
"I am."
"Now," she said, "I want you to be very careful in your work, as the floors are all highly polished."
"Sure now," he answered with a deprecatory smile, "don't worry about me, ma'am, I won't slip. I've got nails in my shoes."





LEXINGTON 2, THAT WON THE KANSAS MAGAZINE CUP



OFFICIAL DECISION OF THE CONTEST BOARD OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION IN THE KANSAS MAGAZINE RELIABILITY CONTEST HELD OCTOBER 10TH TO 14TH, 1910.

Eight cars started in the Kansas Magazine Reliability Contest held October 10th to 14th inclusive, 1910. Four cars were disqualified.

The decision of Referee W. P. M. Stevens was contested and the contest board of the American Automobile Association reversed the decision, giving first place to the Lexington. The Kansas Magazine cup was therefore awarded to the Lexington as the winner of first place in class A, required to make a schedule of twenty miles per hour.

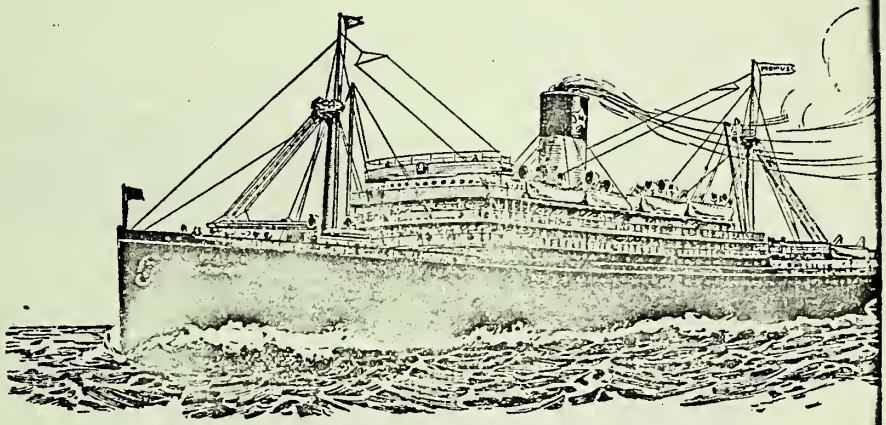
The Reo was also awarded a trophy cup as winner of first place in Class B, required to make a schedule of eighteen miles per hour.

"Onlucky" Al

I went to a gypsy gal 'tother day
Tu git her to read my hand,
I had to pay her two bits in advance
An it broke me to beat the band.
She looked in my paw and squinted hard
An sed that I'd soon be rich;
She cud see strange lands an furrin shores,
An gold and dimons an sich.
When I left her tent an' went up town
Right there in the dusty road
I found a wallet chuck full of bills
I was sure that that gypsy knowed.
I picked it up and commenced to count;
There wuz tens and twenties an' fives,
I begun to dream of them furrin shores
An dinners and rich men's lives.
But just then along cum ole Bill Jones
An' actin' like he was sore,
He snatched the purse and sed, "Much obliged;
I thot I hed lost it sure."
Onlucky—of course—I might hev knowed
An let the durn purse lay still,
I'm out two bits to that gypsy gal
With a thirst there's no way to kill.

A. Dunlap.

Ho! For the Grand





Restaurant at Imperial Hotel

INTREST in our Gand Educational Tour is growing rapidly. From all over the Sunflower State come encouraging reports from the young ladies who are striving to gain a membership in this great excursion. At the time of going to press the following workers are in the lead, and a large number are already assured of the trip:

Miss Maud Talbot, Haven, Reno County.

Miss Leah Harlan, St. John, Stafford County.

Miss Elizabeth McCarty and Miss Jessie A. Parker, Olathe, Miami County.

Miss Hazel Reed, Wellington, Sumner County.

Miss Emma Russell, Wichita, Sedgwick County.

Miss Stella Tope, Pittsburg, Crawford County.

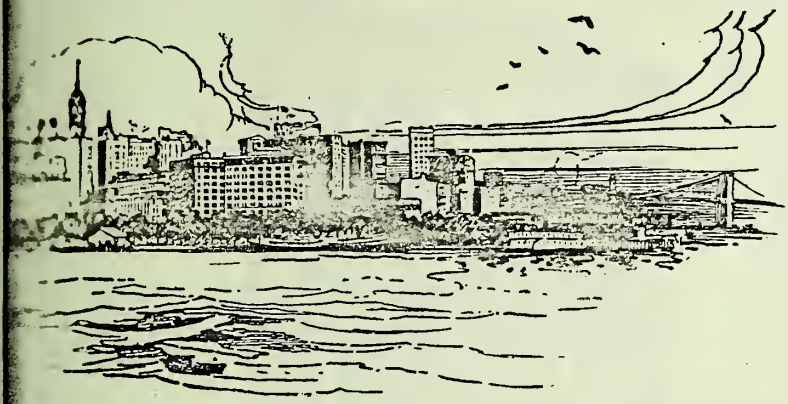
Miss Ethel Finley, St. Francis, Cheyenne County.

Mrs. Fred Revlett, Chautauqua Chautauqua County.

Miss Ida B. Lahm, Arkansas City, Cowley County.

Miss Laurel Crow, Garden City, Finney County.

Educational Excursion



Miss Jane J. Barron, Kingman, Kingman County.

Miss Margaret Boggs, Syracuse, Hamilton County.

Miss Esther Cochran, Pratt, Pratt County.

Mrs. Augusta Durzan, Parsons, Labette County.

Miss Julia Zimmerman, Iola, Allen County.

Miss Mildred Johnson, Sedgwick, Harvey County.

Miss Ara D. Webster, Scott City, Scott County.



Leather Cafe, Imperial Hotel

The date when our party will sail from Galveston will probably be fixed for the first of June, on account of the fact that a considerable number of High School students are endeavoring to earn the benefits of the tour.

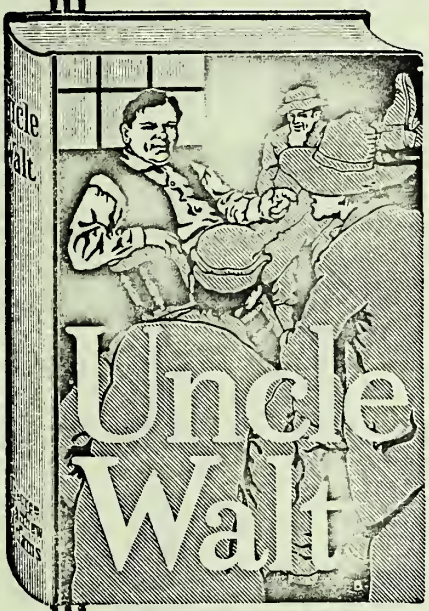
Arrangements have already been made for the entertainment of our guests at the Imperial Hotel during our stop in New York City. The big vessel that will carry us from Galveston to New York, is one of the very finest of modern passenger ships, and no detail for the comfort of our guests will be neglected.

One of our most interesting stops will be in historic old Boston. At least three days will be given to see the places of interest.

Arrangements are now being made for a side trip to Mt. Vernon, Washington's old home, while we are in Washington, D. C.

Representatives, keep before your friends and the people of your community, the fact that you are the official representative of your County in this great tour. No young lady who has undertaken to earn this trip can afford to fail. It is the greatest educational opportunity ever offered to the young women of Kansas.

The Greatest Homeopathic Gloom Chaser of the Century



Reduced reproduction of Book Cover by Will Bradley, in 3 colors, 12mo. cloth

"Uncle Walt"

"The Poet Laureate of the American Democracy"
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE "Uncle Walt" book, for which a nation has been waiting for months and months, is ready. This is the first and only volume containing any of the original, inimitable Prose-Poems of Walt Mason in book form. Not for a hundred years has there arisen among us one whose "right-from-the-soil" lyre songs are so representative of the spirit of democracy — and each one done up in tin foil smile capsules, sugar-coated, and wholly according to the Pure Food Laws vouched for by one Wiley. In the next twelve-month the home without its "Uncle Walt" book will be a home in gloom indeed.

What Fra Elbertus Says:

"Walt shows you things in right proportion, corrects your perspective, and lends a right focus. His prose rhymes exercise your liver by making you laugh. Walt is full of wise saws, modern instances and prunes, and his wit burbles and gurgles like a Kansas creek where the bullheads gambol."

How to Earn Long Life and a Happy Hereafter

Ten million people a day read "Uncle Walt" as he sings his quaint prose rhymes in the press of the country. If you have never known him, know him now. See the nearest book seller without fail. Ask for the beautiful "Uncle Walt" book containing nearly 200 of Walt's most famous rhymes.

This book is a beautiful work, with cover in several colors by Will Bradley, frontispiece by the famous McCutcheon, and illustrated by William Stevens. The body is printed on high grade paper, deckle-edge and gilt top — 200 pages of humor, pathos, and side-widening what not. *Price, $1.25 net.*

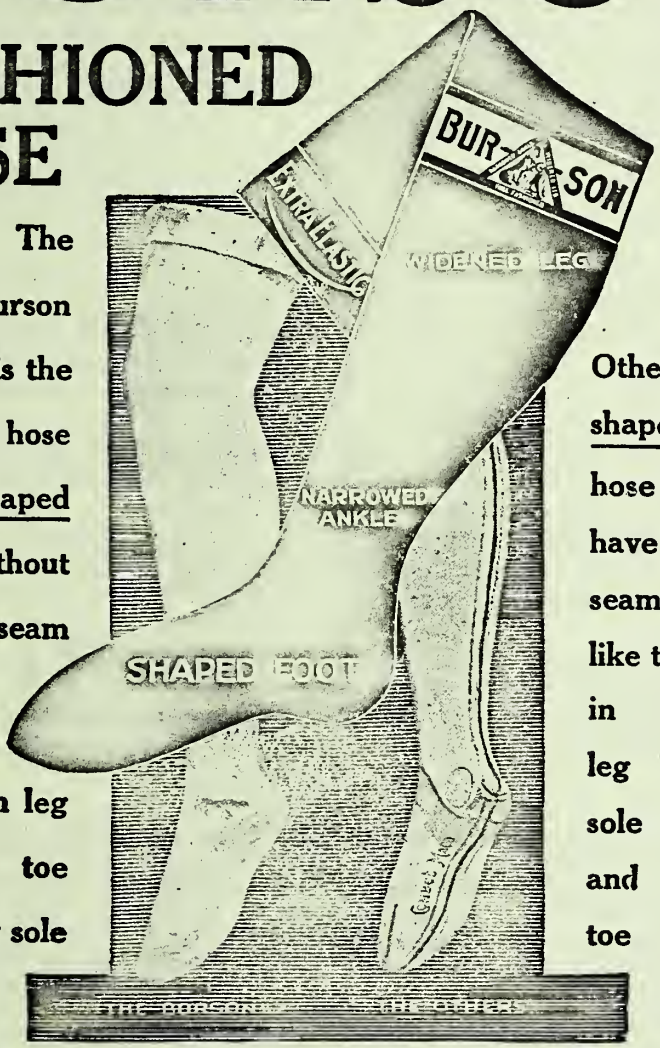
If your book seller does not have "Uncle Walt," send check or money order to the address below, and it will be delivered to you, carriage prepaid, by the quickest transportation.

George Matthew Adams, Publisher
Peoples Gas Building **CHICAGO**

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita



Red Mineral Springs Water Co.
"Wapello" Water
Eddyville, Iowa
Southwestern Station
110 S. Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

Established 1884

Edward Vail & Co.
221 E. Douglas Ave.
Wichita, Kansas

Leading Jewelers
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
Silverware, Cut Glass
References: All Wichita Banks



CHILE

The great Mexican dish, easily made with Dye's Chile Mixture. The modern Chile maker, 10 and 25c at your grocer. If he has sold out send 10c for a can and booklet of Mexican Recipes.

W. A. DYE
Mexican Chile Supplies
107-109 South Rock Island Av. Wichita, Kans

The Western Iron and Foundry Co.

Iron and Steel for Buildings and Structures

GENERAL FOUNDRY, MACHINE AND BOILER WORK
2nd and Santa Fe Sts. Wichita, Kansas

BE A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
This school is equipped by the U. P. R. R. Earn from $40 to $200 per month. Salary received while learning. Position guaranteed.
Kansas Wesleyan Business College
Salina, Kansas

Hotel Imperial

Broadway at 31st and 32nd Sts., New York City
Absolutely Fireproof

Only One Block From The New Pennsylvania Station

Just across the street from the 33rd Street Station of the Elevated and the 32nd Street Terminal of the Hudson Tubes. This latter system connecting with the following Trans-Atlantic steamship lines and railroads within twenty minutes:

RAILROADS	STEAMSHIP LINES
Erie	Hamburg-American
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	North German Lloyd
Lehigh Valley	Holland-American

At the center of the new shopping district, within easy distance of all theatres, the two grand opera houses, and other places of amusement.

Theatre and opera seats may be secured in advance through the ticket office in the hotel lobby by applying to us

800 Rooms, 600 of which have private baths
Rates $2.00 per day and upward

Booklet of hotel, complete schedule of tariff and map of the city forwarded free of charge on application to

COPELAND TOWNSEND, Manager

APPENDICITIS THE FEAR OF OUR DAYS CURED

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Gall Stones, Nervous Troubles, Asthma, Female Diseases, Eczema, Rheumatism, etc., in short, all kinds of diseases of mankind are successfully treated

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Do not suffer or let any in your family suffer. Should the best medical physicians have tried in vain to cure you, or you are afraid, have hope and apply the wonderful Psychic Methods of healing successfully practiced by

PROF. K. FEIGE

Consultation Free. Write for Information. Call Phone 4021

Office, 409-11 Security Building OKLAHOMA CITY

The Southwestern Box and Lumber Company

For Estimates, Prices etc.

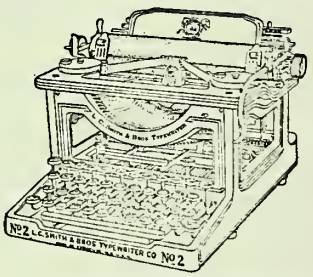
Address

The Southwestern Box and Lumber Company

Arkansas City, Kan.

After Severest Tests

Unanimously Adopted



L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER

The DuPont Powder Company's jury of five mechanical engineers, who tested all leading typewriters, decided unanimously in favor of the L. C. Smith Bros. The DuPonts immediately standardized with this machine, buying five hundred and twenty-one on a single order.

You can benefit by the decision of these experts.

Send for our "DuPont" Booklet.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

WHY NOT

Spend the Winter in

Florida and Cuba

and avoid the rigors of the Northern Climate?

It is a short and comfortable trip over the

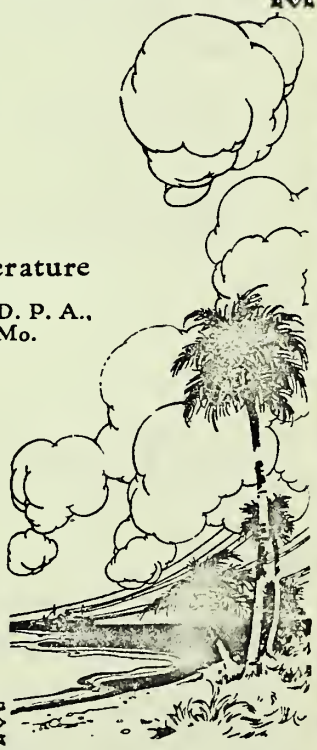
FRISCO LINES

and not expensive

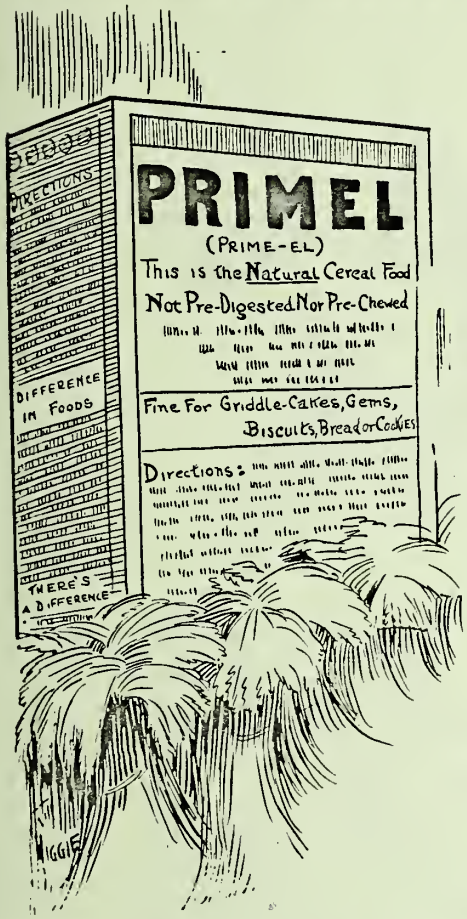
Let us furnish you rates and descriptive literature

F. E. CLARK, D. P. A.,
Wichita, Kansas

J. C. LOVRIEN, D. P. A.,
Kansas City, Mo.



You will Feed Your Family PRIMEL Every Day



---When you know how Pure, Helpful and Nourishing it is

It has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain, for Kansas people and others.

Many cereal foods are made from hulls, useless as a food, without nourishment or flavor and expense. Primel being made of the whole grain, retains all the life and strength-giving qualities which the human body must have to make up for the daily wear and waste in grown-ups and to fill out the growing boys and girls.

There is more muscle and brain in an ounce of Primel than any other cereal, therefore, it is the cheapest.

Sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent packages at your grocer. If he will not supply you, we sell direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

New Girard Manufacturing Co.

Girard, Kansas

There is an 8-ounce SAMPLE PACKAGE waiting for You

Enough for a good taste all around, ("five dishes.") That is the best way for you to judge Primel, then you will know its goodness, its pleasing and appetizing taste and its wholesomeness. Send 10 cents, which is to cover the postage only, your name and address on the coupon and your grocer's name.

COUPON

For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me the trial package of Primel, "enough for five dishes."

Name.....

Address.....

Grocer's Name.....



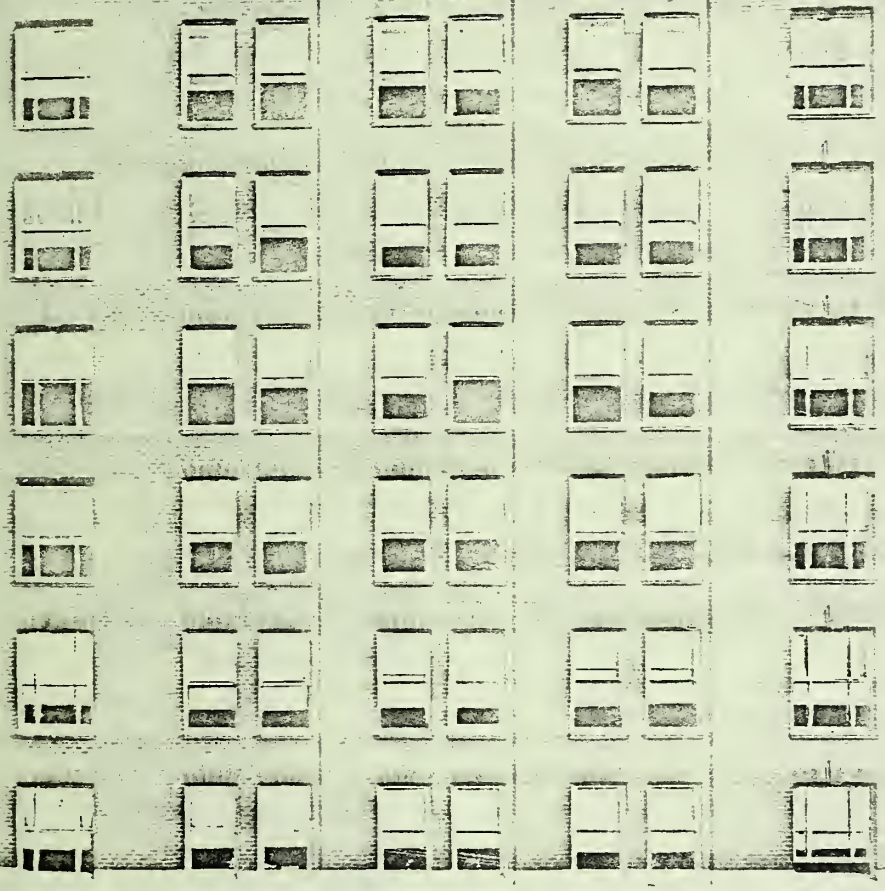
POLAR BEAR FLOUR IS KING

The New Era Milling Company

ARKANSAS CITY KANSAS

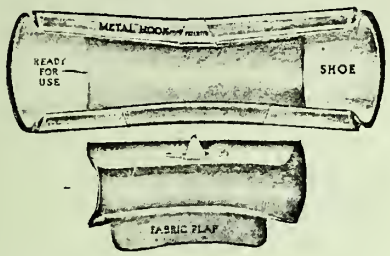
KANSAS MAGAZINE

Public Library



5-3/4

ON TEST HAGSTROM BLOWOUT PATCH PROVED BEST



THAT'S why some of the highest grade automobile manufacturers are adopting the Hagstrom Blowout Patch for their emergency tire equipment of their 1911 cars.

EXTRA tires are no longer a necessity. The up-to-date motorist knows he can place as much confidence in a pair of **Hagstrom** patches as in a new tire, to get home in case he should happen to have a blowout or a puncture. The merits of the Hagstrom Blowout Patch is known the world over.

This Non-Conductive Porcelain Guard Feature Alone Worth the Price of the Plug



SPECIAL ATTENTION DEALERS

Here is the new Spark Plug that every Motorist will eventually use.

Hagstrom Plug has the unique feature of an internal cavity, which is practically closed at the bottom by the porcelain disc held in position by a metal sleeve. An additional feature found in no other plug with internal cavity is that the spark from the electrode points reach the fresh gas in the cylinder assuring maximum power from each explosion. Made in all sizes. List price $1.50 each. Quantity prices furnished on request.

Manufactured by

HAGSTROM BROS. MFG. COMPANY, INC.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND WORKS, LINDSBORG, KANSAS



A Reputation Means Safety

When buying flour the wise baker will choose a flour with an earned reputation---one that has stood the test of the most critical bakers

The "Has-made-good" flour is better than "Just-as-good" flour

Try a sack and be convinced

Smoky Valley Roller Mills

LINDSBORG, KANSAS

WHY NOT

Spend the Winter in

Florida and Cuba

and avoid the rigors of the Northern Climate?

It is a short and comfortable trip over the

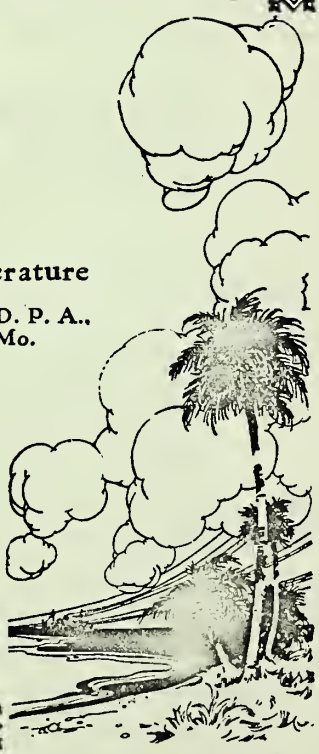
FRISCO LINES

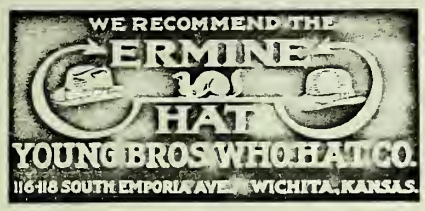
and not expensive

Let us furnish you rates and descriptive literature

F. E. CLARK, D. P. A.
Wichita, Kansas

J. C. LOVRIEN, D. P. A.,
Kansas City, Mo.





Red Mineral Springs Water Co.
"Wapello" Water
Eddyville, Iowa
Southwestern Station
110 S. Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

Established 1884

Edward Vail & Co.
221 E. Douglas Ave.
Wichita, Kansas

Leading Jewelers
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
Silverware, Cut Glass
References: All Wichita Banks



CHILE

The great Mexican dish, easily made with Dye's Chile Mixture. The modern Chile maker. 10 and 25c at your grocer. If he has sold out send 10c for a can and booklet of Mexican Recipes.

W. A. DYE
Mexican Chile Supplies
107-109 South Rock Island Av. Wichita, Kans

The Western Iron and Foundry Co.

Iron and Steel for Buildings and Structures

GENERAL FOUNDRY, MACHINE AND BOILER WORK

2nd and Santa Fe Sts. Wichita, Kansas

BE A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
This school is equipped by the U. P. R. R. Earn from $40 to $200 per month. Salary received while learning. Position guaranteed.
Kansas Wesleyan Business College
Salina, Kansas

Hotel Imperial

Broadway at 31st and 32nd Sts., New York City
Absolutely Fireproof

Only One Block From The New Pennsylvania Station

Just across the street from the 33rd Street Station of the Elevated and the 32nd Street Terminal of the Hudson Tubes. This latter system connecting with the following Trans-Atlantic steamship lines and railroads within twenty minutes:

RAILROADS	STEAMSHIP LINES
Erie	Hamburg-American
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	North German Lloyd
Lehigh Valley	Holland-American

At the center of the new shopping district, within easy distance of all theatres, the Metropolitan opera house, and other places of amusement.

Theatre and opera seats may be secured in advance through the ticket office in the hotel lobby by applying to us

800 Rooms, 600 of which have private baths
Rates $2.00 per day and upward

Booklet of hotel, complete schedule of tariff and map of the city forwarded free of charge on application to

COPELAND TOWNSEND, Manager

Purealla

An Odorless Disinfectant and Hygienic Cleaner

The Modern Purifier

Without an equal as a Destroyer of Disagreeable Odors and Marvelous in its Action as a Disinfectant and General Cleanser.

Acts instantly and is Odorless. Does not kill one bad odor with another. Puts Disinfection in reach of ALL

FAIRMOUNT COLLEGE
Henry E. Thayer, Pres.

Wichita, Kan., Aug. 11, 1910.

Mr. E. H. Ellsworth, Pratt, Kans.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to report that I have analyzed sample of Purealla submitted to me by you, and find it composed of such ingredients as will make it a valuable germicide and deodorizer.

S. E. SWARTZ, City Chemist.

E. H. ELLSWORTH, State Distributer
Pratt, Kansas



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1911 model "Ranger" Bicycle. *Write for special offer.*

We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, prepay freight* and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. **FACTORY PRICES** on bicycles, tires and sundries. *Do not buy* until you receive our catalogs and learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous special offer.* **Tires**, coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Department C229 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

MORE MONEY

~DOUBLE YOUR SALARY~

WE teach BOOK-KEEPING in four lessons. Use your spare moments to fit yourself to hold any position. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Bank references. Over 20 years experience Mathematical Short Cuts Free, with course for $5.00. Write us. **Business Methods Co.**, 40 Buhl Block, Detroit, Mich.

A Remedy For

Brights Disease, Diabetes and Kindred Diseases of the Kidneys, all forms of Stomach and Bowel Trouble, Catarrh, Sick and Nervous Headache, Chronic Sore Throat, Piles, Gout, Female Complaint, Scrofula, Eczema, and Rheumatism use

Wapello Water

An unfailing destroyer of Typhoid and Malaria Germs

The Red Mineral Springs Water Co.
Eddyville, Iowa
110 S. Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

Chanute Nurseries

Cherry Trees in all Varieties at Bargain Prices

2-year-old trees 5 to 7 ft. each	25c
Or 100 for	$22.50
2-year-old trees 4 to 5 ft. each	20c
Or 100 for	$17.50
1-year-old trees 2 to 3 ft. each	10c
Or 100 for	$7.50

Apple and Peach

Trees 2 to 3 ft. 10c each, or 100 for..... $6.00
Trees 3 to 4 ft. 15c each, or 100 for.... $10.00

Also have a good line of nice Ornamental stock. Remember we pay freight on all orders of $10.00 or more. Write to-day for our big Illustrated Catalogue.

James Truitt & Sons
Chanute, Kansas

There is a Young Lady in Your County Soliciting Subscriptions for The Kansas Magazine

She will be the official representative from her county in the Grand Educational Tour which will be conducted by the Kansas Magazine Company next June. There will be one representative, and only one, from each county in Kansas.

The itinerary of the Grand Tour will be from Wichita to New Orleans; from New Orleans to New York by Ocean voyage: from New York to Albany, New York via Hudson River; from Albany to Boston; from Boston to New York; from New York to Washington D. C.; from Washington to Chicago; from Chicago Wichita via Kansas City. Extended stops will be made in New York, Boston and Washington.

Any courtesies shown the young ladies in their soliciting campaign will be greatly appreciated by

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE CO.

Call Upon or Address Us For Bargains

We have 1600 acres two miles from Arkansas River, two and one-half miles from county seat; two and one-half miles from main line of Santa Fe Railway; sandy loam, 75% excellent farming land, especially adapted to alfalfa; abundance of soft water from 8 to 20 feet. **Clear Title.** Lays well for sub-irrigation. This tract of land must sell. It is the cheapest body of land in western Kansas. Will sell all or part—no options given—the first to come gets the first chance at the greatest bargain in Kansas.

We also have another tract of 320 acres of Rush county, Kansas wheat land, two miles from station on main line of Missouri Pacific Railway, seven miles from county seat; one hundred acres now in wheat in good condition; eighty acres ready for spring crop. Balance pasture land, but can all be farmed; abundance of soft water at twelve feet, windmill, pump and tank; good barn. $30.00 per acre; $5000 cash, balance easy terms. Interest rate at whatever eastern money can be secured.

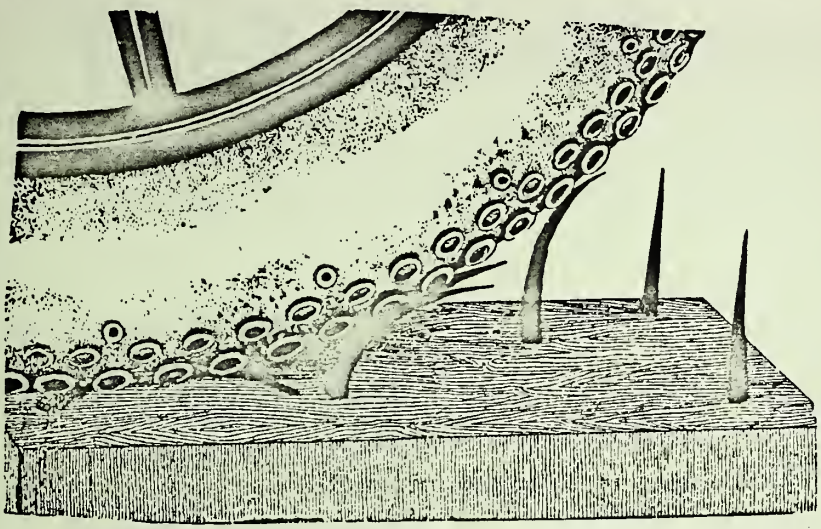
Now for parties wanting timber or grazing lands in Kansas, Colorado or New Mexico, we have IT ranging in price from $1.50 up. Tracts ranging in size from 3000 to 50,000 acres. As ranch lands are becoming scarcer every year, it will pay any one wanting this kind of land to investigate and get location and prices on the different tracts. These lands cannot be beaten for grazing. They are positively the finest winter ranges in the southwest.

For particulars call on or address

Beacon Realty Company

403 Beacon Bldg.

Wichita, Kansas



The Tire That Does Not Heat

22,000 Miles Without a Puncture

IT SMASHED THEM FLAT!

—not a spike remained standing after this remarkable test at the Minnesota State Fair last September. The treads of all Racine Auto Tires are built up of four thicknesses of chrome-tanned leather. The layers are VULCANIZED TOGETHER, and to a specially made rubber carcass, by a process that preserves in the leather all its strength and toughness. Leather so tanned takes on and retains a high resiliency—never hardens nor cracks—and is absolutely impervious to all road conditions. It takes 1,000 pounds pressure to force a nail through a single thickness alone. Add the resistance of the other three layers, and you will understand that

RACINE AUTO TIRES

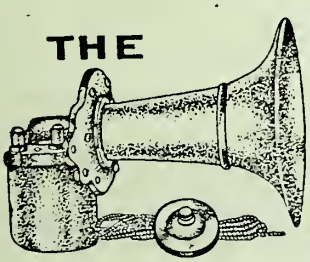
Guaranteed Not to Puncture—Rim Cut—Nor Blow out

means just what it says. Besides this—these are covered—over the entire tread—with circle-studs of toughest steel. These not only minimize wear, but also grip and firmly hold the car on roads covered with mud, snow, sleet or ice—it matters not what—and effectually REDUCE DANGEROUS SKIDDING.

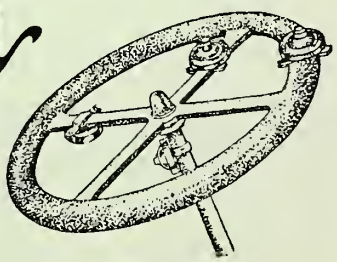
You Cannot Drive a Nail Into This Tire With a Hammer—Come in and Try it.
Greatest Auto Tire Ever Built.

Write To-day—Don't be a To-morrow Man

THE



Arnold



ALARM

A PERFECT ELECTRIC SIGNAL

No. 10.....$15.00 No. 20.....$20.00
No. 30.....$25.00

RACINE AUTO TIRE COMPANY

State Branch
WICHITA, KANSAS

Phone Market 2578
Dept. E

Office and Salesroom
231 S. Topeka Avenue

The Kansas Magazine

CONTENTS FOR MARCH & APRIL, 1911

THE PEERLESS PRINCESS		Back of Frontispiece
BALCONY IN THE SEBALD PARSONAGE		Frontispiece
ALT NURNBERG Illustrations from Photographs	F. Dumont Smith	3
MOTOR BOATING IN NORTHWESTERN WATERS Illustrations from Photographs	Florence Kell	9
CYCLAMENS IN THE FLORIST'S WINDOW (Poem)	Mabel Hillyer Eastman	13
TALES OF A PULLMAN ARK (Story)	Margaret Hill McCarter	14
THE WYANDOTTE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION	John A. Martin	23
A NEW FACTOR IN MSSSOURI VALLEY ATHLETICS Illustration from Photograph	Donald W. Hendrickson	31
THE KEEPERS OF THE STONE (Story)	Edgar Wallace	35
THEN AND NOW (Verse)	J. M. Metcalf	41
THE DRONE (Story)	H. Howland	42
ON THE TRAIL FROM DOBE WALL (Story)	Wilson Howard	45
WHEN THE WIND SLEEPS (Verse)	Jerome Twitchell	48
WEALAKA (Story)	Sadie Kidd Walker	49
SOME PRICKLY PEARS	Mack Cretcher	52
HERE AND THERE	The Editor	54
IN OLD TUCSON (Poem)	Sharlot M. Hall	55
BOOK REVIEWS		57
WICHITA, U. S. A.	A. C. Soots	59
TWICE TOLD TALES		101

¶ Yearly subscriptions $1.50. Single copy 15c. We will not accept questionable advertising and we will thank our readers to furnish proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. Advertising rates on application. Forms close on tenth day of month prior to date of issue. New York office, 350 Broadway; James Ridge, Manager. W. W. Reed, Chicago Representative; Room 45, La Salle St. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted.

Entered at the Wichita postoffice as second class mail matter.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD, President
W. Y. MORGAN, Vice President
CHAS. L. DAVIDSON, 2nd Vice-Pres.
D. A. GEIL, Secretary-Treasurer
F. DUMONT SMITH, Editor
LOUIS ALLEN, Manager

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
The Kansas Magazine Co.
403-4-5 Beacon Building
WICHITA, KANSAS

TO OUR READERS

¶ We were forced to postpone our articles on sub-irrigation until the May issue, as it was impossible for us to get certain data and cuts without which we could not prepare exhaustive articles, and fully illustrate them. It is our intention to give the public a rare treat on this subject by the articles we propose to publish.

Electrical Appliances

It's a real pleasure to cook with Electric Appliances. They are quick, reliable and always ready. A dainty breakfast can be quickly prepared with the Electric Coffee Percolator and Electric Toaster. When unexpected company comes, the Electric Chafing Dish eliminates embarrassing delays and accidents with the impromptu luncheon.

Our new display room contains everything electrical and we invite you to call and see our appliances demonstrated.

Ready When You Turn the Switch

Kansas Gas & Electric Co.

239 So. Main

Do You Like Flowers?

You can have them with little trouble if you will write, telegraph or telephone your needs to us Prices are reasonable and we ship anywhere.

W. H. Culp & Co., Florists

Wichita Kansas

SICK PEOPLE

LOPEZ

Cures all forms of Blood Poison, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Liver and Stomach Trouble.
For a run-down system you will find nothing better.
For free booklet call or write.
LOPEZ REMEDY COMPANY, 311 E. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

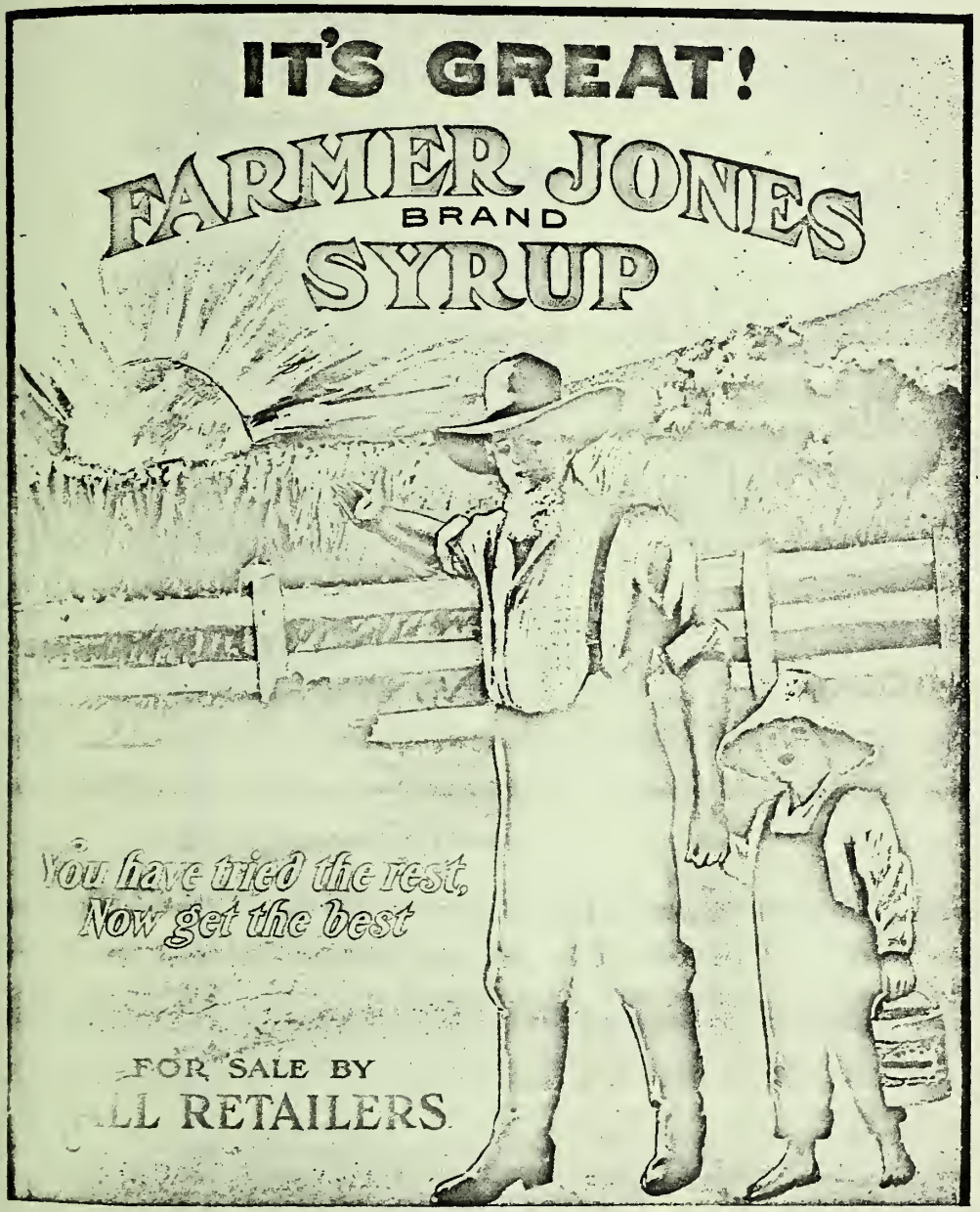
Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electricity

MRS. KEITH

Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors

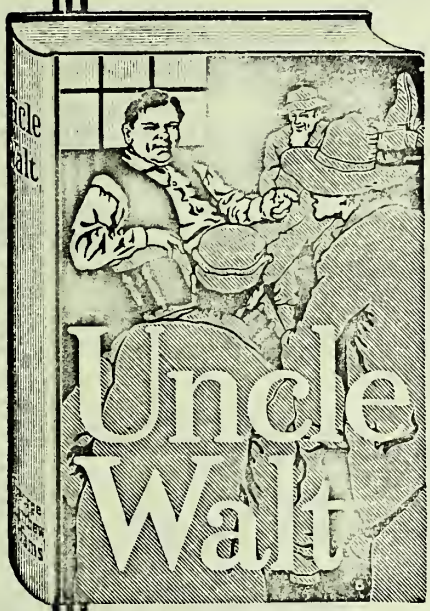
Hair Goods of Every Description

Phone 2824 157 N. Main St. WICHITA, KANSAS



THE FORT SCOTT SORGHUM SYRUP CO. FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

The Greatest Homeopathic Gloom Chaser of the Century



Reduced reproduction of Book Gover by Will Bradley, in 3 colors, 12mo. cloth

"Uncle Walt"

"The Poet Laureate of the American Democracy"
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE "Uncle Walt" book, for which a nation has been waiting for months and months, is ready. This is the first and only volume containing any of the original, inimitable Prose-Poems of Walt Mason in book form. Not for a hundred years has there arisen among us one whose "right-from-the-soil" lyre songs are so representative of the spirit of democracy—and each one done up in tin foil smile capsules, sugar-coated, and wholly according to the Pure Food Laws vouched for by one Wiley. In the next twelve-month the home without its "Uncle Walt" book will be a home in gloom indeed.

What Fra Elbertus Says:

"Walt shows you things in right proportion, corrects your perspective, and lends a right focus. His prose rhymes exercise your liver by making you laugh. Walt is full of wise saws, modern instances and prunes, and his wit burbles and gurgles like a Kansas creek where the bullheads gambol."

How to Earn Long Life and a Happy Hereafter

Ten million people a day read "Uncle Walt" as he sings his quaint prose rhymes in the press of the country. If you have never known him, know him now. See the nearest book seller without fail. Ask for the beautiful "Uncle Walt" book containing nearly 200 of Walt's most famous rhymes.

This book is a beautiful work, with cover in several colors by Will Bradley, frontispiece by the famous McCutcheon, and illustrated by William Stevens. The body is printed on high grade paper, deckle-edge and gilt top—200 pages of humor, pathos, and side-widening what not. *Price, $1.25 net.*

If your book seller does not have "Uncle Walt," send check or money order to the address below, and it will be delivered to you, carriage prepaid, by the quickest transportation.

George Matthew Adams, Publisher
Peoples Gas Building **CHICAGO**

The Peerless Princess



Her eyes—
They match the Western skies
When Kansas skies are bluest;
Her heart—
'Twill always take its part
When Western hearts are truest.

Her cheeks,
When admiration speaks,
Are fair as Beauty roses,
Bright pearls,
The gems of Western girls,
Her winning smile discloses.

Her hair—
A wealth of tendrils rare
And rich as skies of morning—
A hint
Of luring argent tint—
This Western girl adorning.

Her voice,
By nature and by choice,
E'en those who know her slightest,
Will find
Soft as the Western wind
When Kansas airs are lightest.

Her laugh—
'Tis light as wine, or chaff,
Or footfalls faint of fairies,
Or brooks
That bubble through the nooks
Amid the Kansas prairies.

She'll be
While rivers reach the sea,
Or blue skies bend above her,
The pearl,
The dearest, sweetest girl
That ever won a lover.

Her youth,
With all its winsome truth—
How well, forsooth, she knows it—
Will claim
A song of love and fame
From some young Kansas poet.

But she,
In other days, maybe,
This secret will discover,
And then
She'll know by tongue or pen
Who was her truest lover!

Leroy Jason.



Balcony in the Sebald Parsonage

VOLUME V MARCH & APRIL, 1911 NUMBERS 3 & 4

KANSAS MAGAZINE

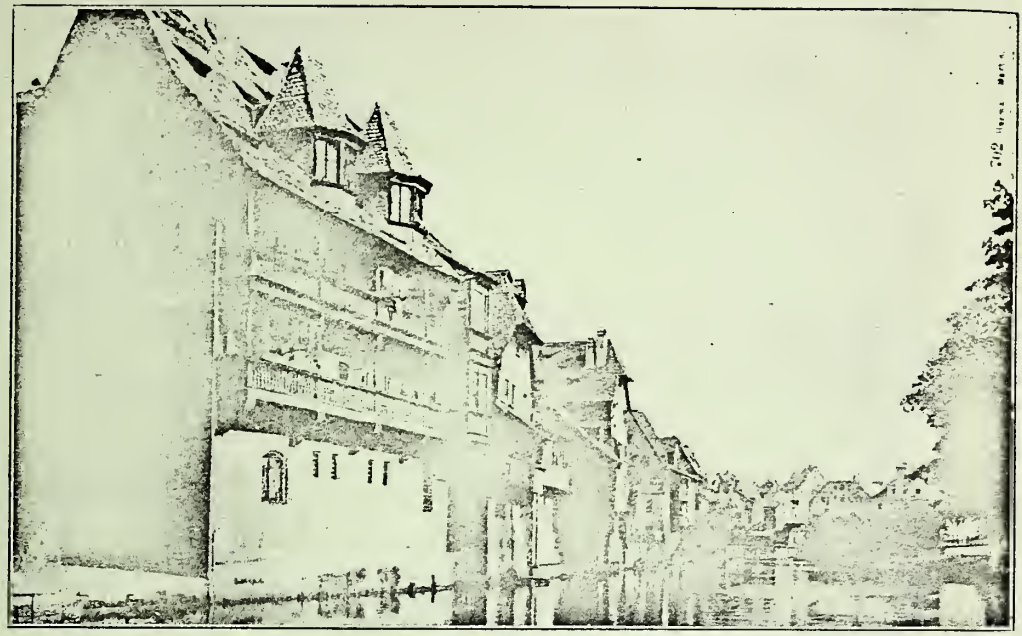
Alt Nurnberg

By F. Dumont Smith

TO be called "Old Nuremberg" in a country where nothing is new but the German Empire, where the old people still talk of the time when Caesar crossed the Rhine, is certainly a distinction. If you go there from Munich as we did, you will all the more appreciate this distinction of age, for Munich is, next to Berlin, the most modern city in Germany. The mad king of Bavaria had a passion for building. He admired Paris and in his little capital sought to imitate it and nearly bankrupted Bavaria in so doing. And when you leave behind the art galleries and municipal buildings of Munich, leave its stuccoed-front houses and its modern veneer you drop at a step—ninety-six miles the step is—from New Germany to Old. It is a pleasant journey. Most of it is through hop fields, for Nuremberg is one of the greatest hop markets in the world, and the stretch from Munich northward is one great hop field, each vine on its own pole. When you see how beer is consumed in these German towns you do not wonder at the supply. You wonder how it can keep up with the demand.

On this trip we travelled third class, not particularly from motives of economy, although as George Elliot says, "to all healthy minds, economy is a pleasure," but we were in the heart of Germany and we wanted to see the real Germans. It was a delightful trip. The cars were airy, the seats roomy, although without cushions and there was only a pretence of compartments.

Our fellow passengers were Germans of the middle class, good natured, well-dressed and thoroughly happy with their Sunday outing. They all carried lunch and started eating as soon as they were seated, and continued to eat and drink all the way. At every stop boys came by the windows with big trays filled with glasses of foaming Munich beer. Every passenger carried a glass and exchanged the empty for a full one, paying two cents for the beer. It was a feast all the way. No one was drunk. I did see one drunken man in all Germany. Somewhere on the trip I got out at a stop to stretch my legs. A man passed me carrying two steins of beer. He was crying and vociferating "Wo is mein frau?" Evidently he had lost his wife who was to share the beer with him. He was visibly and weepingly drunk. Occasionally the beer would spill from one of the steins and he would stop and drink a little from it, to keep it from being wasted. When we



Old Houses on the Peignitz

pulled out of the station he was still wandering to and fro, bawling for his wife and stopping occasionally from motives of thrift to drink a little from the over-full mugs.

He was the only real drunkard I saw in the weeks we travelled through Germany, and I am certain, at a rough guess, that I saw several thousand barrels of beer drank in that time.

It was a real thrill when we crossed the Danube—here not much of a stream nevertheless the real Blue Danube—and I wanted to follow its storied course all the way down, but did not at that time.

Nuremberg is on the Peignitz, a pretty but insignificant stream, and the railroad station is outside of the walls, for Nuremberg is one of the few old walled towns of Europe that retain the ancient fortifications.

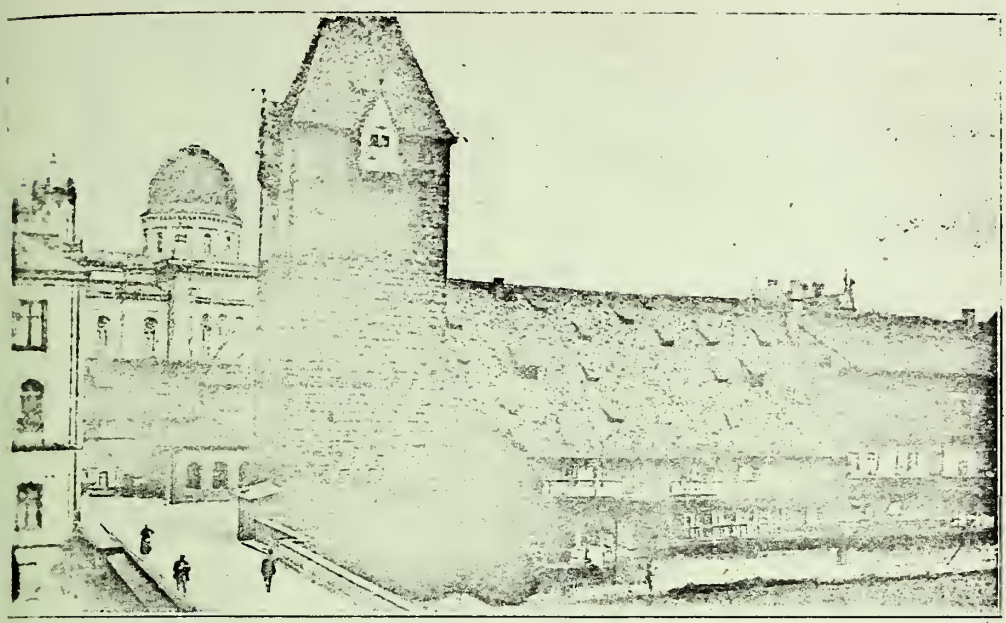
In its day it was one of the strongest towns in Europe surrounded by a moat a hundred feet wide and fifty feet deep, filled from the Peignitz, now filled up, grassed over and used as a plaisance, and its great walls were crowned with three hundred and sixty towers, of which nearly a hundred are well preserved.

In modern times as the town grew, the ancient gates were broken through here and there to let the town expand. A trolley line runs in and out of them, and the new town, the residence and manufacturing district now extends far beyond the ancient walls, and is thoroughly modern in every respect.

Within the walls everything dates from the Middle Ages. Long ago the City Fathers discovered there was a pretty good graft in just staying old, in refusing to be modernized. So Nuremberg decided to keep everything of about the date of 1492. There have been a few new buildings since then, but they have been built under the direction of a city architect, conforming in every particular with the older buildings so that they are practically indistinguishable.

As one wanders down those old streets that are never by any chance straight for more than a hundred yards, it is like a picture from Dore. All that is incongruous is the people. You expect at every turn to meet men-at-arms, knights and ladies in extravagant head dresses, and our modern clothing was a shameful anachronism.

Perhaps the pictures will give you an



River Island Front

idea of those turrets, gables, red tiles, ariel windows, and moss-covered roofs. I started the last day to do some shopping, and got lost in the middle of town and nearly missed my train. Every street I took turned and wabbled, retreated on itself, and finally wound up on the Peignitz. Finally I hired a small boy from a shopkeeper where I bought an Alpine hat that is still the wonder of my friends, and this small German boy took me gently by the hand and led me out to the gate opposite my hotel. But then, he was born there. Possibly if I were to live in Nuremberg thirty or forty years I too would learn my way around.

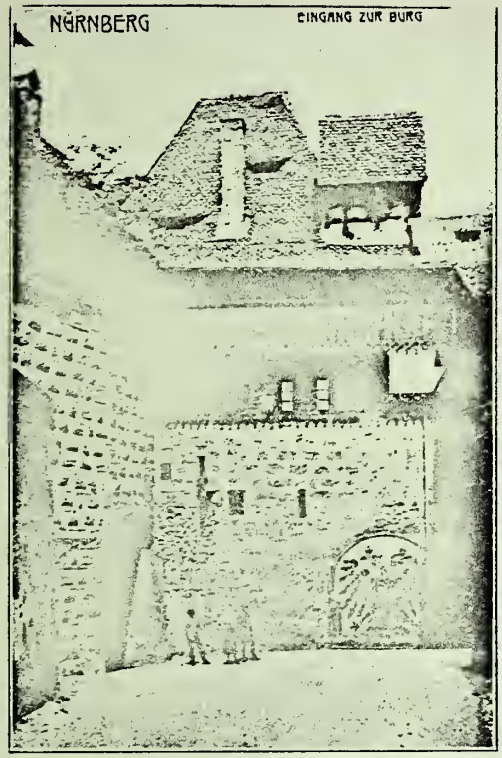
I forget now just what took us to Nuremberg. Certainly I knew nothing of its peculiarities when I went there, except that it was the home as well as the birth-place of the first great wood-engraver, Durer, who was born there in 1471, and died there in 1528. His house still stands as he left it—full of examples of his art, and they show the bed in which he slept, his chair, his Bible, the mug from which he drank, and the plate from which he ate.

I confess that in the matter of art, I could do without Durer and never miss him. Almost any American boy could take a jack knife and carve out the equals of his engravings. But he was the first man who gave the common people pictures. Before his time, the only pictures were of great price, reserved for the nobility and the very rich. When Durer began his great series of illustrations of the Bible and the popular moralities of his time, it was a great boon to the man with a few pence. So Durer was greatly glorified and his pictures, clumsily printed on poor paper went everywhere and were hawked all over Germany.

I suppose Durer was an artist, though personally I should be inclined to call him rather an inventor. The few paintings he attempted are stiff and formal and wooden, as though they were hacked out on his old wood plates. But he was first in his day and as such entitled to due credit.

The town is divided by the Peignitz into two sections, named from their churches the Sebalderseite, from the church of St. Sebald, and the Lorenzerseite from the church of St. Lorenz, which dates from the Tenth Century, so they say.

Each has its peculiar distinction.



Entrance to the Castle

St. Sebald contains the great bronze shrine of the Saint of that ilk, over which Peter Visscher, the greatest bronze worker of his time, and his five sons worked for thirteen years. Think of one job lasting a whole family for thirteen years. It is like the Japanese who spend a lifetime on one vase, and bequeath the unfinished work to their sons. But if that is the wonder of St. Sebald, St. Lorenz boasts a greater in the stone *pyx* and *ciborium*, 63 feet high, wrought of white marble by Adam Kraft, another great artist, and one of the boasts of Nuremberg, as his *pyx* is one of the artistic wonders of Germany.

In these quaint old streets one finds the Hans Sachs restaurant or weinhaus that has been in the same family since 1490, and the deeds and chain of title for more than four hunderd years hang on the wall for all to see. Talk about old times. The same family that serves you the glass of Rhenish was doing business at that stand before any one knew there was an American; before Columbus ever persuaded Isabella to sell the crown jewels and started on that marvelous voyage that made you and I Americans.

Hans Sachs was a cobbler, who started the craft of meister-singers, or wandering poets. Like all craftsmen of his time, he traveled to ply his trade, but he followed most of all the art of ballad writing—or perhaps lyrics would be nearer to it. Little songs of every-day life, sung or recited, learned byheart by the plain people among whom he toiled, their recreation in their hours of pleasure, inexpressibly dear to them. Perhaps he might be called the earlier Burns, for his songs were all of the common people. Most of them were lost, and his name nearly forgotten, until, just a few years ago, they were ressurrected and form one of the treasures of German poetry. And the restaurant that he frequented thus descending from father to son, is still his shrine, and on its walls in quaint German text are verses of his, most of which I regret to say, exhort you to fill up and take another drink. He would not be popular to-day in any prohibition community.

You will observe, then, that Nuremberg was quite up-to-date in its day as a literary and artistic center. It had Durer, the greatest of his time; Visscher. Adam Kraft and Hans Sachs. But it was also some town in a material way. Back there before the route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, Venice had the pull. The products of the Far East were brought by Venetian merchants from Constantinople, and transported northwardly by way of Nuremberg, and the old town cheerfully took its toll.

Also at Nuremberg were made the first watches, which were called Nuremberg Eggs; they were the first wire drawers in Europe; made the first gun locks, and were great on terrestrial globes, representing, according to our notions now, a wierd and fantastic world. It prospered greatly as a result of this commerce—was a free city with great privileges; maintained a standing army of six thousand men, and sassed the Emperor and Margrave face to face.

Nominally it was under the suzer-

ainty of the Margrave of Brandenberg, a title now hereditary in the German Emperor, but as a matter of fact, it was an oligarchy, conducted along convention lines by the rich citizens. Ostensibly a Free City, that is, free from tribute, tax and exaction from outsiders, internally, it was run on the plan of Pennsylvania.

On the hill that overlooks the town was a great castle which the Margrave occupied, when the citizens were willing and as long as he behaved according to their notions; and among the curious old things in Nuremberg there is nothing more instructive than this old fortress and prison.

While preserving the ancient appearance of the town the City Fathers have carefully preserved the old disciplinary instruments—instruments of torture we call them now—and they are interesting because they are the real thing and have been used hundreds of times on poor human bodies. There is the original Iron Maiden, in which the prisoner was placed and the front of the Maiden closed on him. Spikes pierced his eyes his bowels, his limbs. Bye and bye, after many days, he died in excruciating agony, and the Maiden was opened and the mangled remains were dropped down a chute into the moat.

There is an iron chair in which the naked victim was seated, limbs bound to the legs, hands to the arms; a fire started underneath and the occupant slowly roasted. One woman was thus slowly roasted to death because she had concealed from the vengeance of the municipality her husband who was wanted for some political offence.

There is the famous Spanish Boot made of iron, into which wedges of of wood were driven after they encased the prisoner's legs, till the bones were crushed. There were cute little knives for cutting out the eyes; clever little pinchers for tearing out the tongue; a very humorous contrivance was the Rack—a long frame, on which the victim was stretched, and slowly pulled apart by a windlass, and to make it more exciting the bed that sustained his body had three rollers covered with knobs over which the body was stretched. It was interesting to note that poor human



The Iron Maiden

bodies had been dragged and racked over this till the knobs were worn smooth. It must have gradually detracted much from the pleasure of the executioners, when this happened.

There are many other humorous things in this ancient collection. There is the pear, which when placed in the mouth, opened with a screw until it filled the whole mouth, and was kept there until the wearer starved to death. There was a huge barrel covered with grotesque figures that drunkards had to wear as a punishment; a gargoyle head for scolding women; iron flutes for musicians who played out of tune. In short, various punishments to fit the crime, all adapted to the rather somber kind of humor that seemed popular in those days.

We are too sentimental now. I am afraid we could hardly stand it to see a man racked to death now; but ladies and gentleman, in that day, used to enjoy it and bet on the length of time the victim would last. We are decadent;

our nerves are not as strong now as they were then.

One of the pleasant spots in Nuremberg is the "Bratwurst Glocklein"—the Street of the Little Bell. That is not all of it. That is just what Glocklein means, and Bratwurst, as every one knows, is the name for the little sausages as big as your finger, that are always served with saurkraut—and beer.

But you never ate such bratwurst as you get here. The little street has been chained off to keep vehicles out of it, and here at high noon, every day for three hundred years, the Little Bell has rung and the students of the town and any others who care to, come to eat sausage and kraut and one mug of beer for four cents.

In the summer time when we were there it was served on the cobble-stoned pavement outside, at little tables just big enough for three, and I should hesitate to record the bills that I paid for my party of four. But as Polk Cline's friend said about the whiskey, "It wuz wuth it."

Nuremberg is famous for its fountains, executed by that same Visscher and Adam Kraft. One of them commemorates what to my mind was the curiously unimportant career of an old-time bankrupt, who ran through every thing he had and was reduced to selling geese. But anyway, the fountain of the Gooseman is one of the sights of Europe.

Outside the walls is a great modern city, spreading over the plain with modern villas and manufacturies.

But time was when the old town saw hard lines. After Vasco Da Gama opened up the sea route to India, the trade of Nuremberg declined. She took the wrong side, financially, of the Reformation for she was Protestant from the start. Gustavus Adolphus sustained a great seige from Tilly under her walls, and thousands of her people perished from the blockade. It was taken and sacked a time or two. Its municipal debt became too large for its resources. It was offered for sale to various princes and potentates if they would assume the debt. It would have been a good purchase for any speculator, but in the great settlement of 1816, it became a part of Bavaria and is now one of the wealthiest towns in South Germany.

To the lover of the Old, the Picturesque, it has no equal in Europe. It is unique. Its quaintly gabled, red-tiled houses, its placid flowing Peignitz, its ancient shrines and churches, the exquisite and unbroken Spirit of the Past that broods over it, sets it apart from all others. The travelled American will get an entirely new thrill when he enters its ancient gates, and will carry away remembrances that have not their like in all that country we call the Old.



Motor Boating in Northwestern Waters

By Florence Kell

THERE is, perhaps, no other country offering greater possibilities to the amateur navigator than that of Puget Sound and the coast of British Columbia. Its composition of endless lanes of water, thickly populated cities, and wilderness as gives one a vast area for unlimited cruising without revisiting a spot once seen.

Our boat, the Restless, is a seaworthy craft, forty-eight feet over all and 10-foot beam. She is equipped with every possible comfort and convenience for cruising in all weathers. A 30-horse power engine drives her through the water at a speed of ten knots an hour.

Our host, the owner of the Restless, has made many trips through the waters we visited. After listening to the interesting accounts of his travels, which he carefully illustrated with the charts, we decided on Valdez Island and Tobsa Inlet as our points of destination.

It was July eleventh near sundown when this comfortable craft sailed from her home mooring with our party of four. By the light of a new moon we found anchorage that night in a snug little cove to the north of the San Juan Islands. The following day found us well on our way. About four in the afternoon we cleared from Nananimo and were free to accept of all the attractions awaiting the cruiser in British waters. We tried to cross the Gulf of Georgia that evening but found a high sea rolling, so put into Departure Bay, a sheltered anchorage just a few miles from Nananimo.

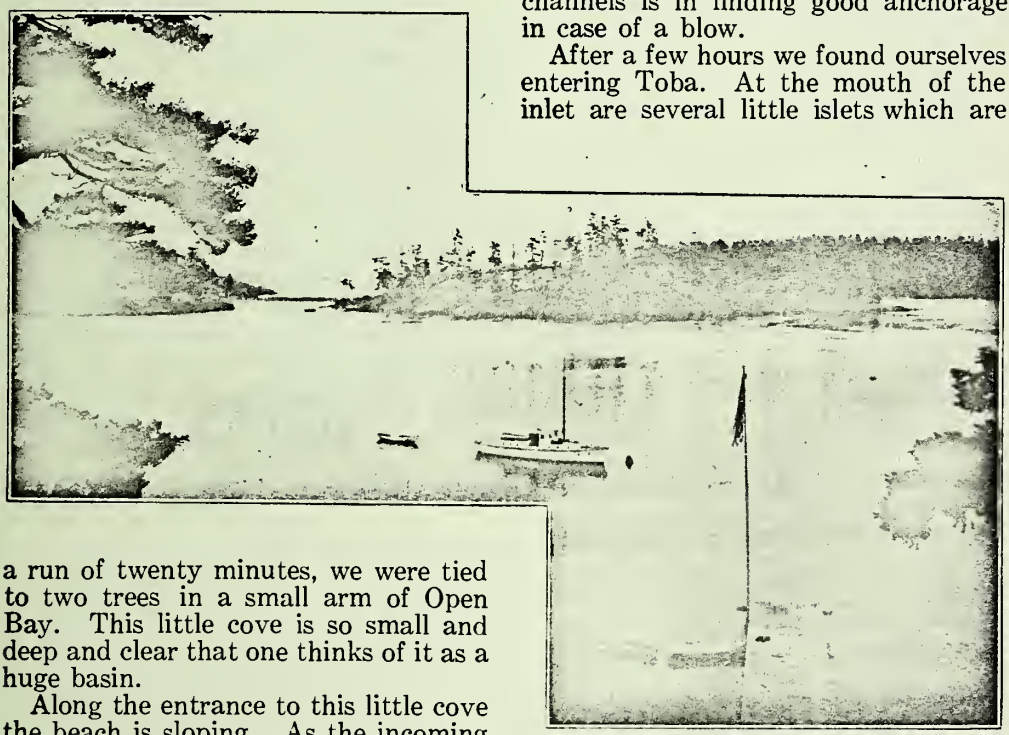
Along the shore line of this tranquil spot are scattered summering camps and homes which were filled with happy families enjoying the true freedom of mankind. One of our most delightful memories is of this little bay. The Britishers greeted us with a kind courtesy. One happy chap, by the aid of a "Victor" converted his small speedy craft into a music boat. The engine was successfully muffled so that it in no way interfered with the melodies as they floated through the air, first near, then far away. The evening was perfect, the atmosphere above as clear as the water below, and the moon added zest to the night by coquetting with clouds of delicate hue. Everything was so ideally restful, it was hard to imagime the outside waters a mass of boiling foam.

The Gulf of Georgia was the only open water we had to navigate, so early the next morning we started across and left behind all things connected with that happy evening in Departure Bay, save the reminiscenses which we shall continue to cherish.

It was breakfast time when we dropped anchor in Buckingnear Bay. After a hearty morning meal, we left for a day's travel in the Malaspince Straits. It was about nine in the morning when we started up this remarkable waterway which runs for miles between the mainland and Texeda Island. The settlements along these shores, which yearly increase in numbers, tell the tale of rich mineral and timber claims that are crowded within this unprospected country. The afternoon was well advanced when we turned from this highway of glistening water.

Lund, a small summering place for British Columbia people, is located at the head of the Straits. The hotel at this small resort is unusually good and deserving of the best patronage. The surrounding country, including the famous Powell River district, is so prolific in game and fish that it has proved to be a paradise to the sportsman.

The evening dinner hour found us tucked safely away in Village Bay, which is only one of the many secluded anchorages on the Valdez Island shore. Our host has many times before visited this protected little bay, and it was he who guided us to cold bubbling springs, murmuring streams and small fresh-water lakes, which are well stocked with trout. We remained in Village Bay over night, and the next day, after



a run of twenty minutes, we were tied to two trees in a small arm of Open Bay. This little cove is so small and deep and clear that one thinks of it as a huge basin.

Along the entrance to this little cove the beach is sloping. As the incoming tide lapped gently over the warm sands all of our party would have a daily dip. In the fading twilight we would row quietly along shores watching deer feed in the "lagged off" fields of green, or troll in outside waters for salmon which we easily tempted with the spoon.

In this small cove are fish of numberless varities. At night the waters are phosphorescent, and the fish and all marine life shine with this mysterious brightness. Now and then great shoals of fish slipped through the waters leaving behind great trails of light. Suddenly from out of the stillness would burst the sound of whales spouting in the distance, or fish jumping in the near-by open bay.

On the morning of July 22 we started for Toba Inlet. Here the scenery gradually grows dignified from beauty into bold, magnificent grandeur. On all sides are narrow gate-ways promising adventure to the passing boats. A glimpse at the chart informs one of still another inlet that runs for many miles up into the land. The only difficulty in ascending these interesting channels is in finding good anchorage in case of a blow.

After a few hours we found ourselves entering Toba. At the mouth of the inlet are several little islets which are alive with game. Toba is a body of water some miles in length winding its way between two mountain ranges which are from three to seven thousand feet in height. It seems as if all the magnificent wonders of God's glorious out-of-doors are crammed within these walls of rugged rock and thickly wooded pines. Snow-capped mountains smile from high above and glaciers glisten like diamonds in the light of a northern sun. Side by side, everywhere, waterfalls leap and dash over irregular rocky banks, and rainbows are formed by the sun in their mist of silvery spray. For miles in the distance beyond, one

can see these beauties of nature which seem to descend from the soft skies above.

The first sign of habitation is a logging camp. A few cabins appear to rest on air. About two hundred feet, straight up from the water's edge was a donkey engine and crew busy at work, unmindful of a passing yacht. The log shoot is so long and steep that each log left a curl of smoke behind as it rushed to the foam below.

About half way up the inlet is a glacier, accessible from the starboard side. We found good holding ground for our boat and were soon on shore hunting a trail to this frozen field. From an unseen opening a young Indian hunter, with the air of a thoroughbred, landed his canoe. He told us to follow the creek bed up the canyon for a short distance. After a little climb we reached the foot of the glacier and found the creek rushing from what appeared to be a long tunnel under the ice and snow. The less venturesome members of the party thought best not to explore this most promising grotto. Delicate perfume of wild flowers mingled with the cold breath of an icy gale breathed a sweetly welcome to this region of eternal snow.

Rising on either side of this glacier to a height of near two hundred feet are walls of green. One vista of this field of ice and snow with its living frame of fragile ferns, trailing vines and flaming red columbines, is a luxury seldom seen. We had an enjoyable snow battle and then started on our way with our minds full of this vision of unique beauty.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when we anchored at the head of the inlet. We were hardly settled from the usual stir of finding a new anchorage when an Indian Chief came to bid us a warm "Khahowha" to his settlement on the opposite shore.

Near sundown we returned his call and received from all of his people unaffected hospitable attentions which are not likely to be forgotten.

The women were variously employed, some were with household affairs, but the majority were engaged in basket weaving. The younger members of the village speak English fluently, the most of them having attended the Catholic Mission School in Whitehouse.

In their burial ground with its weird and grotesque markings, are several crosses which show the effect of tireless workers who are devoting their lives to enlighten these brave people.

On returning to our floating apartments we sat on deck for hours charmed with the marvelous splendor of a perfect July night. Away up in the cloudless blue hung a radiant moon bathing the majestic snow-clad mountains with all her glorious light. As we lay swinging lazily to anchor, all this wondrous beauty seemed wrapped in contented stillness, save the ceaseless thundering of cascades emptying their volumes of water in the channel below.

After a night's rest broken only by the dreams of this matchless grandeur, we were up with the first peep of day. On the mighty crags above, were mountain goat basking in the rays of the early morning sun. On near-by cliffs were deer grazing and fawn were gleefully at play. The early morning found us on our downward way. With every turn our eyes feasted on new and unexpected splendor and the glories of Toba rapidly twisted away in the distance.

By noon we reached Ramsey Arm, a place famous with the natives for its abundance of game and wild fruit. It was some time before we found suitable anchorage here. the lead line measuring but a few feet, then in almost the same locality sinking into fathomless water. A short row and we were on shore. A well worn trail started from the water's edge and wound its way for miles through a network of towering ferns and gayly blooming devil clubs. The latter are quite as dangerous as they sound, to even touch them means weeks of discomfort, from thorns too tiny for the naked eye to see. A good half mile from the shore we found quantities of lucious huckleberries. Broken bushes and perfectly fresh bear tracks gave us to understand that we were not the only party to feast on this palatable wild fruit.

Just as the sun of another day was lost to view behind distant mountains, we were again tied to the trees of our favorite cove just off of Open Bay.

I was up early the next day and out for a last row through this garden of marine life. The tide was low and the mirror of water reflected colors of rarest harmony and pictures of endless variety. On the crusted ledges hung great colonies of barnacles, and vivid pink and royal purple starfish clung to the glowing crags. Overhanging the water's edge grew festoons of bright yellow seaweed, and resting on the surrounding rocks were countless water



birds. I drifted quietly around this land-locked cove and to me it was a sorrowful morning for I knew I should never see this luring place again.

It was eight in the morning when the whistle sounded a farewell salute to this unknown place and we were homeward bound. Our downward course varied little from the trip up. The pilot held in nearer shore that we might better see the beauties on land. Between heaven and earth hung a veil of smoke. What a sight the fire made as the the flames, whipped by a summer breeze, leaped to tall and stately trees from the blazing ground.

Just before entering Doge Narrows, we ran for some distance by a formation of sandstone which is worn into crude and fantastic figures by the furies of winter seas. For a last time we watched from on deck the amber lights of a setting sun. On we traveled by the searching light of a hovering moon and the night was more than half gone when our engine was slowed down, while our careful pilot feelingly found his way to the dock of a sleeping island village.

The buzzing of busy little saw mills called our attention to another day and anchored near us were some Indian fishermen busily engaged in emptying their catch of the morning into baskets of the finest weave. We remained here just long enough to call at the United States custom house, for once again we were in American waters.

Everyone has heard of the Thousand Islands, of the St. Lawrence river, still few know of the San Juan group and yet all other inside waterways fade in comparison with this region of scenic beauty which is unrivaled by any similar archipelago on the American continent. They comprise an entire county in the extreme northwest part of the state of Washington. The outlines of the islands vary greatly, the surface being mostly rugged and thickly wooded. The valley lands are unusually fertile and produce an abundance of grain and hay, while the highlands are unequalled for sheep ranges. Their orchards are unexcelled and their fisheries are among the most valuable in this country.

On one of these islands is the house of Mr. Robert Moran, who after building the battleship Nebraska for the United States Government sold his Seattle shipyard, after years of active business life, and retired to this ideal place. Mr. Moran's island possessions consist of a thousand or more acres on Orcas Island. Here he has constructed from the ideas of his wonderful brain, a mansion unequalled by any other home on the Pacific Coast.

All through the islands are many modest little homes. Occasionally one sees a hunting lodge and in a great number of the well protected coves are small villages.

After wending our way through

channels and around islands for many miles in this enchanting archipeligo the Restless once again "tied up" to her home mooring and our cruise of a fortnight was over.

Nightly to the rythm of tiny ripples we were rocked in peaceful sleep, and daily we awoke from restful slumber proclaiming the light of a delightfully serene and pleasant day. Thus one after another did the days roll quickly by, leaving us intoxicated with the glorious beauties of these untravelled parts of the Northwestern country.

Cyclamens in the Florist's Window

By Mabel Hillyer Eastman

All day the staring window
Beside the busy street
Thrills with the far, faint echo
Of twinkling fairy feet;
All day we stand, a tip-toe,
With wings like crimson foam,
And hear the fairy piper
Go calling, calling home.

The fairy piper's playing
It sings of hasting grass;
Of fretted waters, flowing
Adown a rock-bound pass;
Of moonlight, silver-dripping
Aslant on fern and flower,
Where lilting, laughing wood-sprites
Dance out their little hour.

The fairy piper's playing
So sweet it rings, and low
That none may choose but follow
Where'er the piper go—
It sets the mad blood pulsing—
'Tis grief too sad for tears—
And none may tell its message
'Tis his alone who hears!

O, some shall leave their spinning
And come with tranced eyes,
To hear the piper's music
In dreams of paradise!—
But we may follow never
That lost, wild strain again,
For we were woodland dryads
Who loved the sons of men.

Tales of a Pullman Ark

III. The Old Soldier's Story--Hesper on the Cross-Roads

By Margaret Hill McCarter

THE old soldier looked out of the car window for a long time. The rain was beating heavily against the pane, and the lightning showed only a waste of black water far and wide about the Pullman marooned on the swell of land in the rain-deluged Kaw valley. Darkness with a storm overhead and floods below makes the wrath of the Lord very real.

"A night like this always reminds me," the Old Soldier began. And then his story followed:

Hesper on the Cross-roads is neither town nor country. There is the church and the academy, and the store with strip of brick sidewalk in front of it, and the livery stable. There is the shoe shop and the blacksmith shop and the postoffice. The millinery store is in the big store—brick front and frame rear [the store, not the millinery,] and the doctor's office is in his home. There are not two of anything in Hesper. It is *the* show shop and *the* church, *the* livery stable and *the* tavern. Only one of a kind, except the First Families. There are three of them—the Jamisons, the Baileys and the Kulps. There seemed once to be little chance for any increase in that number of the higher rank. For all the Jamison girls married Bailey boys, and the Bailey girls married the Kulp brothers and the Kulp girls married old Daniel Jamison's sons. So the three First Families promised to stay there till the end of time—almost. And the exception is what makes this story possible.

The homes of the three families, with the various homes that branched off from the parental roof trees, made Hesper.

Each family's possessions cornered up to the cross-roads with large farms spreading out behind them. The fourth corner held the church and the academy, the tavern and the shoe shop. Joining the latter was the modest little home of Jason Flutters, the shoemaker. The people were all Quakers, of course. No other church is more exclusive, and the plain little meeting house in the days of auld lang syne was the shrine not alone of the Jamisons, the Baileys and the Kulps, but of a wide settlement of Friends who owned or rented all the land in the Cherry Creek valley.

Every First Day found the structure filled with silent worshipers, for this was before the day of the noisy Quaker preacher who tried to take heaven by storm, and besieged the Almighty with high-strained voice as if He were deaf. All the children of the three first families have dutifully followed in the footsteps of their parents. All had or gave earnest of having large families, and all these worshipped after the manner of George Fox in the little meeting house—all save the youngest Kulps. They were the exception.

The youngest Kulps were twins —Johnathan and Zelinda. They had been solemnly named and so they were always called by their good parents. But while none of the other Kulp children were ever nicknamed, David, Esther, Rachael, Eli, Joseph, in Hesper and all the community round about, the Kulp twins had been known from childhood as "Jot" and "Lin."

"Jest suits 'em too," Aunt Polly Flutters used to say. "It's all right for Mahala Ann and Nancy Jamison, and Patience and Keziah Bailey to be always named in full, but one look at Lin Kulp 'll tell you why you needn't call her 'Zelindy.'"

Aunt Polly was the life of Hesper. No gathering was ever thought of without her. Grave and solemn were all the

church elders, even Jason Flutters himself—but Aunt Polly—well a smile always awaited her coming, and her sayings were household words.

Of course, in the three First Families, Jot and Lin Kulp were brought to judgment over and over. But the big country element and the lesser in rank about Hesper, under Aunt Polly Flutter's championship, were more charitable. But, nevertheless, all the pranks in staid old Hesper could be traced to one or both of these young people. "Kulp's afterthought," Jason Flutters called them, which was as near a joke as Jason was ever known to come.

And, indeed, Jot and Lin called themselves unnecessary evils in Hesper. They could never conform to its customs and traditions. Every young man in the Hesper meeting "roached" his hair straight back from his forehead. But Jot's red-brown curly locks would fall down again in little rings above his brow. And however much Lin Kulp plastered it down smoothly on each side of her head, like other Hesper girls, it was in a little while sure to be in blowsy waves about her pink and white face. They could not help being the handsomest youngsters in that Quaker neighborhood, but they might have been less mischievous and reckless law-breakers against the good old church tenets and family traditions. They might have been, but they weren't.

When the twins were seventeen they were sent for three years' study to the old New Garden Boarding School in North Carolina. Travel, life in the South and higher education did not settle their spirits, however, and at twenty they were more than ever objects of church criticism and neighborhood affection. They were too sweet-tempered and full of the spirit of healthy young manhood and womanhood to be resisted.

When the Civil war began, Hesper lay in the track of every Rebel raid that swept over the Missouri border and up the Kaw valley into Kansas. Quiet, unbelligerent, prosperous community that it was, taking no part in the struggle that had stirred the nation, it was yet so pronouncedly anti-slavery in its creed that it was sure to come in for its share of wrath in the day of border vengeance. But through all the storm and stress the little community possessed its soul in a Quaker patience and lived peacefully through the tragic days preceeding the outbreak of civil strife. With the attack on Fort Sumpter and the first Bull Run, Hesper had nothing to do. Calmly every First Day and Fifth Day of each week the community went to Friends meeting. Then, save on the Sabbath, it sowed and spun, declaring its peace principles and not a son offered to take up arms.

Under this regime Jot Kulp chafed and fumed until one summer evening he exploded all his pent-up spirit in his mother's hearing. Jot was a good boy at home. Much as he grieved his father and mother, he had too winning a way to let any place be unhappy where he was. And John Kulp admitted that, while all of his boys, David, Eli and Joseph, were steady, none of them could be more depended on than Johnathan to *do* a piece of work completely once he started at it. And if John Kulp was narrow on anything, it was on demanding that his children should do *precisely* what they were sent to do. He was conscientious to the last scruple himself. Having once made up his mind there was no changing his view. This trait his willful youngest son and daughter had inherited to the fullest degree.

On this summer evening, Jot had followed his mother in her round of chores, taking her work from her hands and doing it as neatly and quickly as she could have done it. And then he sat down deside her on the kitchen doorstep.

"Mother," he began in a persuasive tone, "Mother, thee knows I can't do much for Hesper."

"Maybe not, Johnathan, but Hesper can do much for thee," his mother answered.

"No, it can't, Mother, and I'll tell thee what I *want* to do."

When Jot Kulp said he *wanted* a thing his mother knew he meant that he intended to have it.

"What is thee going to do?" she asked

quietly. A patient resignation was in her voice.

"I'm going to enlist. Oh, I know I'm a son of Belial, and all that, but Mother, Mother, didn't George Fox break away from family traditions when he founded the Quaker church? Didn't William Penn scandalize all the old Penns in England, when he set up a city of Brotherly Love in the wilderness? It is against all Kulp teaching since the first old Dutch Kulp became a Quaker in Pennsylvania back in 1600—and guess-at-the-time. But I can't help it. If it was right for old Grandfather Johnathan Kulp to turn Quaker back East, it is just as right for his descendant and precious namesake, Jot Kulp, to turn back to the former type out here in Kansas. I'm going up to Topeka to enlist. I can't help it."

Long his mother sat in silence, her fingers toying with Jot's curly hair. Finally, she spoke.

"Johnathan, I believe in peace. I believe, too, in freedom of conscience, If the spirit is leading thee, my son, I can only say—if thee does, fight like a brave man clear to the end of the battle; don't go out to lose, but to win. And if thee should fall by the wayside, go down bravely, nor beg any favors."

* * * * * *

Up to this time the great strife had not been felt in Hesper. That night the storm struck the peaceful community. A Missouri gang rounding up a desperate raid, entered the village. The principal of the academy was dragged from his room over the postoffice and cruelly beaten by the border ruffians. The next day he died from his injuries. That day found Jot Kulp on his way to Topeka to enlist, and one of Hesper's first families became bound to the Civil War by ties no church could break. Public sentiment that had been so passive now waxed furious against border raiders and the Southern Confederacy, and a Southern sympathizer was looked upon as a deadly enemy. It is the way of the peaceful, always. When they are aroused they are implacable in their bitterness.

In the Kulp home, most of all, was War a dreadful reality now. Martha Kulp grew whiter and quieter as time passed. But her husband, from the day Jot left Hesper, was implacable in his bitterness toward the Rebellion. Charity gave way before stern Justice, and he would not tolerate a kind word for the South spoken in his hearing. The Kulp home, always before open to the needy and defenceless, suddenly closed to any man who had sympathy for the Southern Confederacy. In Hesper, life seemed to go on after the same old plan, but the rollicking Jot was missed more and more.

"It's jest astonishin' what a big hole that boy left here when he went up the Kaw to enlist," Aunt Polly remarked to Jason Flutters one evening. "Bad boy like him, too," she added drily.

"He's better'n some that's claimin' sanctification pretty near," Jason spoke sharply.

"Thee needn't bite my head off." Aunt Polly's eyes were twinkling, but a gravity overshadowed her face. "The Union men's in close places now. I'm afraid for Jot. He's such a darin' boy. The Army's crowdin' down into Virginy."

Jason Flutters looked out of the window into the wet April night. The rain was falling heavily, and a hoarse wind was sweeping down the Cherry Creek valley.

"I'd not want a boy out in camp on a night like this," Aunt Polly said thoughtfully. "I don't wonder Marthy Kulp looks paler'n brokener'n she did last year."

Jason sighed heavily.

"I think we'd better read the Bible and git to bed," he said sadly.

He took the Bible from the shelf and held it close to the candle light while he read in a quaint unnatural tone the sweet old promises of the 91st Psalm. A brief time they sat in silence. Then they rose and prepared to retire.

"I declare, I forgot that cat," Aunt Polly exclaimed. "Thee go to bed, Jason, I'll put her in the shed, it's so rainy."

With the big Tabby in her arms, she crossed the wet streak between the kitchen door and the shed. The cat

was safely housed when a gust of wind suddenly blew out the candle and slammed the kitchen door behind her, leaving Aunt Polly shut out in the darkness and the rain. Before she could move a low voice spoke.

"Don't be afraid, Aunt Polly. It is just Lin Kulp."

"Why, child, child—" Aunt Polly began.

"Sh—keep still. Don't make a sound."

Aunt Polly had known Lin all of the girl's life. She had tacitly helped the reckless child out of more than one prank—a help the Hesper meeting might have censured severely had the other elders known. But to-night something in the girl's voice moved the older woman to carefulness.

"For the Lord sake, what's thee doing, Linnie, dearie? Thee must quit thy mischievous ways now, child. What is it thee wants?"

"Right now, I want to keep my lantern dry, till I get into the shed," Lin replied. "Run in and I'll follow."

Aunt Polly felt her way into the dark shed and Lin closed the door.

The girl threw aside her big shawl and revealed a lighted lantern. In its dim rays the pretty Quakeress looked like a painting swathed in soft dull shadow. Her cheeks were blooming like June roses, and her winning smile, her bright dark eyes, her curly brown hair, the white folds of the handkerchief about her white throat, the plain gray dress all helped to make the picture with its simple setting one to remember.

"Aunt Polly, I want thee to help me."

"Why, child, what can I do? Thee is always up to something the rest of Hesper doesn't approve of. It's a mercy thee hasn't joined the Rebel army."

Lin sat down on a candle box and laughed. Mrs. Flutters dropped into a broken chair.

"I'm in a big hurry now, Aunt Polly, and it's an awfully serious matter. I went up to Cherry Creek this afternoon to get some eggs for Father. He wanted a setting from Burnett's place. Thee knows Burnett's have genuine White Leghorn chickens. I wanted to ride the black colt, but Father made me take the old flea-bitten gray, Toby. Well, just as I got to the ford of the creek coming back, old Toby stumbled —scared at something. Think of that now—Toby—and he jumped clear across the road, and I found myself sitting in front of him. Didn't hurt anything but my pride, and that setting of eggs. Broke the last one of them. I was in for it, for when Father wants a setting of eggs, he dosen't want them scrambled. I knew that meant a ride clear back to Burnett's. But I thought I'd find first what had excited the old gray critter. Aunt Polly, it was a man, a Rebel, lying behind some tall grasses."

Aunt Polly gave a start.

"Oh, Linnie, Linnie, what does thee mean? A Rebel raider?"

Lin looked dangerously handsome and rebellious herself.

"Now, keep still," she said imperviously, "I guess I don't think like Hesper does, but I'm moved by the spirit as it is sometimes. Anyhow, that man was hurt—had a broken wrist, and a shoulder out of place and a sprained ankle. When a person's hurt and down he needs help, blue coat or gray, and I'm going to give it if I can. That's the way the Quaker Spirit moves me, Polly Flutters. I asked the poor fellow a few questions and then I told him I'd help him on his way."

"And him a Rebel!" gasped Aunt Polly. "The kind Jot is fighting now."

"That's just it," cried Lin daringly. "I listened to the Spirit and it told me maybe Jot was wounded in the enemy's country to-day, and some Rebel was being good to him, and I could help to pay that kindness here. That's what the Spirit said and I listened."

"Oh, Lin, thee is blasphemous," groaned Aunt Polly.

"No, I'm not," the girl declared stoutly. "But thee knows filial duty first with a Quaker. I thought of Father and what happens in Castle Kulp when we don't do *egg*-actly as he says. But I couldn't go clear back to Burnett's. It was nearly dark and threatening rain any minute. So, I thought Father needed laboring with, Aunt Polly." There was mischief in

Lin's eyes now. "Peterson's right down the road have the fluffiest black and white Houdan chickens thee ever saw. How could I tell a black Houdan's egg from a white Leghorn's? I just made old Toby gallop to Peterson's and—well, Father will be ruffled as a Houdan when old Yellow Tail hatches out those funny black and white Leghorns in a month from now."

"Lin, Lin, thee ought not deceive."

"I don't, Aunt Polly. It's those foolish Leghorns laying Houdan's eggs," Lin replied gravely. "But here's my trouble. I told Father and Mother a Rebel raider had been hurt and we must take care of him. Aunt Polly, those two Quaker elders, John and Martha Kulp hate Rebels so they wouldn't hear to a word of help for this poor man."

" 'Let him die,' Father said bitterly. 'That's what they are letting our boys do now,'—and—I know Father. but what if Jot were lying out somewhere in the Rebel country this rainy night?" Lin wrung her hands.

"I've made up my mind and thee must help me," she spoke rapidly now." After dark I took the black colt and went down to the ford and helped this stranger to get on him and I have brought him up here. He must have his shoulder put back into place and help to get away. I know he is a Rebel and would be mobbed if the folks knew he was here, and maybe his brother is fighting against my brother. But maybe too, Jot might need kindness down in Virginia and a Rebel might help him. Oh, Aunt Polly, Rebel or Union, has Hesper forgotten all its Quaker teachings, that a man's life isn't safe here because he dosen't think as we do?"

"That's what happened to John Harrison, our teacher at the Academy," Aunt Polly said sadly.

Lin groaned. "Love your enemies," she murmured softly. The words had their effect on Aunt Polly Flutters.

"I've brought him here. He's on the side porch. Help me get him in here. Help me to take care of him somehow."

Aunt Polly rose to the situation.

"Bring him right in here, Lin. What's that? Nothin' but Jason Flutters snorin'. The roof always teeters up and down when Jason snores. What air we comin' to, I wonder, if we can't visit the sick, and in prison? But the murder of our teacher fixed all Hesper. An' when a Quaker gets set—um! but they're set for all time an' a good slice of eternity. Let's get at it, Lin."

It was a daring thing for two women to attempt. Looking back now, it seems incredible that sectional prejudice should have been so bitter, that human sympathy should have been so shut out of the common heart. It is but an index of that day of hate when brother was at war with brother.

Tenderly the two women brought the Rebel stranger into the little shed. He had been thrown from his horse, a stolen one he confessed, as he was hurrying to join his leader miles away. He was a handsome young Southerner. How much that may have helped Lin's spirit to move her is open for consideration.

Aunt Polly dressed his wounds carefully and with a quick deft wrench she pulled his arm into its socket. Then as he rested, she questioned him.

"What's thy name?"

"Carey Cameron," he replied. I live in Virginia. I came West out of love of adventure. I didn't believe either faction could hate the other so. I'm going home now. I'll never join another raid."

"I have a brother in Virginia," Lin spoke sadly.

"So have I, Carey said quickly." "Let us not be enemies because they are. If I get out of Kansas alive, I'll never come back."

Lin looked up quickly, one of those glances that make a year of history. small in comparison to its power.

"But how will thee get out?" asked Aunt Polly. "There is trouble ahead for thee if even Jason Flutters should stop that snoring and come out here one minute."

The young man looked sternly before him. He was not a person to attack carelessly. His face and bearing bespoke the gentleman and man of courage.

"I don't know how I'll get away. I

may not get far, but I'll not give up before I'm asked." He shut his lips firmly.

"I know how he'll get away," Lin said calmly shaking the coat Aunt Poolly had taken away from him. "He will ride the black colt and I'll ride the beautiful gray palfrey as far as Buck's crossing. He'll find friends then and I'll come back home in the morning before the sun.

Lin was putting on her shawl.

"Where is thee going?" asked Aunt Polly.

"To get the horses," Lin answered.

Aunt Poolly opened her lips, but she did not speak.

She knew Lin Kulp. Out into the dark that April night the young man and the young woman went together. He to ride for his life, she to guide him at the risk of family displeasure, good name, and maybe her own life.

"The Spirit moves me," she whispered as she kissed Aunt Polly's motherly face.

That night the rain was falling far away on the Virginia mountains. Up on the steep side of the Blue Ridge a narrow roadway hugs the cliff high above New river. Where the road makes a bend around a spur of overhanging heights—a bit of level space stretches out over to the edge of the sheer bluff that stands fully two hundred feet above the river at its base. This famous spot, long known as the Hawk's Nest, had that day been the scene of one of the most terrific skirmishes of the Civil War. Kirby Smith with a little band of Rebels had been surprised there by a double number of Union men who had penned him in this narrow little bit of ground with the bluff above, and the cliff below. Smith was no coward, but it seemed nothing less than a miracle that in that death-trap with hardly space to stand upon, he should have been able to cut his way through the Union lines and make his escape. It was a bloody struggle and Blue and Gray lay side by side when the smoke had lifted above the tree-tops and rolled down the New river valley. At nightfall, the rain fell in sheets. The air was chill as November, while dead faces stared up with eyes that saw nothing any more on earth forever. By the brink of the cliff, wounded and beaten by the pitiless storm, Jot Kulp lay in the darkness alone. Beside him on either hand lay the dead. From far below, the roar of the river sounded dull and hoarse. It is not the courage that leads a man to face bullets, it is a sublime power that can sustain him in such an hour. In a moment of delirium Jot saw the green stretches of the Cherry Creek valley, and the plain, little homes of Hesper. Then Lin's laughing eyes were looking up at him. The sunlight was warm and bright, and they were planning together some of the thousand good times that had failed their days. And then, all suddenly, he came to himself. A great pain was cutting him through and the rain and darkness and loneliness and death were with him.

As he opened his eyes and feebly brushed the wet from his face, a light gleamed from somewhere. It came nearer. Some one with a lantern was bending over him looking down into his face with kindly eyes. It was a soldier strong and tall with a fine aristocratic face. He wore the Rebel gray and he stood on the battle field as one who had been the victor.

"You poor devil!" his voice was musical. "You ought not to die out here. It's awful."

Jot set his teeth. "I can die if I must, but nobody wants to die," he said coldly.

The Rebel bent over him and put one hand on his shoulder.

"We aimed our guns at each other to-day, but now you are down, we needn't quarrel," he said kindly. "When it comes to a place like this,"—dead forms were close about them—"after all, we aren't so very far apart. I've got a twin brother somewhere out on the Kansas border. I'd hate to think of his being out alone and helpless on a night like this."

"Kansas is my home—was my home," Jot said feebly. "There are kind-hearted people there."

A little while the young Rebel stood looking down at the wounded boy.

"Say, Kansas, I believe I'll risk a

turn for you. If old man Kirby should catch me, it would be the court-martial for me, but—well, I don't know why, but something tells me I owe it to you to do something for you. It's a cursed vile place to leave a man in here. That's why you tried to fix the whole lot of us down here this afternoon. You'd have done it too, only we were better soldiers—but never mind that."

"It's too bad you aren't in a better cause. You do know how to fight," Jot answered his thrust.

"There you go, Kansas, just when I'm taking all kinds of risks for you. But you're worth saving, I guess. I came here to look for a neighbor boy; he's over there all right, half off the cliff and it's no use to pull him back now, for *he's* gone; no more trouble for him."

Tenderly the stalwart young Southerner lifted Jot's wounded form; then through the darkness and the rain, with lantern extinguished, he picked his way, sure-footed over the rough mountain road as Jot himself would have been in a star-lit night on the level prairies beyond the Wakarusa.

It was a long and dangerous effort. Jot was suffering agonies and the path was rough. Once the young Rebel put down his burden and drew his breath heavily.

"Your captain's camp is just over there," he said in a low voice. "My name is Cameron, Percy Cameron. If you ever get there tell those Kansas Abolitionists there was one gentleman in Virginia who could fight and defend a foe. Tell them we aren't all savage cannibals, whose main food is nigger meat, taken raw."

"My name is Kulp, Jot Kulp of Hesper, Kansas, I'll remember you. God bless you!" the Kansas boy replied, and the journey was resumed.

A little later Jot found himself in front of his captain's tent, and the young soldier who had daringly walked into an enemy's camp, coolly laid his burden before the captain's door, and disappeared in the darkness as though he had slidden over the cliff side and been swallowed up by the hoarse-voiced river below.

Out in the dark and rain that night Lin Kulp and Carey Cameron took their way. It was a long and dangerous ride to where the Rebel raider should find his own. Only a traitor will aid and abet his country's enemy, but Lin was a law unto herself that night.

When Carey Cameron bade her goodby, he pressed her hand.

"You have saved my life. May God bless you. I shall see you again if our lives are spared."

"Farewell. Take care of yourself and when the Houdan's are big enough to fry, come back to Hesper." She spoke gaily, but there was a strange feeling somewhere in her mind's far corners.

She had always been a daring, mischievous girl, doing those things no other girl in Hesper would ever dream of doing. She had been a belle in the community from the time she was old enough to enter the academy. In her boarding school days she was the leader of a gay set of young people who took the full worth of time out of each day. With Jot to help the two had taken all manner of chances with Fate in the happy-go-lucky escapades of college life.

To-night as she turned in the darkness to face a long, dangerous ride alone, a sense of loneliness swept over her. It was not Lin, the reckless fun-loving girl, but Zelinda Kulp, a woman, who sadly questioned herself each moment.

"It may be wrong to help a Rebel, but I thought, I really did, though nobody will believe me, that I was led by the Spirit," she told herself over and over.

The rain fell in sheets. Poor Lin's clothing was dripping wet, when in the gray dawn she turned the two horses into the back pasture, and slipped into the house, questioning herself, but glad at heart for her deed of kindness.

As she was gliding by Jot's room, she saw her mother kneeling by his empty bed. The light was dim for the morning was dark and lowering. Without a second thought Lin, all wet and draggled, stepped quickly to her mother's side and put her arms about her mother's shoulders. Martha Kulp rose up in amazement, and Lin, flinging dis-

cretion to the winds, told her all that had transpired that night.

"I'll catch it, of course," she said defiantly at the end of her story. "Thee and Father will never forgive me, and the Jamisons and Baileys will naturally give me up in monthly meeting. But I'd do it if it was to do again."

Martha Kulp drew her daughter to her. "Zelinda, I dreamed twice that Johnathan was wounded and alone out on a wild mountain side in the rain; and that a Rebel soldier, he looked like the one thee described, came to him and carried him to his company. I could not sleep after the second dream, and I came in here to pray for my boy. I'm glad thee did help that poor stranger. My heart misgave me that Father and I have been too harsh. I'm glad thee was kind."

The summer of that year saw dreadful sights along the Missouri border, but the little community did not again come under the raider's wrath, and when the story of Jot Kulp's deliverance from death by a Rebel reached Hesper it softened every heart to its old pulse-beat again. The peace-loving Quakers went their ways, and saw only a small part of all this turmoil until August had come with its burden of heat.

The cool midnight shadows were splotched by the darker gloom as a band of lawless, brutal men dashed headlong across the Kansas landscape. Their leader rode at the head of the line, the very incarnation of human hate and fury. On they went through the still morning hours, until the East began to crimson above the purple band that binds together the night and the day.

They were in the Cherry Creek valley now. To the right Hesper slept in its serene faith in God and good will toward men. For the belligerent spirit of hate cannot stay where man worships silently before the Lord in His holy tabernacle.

To the left of the band the valley was full of deep shadow where Cherry Creek winds come down to meet the Kaw. In the moment of darkness just before the burst of dawn the leader paused.

"Call that Cameron here," he ordered.

Carey Cameron dashed forward. Some men on horse-back are superb, and he was one of them.

"You've been here before, Cameron?" the leader asked.

"Yes, sir, Captain Quantrill," the young man said saluting his superior officer.

"You are new to me. I never saw you till to-day. Now tell me, where is Hesper? Can we fix it? Send it to hell and get to Lawrence by daylight?"

"No, sir. If you go to Lawrence, you must leave Hesper out. It is too far away to reach now." Cameron spoke with assurance.

"Move on!" commanded Quantrill, and the band galloped forward. As soon as it entered the shadow of the wooded valley, Cameron's horse stumbled, delayed a moment, and then as his companions sped onward he wheeled and dashed with furious speed in the direction of Hesper. Just outside of Lawrence, Quantrill halted and called again for Cameron. He was not to be found. But the daylight was come and the terrible Quantrill raid unparalled in its atrocity in Kansas annals, soon became a part of history.

Down in Hesper that Sabbath day Lin Kulp listened to the story of the Quantrill outrage.

"And to think," she said to herself, "that I helped to save a man who maybe was with that band." And then her true self spoke. "I don't care if I did. He wasn't bad then. I wonder if I shall ever see him again. I wish I might."

She was sitting under the vine-covered veranda on the shady side of the house looking out across the yellow fields of August, out to the blue-gray sky-line. John and Martha Kulp had gone to the Bailey's for dinner. In fact everybody was where this awful tragedy could be talked of with somebody, everybody except Lin. She sat alone in the quiet Sabbath afternoon a loneliness unlike any other feeling she had ever known filling her soul.

And then suddenly Carey Cameron had come through the gate, was coming up the path toward her, his face full of

tenderness. Lin looked steadily at him with eyes full of questioning.

"I told you I would come back, Miss Kulp," he had taken her cold hand in his own.

"Did thee come with Quantrill?" she asked, her face growing whiter each moment.

"Yes, as far as the bend in the creek. He asked me about Hesper and I sent him on. Then I cut his company, deserted, and here I am."

"Oh, could thee, could thee be such a brute as Quantrill?"

"No, no, little Quaker, I joined his band yesterday and came this far only to save Hesper from him. Hesper saved me once. Then when we had reached the ford down there I slipped away. I am no longer a Rebel. Maybe I'll change my church too, if I have any encouragement. Could it have been that the Spirit moved me to come this far to turn the band away from falling upon Hesper?"

Lin bent her head and toyed with the morning-glory vines by the doorway. The Sabbath afternoon was very still. Nobody was in sight. The little vine-clad porch was cool and sweet with the faint odor of white honeysuckle at the farther side. Lin Kulp in her gray lawn made in the simple fashion of the Quaker gown, with her pink cheeks and her white throat was as sweet as the wild rose by the Cherry Creek shallows. Carey Cameron put one arm around her.

"You have made a loyal Union man of me. When the war is over may I come back to Hesper, and be Quaker too?"

She lifted her eyes to his.

"Thee is not a Bailey or a Jamison," she said softly.

"No, I'm only a Cameron. But little girl, my brother Percy carried one Jot Kulp off the field at the Hawk's Nest after that skirmish with Kirby Smith. Won't that make up for the lack of Quaker blood royal here?"

Lin threw both her arms about the tall young soldier and pressed her cheek against his shoulder.

"Was that thy brother? Oh, the Lord is good," and the morning-glory vines know what was said after that.

"I know'd it would all come out all right," Aunt Polly Flutters declared one summer day two years later. "Lin Kulp's too good for Hesper anyhow. And here she's goin' to be married an' we can't keep her. But Jot sorter makes up for the loss by goin' back to Virginny after a little Southern girl he met at New Garden. She's a birth-right Quaker all right, Jot's girl is, but they aint no finer stock than the Camerons. Them Kulp twins never done like nobody else, always done a little finer, seems to me. An' now the've jest set Hesper up a notch or two."

"They certainly did help to break up our narrer views," Jason Flutters assented, "an' I guess we needed somethin' like that 'er we'd all a been Quantrills ourselves, in sperit, or mighty nigh it anyhow."

THE WYANDOTTE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

By John A. Martin

Editor's Note.—The following address was delivered by the late John A. Martin at a reunion of the surviving members of the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention, at which was formulated the Free-State Constitution of Kansas. Governor Martin was a member of that assembly and spoke with much authority. The Constitution has survived with few amendments for fifty years, and remains our organic law to-day. It seems a fitting time to give this, a comprehensive picture of its work.

FOUR Conventions framed Constitutions for this State. The first assembled at Topeka, on October 23, 1855, and adjourned on the 11th day of November, after a session of twenty days. It was composed of forty-seven members, of whom thirty-one signed the Constitution. On the 15th of December this instrument was submitted to the people for ratification or rejection. Only 1,777 ballots were cast, all but forty-six being favorable. Only one of its sections, a provision excluding negroes and mulattoes from the State, was submitted as an independent proposition and adopted by an affirmative vote of 1,287 to 453 against it.

The second Convention, which met on the 7th day of June, 1857, was held at Lecompton, and after a session of four days, adjourned until the 19th day of October, a final adjournment being reached on the 3rd of November. It was composed of sixty-four members, forty-five of whom signed the organic law it framed, and its session continued twenty days. No direct vote on this Constitution was provided for. The schedule ordered two forms of ballot, one, the "Constitution with Slavery," the other, "Constitution with No Slavery." It was the old turkey-and-buzzard choice. The Free-State men refused to vote at the election, held on the 21st of December, and only 6,712 ballots were cast, 6,147 being for Slavery and 568 against Slavery. The Free-State men had, however, elected a majority of the Territorial Legislature in October, and at a special session of that body, held in December, a law was passed providing for a direct vote on the Constitution. This election was held on the 4th day of January, 1858, resulting: Against the Constitution, 10,266; for, 164—the Pro-Slavery men not voting. A third vote on the Lecompton instrument was taken August 2, 1858, Congress having ordered its resubmission under the terms of the English bill. Again it was rejected, the ballots in its favor being only 1,788 and those against it, 11,300.

The Leavenworth Convention met at Minneola, March 23, 1858, and at once adjourned to Leavenworth, where it reassembled March 25. It was composed of ninety-five members, was in session only eleven days, and the Constitution it framed was signed by eighty-three persons. This instrument was adopted at an election held May 11 by a very small vote, the Pro-Slavery men taking no part in the contest. It was never a popular organic law, and many Free-State men who supported it did so under protest. An earnest effort was made by the Republicans to secure the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution, and by the Democrats, with a few exceptions, to bring the Territory in under the Lecompton Constitution. But no serious or determined contest was waged in Congress for admission under the Leavenworth Constitution, and in less than eight months the movement in its behalf was formally abandoned.

The Wyandotte Convention.

Early in February, 1859, the Territorial Legislature passed an Act submitting to the people the question of calling a Constitutional Convention. This vote was taken March 28, and resulted: For 5,306; against 1,425. On the 10th of May, 1859, the Republican party of Kansas was organized at Osawatomie, and at the election held on the 7th day of June, for delegates to the Wyandotte Convention, the Republican and Democratic parties confronted each other in Kansas for the first time. The Democrats carried the counties of Leavenworth, Doniphan, Jefferson and Jackson, and elected one of the two delegates from Johnson. The Republicans were successful in all other counties voting. The total vote polled was 14,000. The Republican membership was thirty-five; the Democratic, seventeen.

The convention then chosen assembled on the 5th day of July, 1859. In its composition it was an unusual, not to say remarkable, Kansas assemblage. Apparently the chiefs of the contending parties had grown weary of Constitution-making, or regarded this fourth endeavor in that line as a predestined failure, for they were conspicuous by their absence. In the Topeka Convention nearly every prominent man of the Free-State party had a seat. Gen. James H. Lane was its President, and Charles Robinson, Marten F. Conway, Marcus J. Parrott, William Y. Roberts, Geo. W. Smith, Phillip C. Schuyler, Cyrus K. Holliday, Mark W. Delahay and many other recognized Free-State leaders were members. In the Leavenworth Convention there was a similar gathering of widely-known Free-State men. Conway was its President, and Lane, Roberts, Thos. Ewing, Jr., Henry J. Adams, H. P. Johnson, Sam'l N. Wood, T. Dwight Thatcher, Preston B. Plumb, Joel K. Goodin, A. Larzelere, W. F. M. Arny, Chas. H. Branscomb, John Ritchie, and many other influential Free-State chiefs or partisans, were among its members.

In the Wyandotte Convention all the noted Free-State leaders were conspicuously absent. Its roll call was made up of names generally new in Kansas affairs, and largely unknown in either the Free-State or Pro-Slavery councils. Its President, James M. Winchell, his colleague, Wm. McCullough, and John Ritchie, of Shawnee, had been members of the Leavenworth Convention; Col. Caleb May, of Atchison, and William R. Griffith, of Bourbon, had been members of both Topeka and the Leavenworth Conventions; and Jas. M. Arthur, of Linn, had been a member of the Topeka Convention. But their prominence was largely local. On the Democratic side, too, appeared men before unnoted in the annals of the stirring and tremenduous conflict that had for years made the young Territory the cynosure of a Continent's interest. None of the prominent Pro-Slavery men who sat in the Lecompton Convention or the Pro-Slavery Legislature—Calhoun, Stringfellow, Henderson, Elmore, Wilson, Carr, and others—appeared in this body.

Perhaps the absence of these party leaders was a fortunate thing for the Convention and the incipient State. For in discriminating intelligence, in considerate zeal for the welfare of the people, in catholic grasp of principles, and in capacity for divining theories clearly and compactly, the members of this body were not wanting. On the other hand, there were fewer jealousies and far less wrangling than would have been possible had the envious and aspiring party leaders been present. I think it is certain that the work was better done, done with more sobriety, sincerity prudence and real ability, than would have resulted had the recognized chiefs of the rival parties been on the floor of the Convention. The pioneers—the John Baptists—of the Free-State cause were all at Topeka, and the Constitution they framed is disfigured by some blotches and much useless verbiage. The leaders were all at Leavenworth, where they schemed for precedence, and spread traps to catch one another, and quarreled over non-essentials, and did everthiing but make a popular Constitution. Lecompton was the last expression of a beaten, desperate and wrong-headed, but intellectually

vigorous faction, and was really, barring the mean method of its submission and its attempt to perpetuate Slavery, an admirable organic law.

The younger men of the Territory constituted the Convention at Wyandotte. They came upon the field fresh, enthusiastic, and with a place in the world of thought and action to conquer. They recognized the fact that they must do extremely well to secure popular favor, and they set about their task with industry, intelligence and prudence. They were not martyrs or reformers, as were many of those at Topeka; not jealous politicians or factionists, as were most of those at Leavenworth. They had no old battles to fight over again, no personal feuds to distract them, no recollection of former defeats or victories to reserve or maintain. They were their own prophets. They had no experience in Constitution-making, and hence did not look backward. They were not specialists. A few had hobbies, but the vast majority had no bees buzzing in their bonnets. A few were dogmatic, but the many were anxious to discuss, and willing to be convinced. A few were loquacious, but the majority were thinkers and workers. Some were accomplished scholars, but the majority were men of ordinary education, whose faculties had been sharpened and trained by the hard experience of an active and earnest life. Many were vigorous, direct, intelligent speakers; several were really eloquent; and a few may justly be ranked with the most versatile and brilliant men Kansas has ever numbered among her citizens.

It was a working body from the first hour of its session until the last. There is a tradition that the Continental Congress which promulgated the Declaration of Independence was materially hastened in its deliberation over that immortal document by swarms of flies that invaded the hall where it sat, and made the life of its members a burden. Perhaps the intense heat of the rough-plastered room where the Convention met, or the knowledge that Territorial scrip would be received by importunate landlords only at a usurious discount, had something to do with urging dispatch in business. But certainly the Convention went to work with an energy and industry I have never seen paralleled in a Kansas deliberative body since that time. It perfected its organization, adopted rules for its government, discussed the best mode of procedure in framing a Constitution, and appointed a Committee to report upon that subject, during the first day's session; all the Standing Committees were announced on the third day; and by the close of the fifty days it had disposed of two very troublesome contested election cases, decided that the Ohio Constitution should be the model for that of Kansas, perfected arrangements for reporting and printing its debates, and instructed its Committees upon a number of disputed questions. The vote on selecting a model for the Constitution was on the second ballot: For the Ohio Constitution, 25 votes; Indiana 23;. and Kentucky, 1. So our Kansas Constitution was modeled after that of Ohio—something I think, as the farmer's new house was designed after his old one: it was built upon the old site.

I have studied the composition of the Committees appointed with some interest, reviewing the work of their members in the Convention, and recalling their subsequent careers. And it appears to me in making them up, President Winchell exhibited phenomenally quick and accurate judgment of men. He was, indeed, one of the best presiding officers I have ever known. His imperturbable coolness never for an instant was ruffled by the most sudden and passionate outbreaks of excitement in the Convention; his mastery of all the niceties of parliamentary law; his uniform courtesy and tact, his promptness and clearness in stating his decisions; and above all, the mingled grace and kindness and firmness with which he announced to an indignant member an adverse decision, were really wonderful. But what shall be said of that still more wonderful prescience with which he made up the Committees? What induced this calm, gray-eyed, observing little man, whose brass-buttoned blue coat was first seen by two-thirds of the Convention on the

morning of the 5th of July—what impelled him, within twenty-four hours, to select an obscure dull-looking, shock-headed country doctor as Chairman of the Military Committee, and this name in connection with military affairs for the first time, the only Kansas soldier who reached a full Major-Generalship? How did he happen to pass by half a dozen more widely-known lawyers, and appoint as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee a man who, during more than fifteen years thereafter, occupied a place on the Supreme Bench of the State, for the greater portion of this time as Chief Justice? How came he to recognize so quickly, in the Engrossing Clerk of the Territorial Legislature, the ripest scholar and the fittest man in the body for the Chairmanship of the Committee to which every article of the Constitution was referred for final revision and amendment? In the youngest and most boyish-looking member he found the man who was to form, for this State, a code of Finance and Taxation whose clear direction and wholesome restrictions have guarded Kansas against the wasteful extravagance of Legislatures and the curse of a burdensome public debt, during all the tempting and perilous affairs of its first quarter of a century. And he named as head of the Committee of Education, the first State Superintendent of Public Instruction. All of his appointments were made with rare judgment, but those mentioned appear notably discerning.

On the sixth day a resolution favoring biennial sessions of the Legislature —adopted sixteen years afterwards— was submitted and referred. The first of a long series of resolutions or proposed sections of the Constitution, prohibiting the settlement of negroes or mulattoes within the limits of the State was also introduced. This question, with others of a kindred nature, such as propositions to prohibit colored children attending the schools, or to exclude them from the University, or to forbid the appropriation of any funds for their education, and last, and meanest of all, to deny to negroes the shelter of county poor-houses when poor and helpless, was voted upon again and again, first in one form and then in another; and to the enduring honor of the majority, always defeated. It seems singular, in this day and generation, that such theories found persistent and earnest advocates. But it should be remembered that all this happened before the war, when slavery was still an "Institution" in nearly half the States of the Union. The Pro-Slavery party was, of course, solidly in favor of excluding free negroes from the State, and less than four years prior to the meeting of the Convention, the Free State party, in voting on the Topeka Constitution, had given a decided majority in favor of such exclusion. It therefore required genuine courage and principle to go upon record against each and every proposition of this character. For very few members who so voted felt absolutely certain of the endorsement of their constituents.

The first article of the Constitution reported—that on Corporations and and Banks—was submitted on the sixth day and considered. It was stated by the President that many other Committees had their reports in the hands of the printer, and during the next few days they began to come in very rapidly. To expedite work the Convention adopted a resolution requiring all Committees to report on or before Saturday, the eleventh day of the session.

On the seventh day the annexation of that portion of Nebraska lying south of the Platte River was formally considered. The then organized Nebraska counties included in that section of our sister State had elected delegates to the Convention, who were present earnestly advocating annexation. This proposition was discussed during several days, and the debate took a wide range. The Nebraska delegates were admitted to seats as honorary members, with the privilege of speaking on this subject. The final determination, however, was to preserve the original Northern line. Two influences induced this decision —one political, the other local and material. Many Republicans feared

that the South Platte country was, or would be likely to become, Democratic. Lawrence and Topeka both aspired to be the State Capitol, and their influence was against annexation, because they feared it would throw the center of population far north of the Kaw.

The Preamble and Bill of Rights was reported on the tenth day, and opened the whole question of the State's boundaries. The Committee proposed the twenty-third meridian as the western line, and the fortieth parallel as the line on the north. This would have excluded about ninety miles of territory within the present limits of the State. The Committee's recommendation was, however, adopted, and stood as the determination of the Convention until the day before the final adjournment, when Col. May, of Atchison, secured a reconsideration, and on his motion the twenty-fifth meridian was substituted for the twenty-third. The northern boundary question was finally settled on the fifteenth day, when, by a vote of 19 ayes to 29 nays, the Convention refused to memorialize Congress to include the South Platte country within the limits of Kansas.

On the seventh day the Legislature and Judicial Committees reported. The Legislative article was considered next day. The Committee proposed that bills might originate in either House, but Mr. Winchell submitted a novel amendment, which required all laws to originate in the House of Representatives. This was adopted, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of Mr. Thacher, the Chairman of the Committee, by a vote of 37 to 13. It survived the admission of the State only three years, being amended in 1864.

On the eighth day the Militia article was adopted; on the ninth day the Judicial article was perfected, and the article on Education and Public Institutions reported and discussed; and on the tenth day the Committees on County and Township Organizations, and Schedule, reported. The deathless pertinacity of a "claim" is illustrated by a petition presented that day, from one Samuel A. Lowe, a clerk of the so-called "Bogus Legislature," who wanted pay for certain work he alleged he had performed. Only a year ago Mr. Lowe presented the same claim to Congress, and it was, I believe, allowed by the House. But the Kansas Senators made such determined war on it that Mr. Lowe can still sing, "A Claim to Keep I Have."

I have mentioned the fact that Mr. Winchell was the author of the section providing that all bills should originate in the House. It should be stated that Mr. Ingalls was the author of the provision that "in actions for libel, the truth may be given in evidence to the jury, and if it shall appear that the alleged libelous matter was published for justifiable ends, the accused shall be acquitted." Another original provision of the Constitution is the Homestead section. This was first proposed by Mr. Foster, of Leavenworth county, on the sixth day of the session, and reported by the Committee on Miscellaneous and Amendments on the thirteenth day. No other feature of the Constitution, perhaps, elicited more animated and earnest debate. It was discussed for several days; amended, referred, and again submitted. As originally reported, it provided for the exemption of a homestead of 160 acres of land, or a house and lot not exceeding $2,000 in value, or real, personal and mixed property not exceeding $2,000 to any family. This was adopted by a vote of 28 ayes to 16 nays. Two days later the vote was reconsidered, and President Winchell proposed the wording finally adopted: "A homestead of 160 acres of farming land, or of one acre within the limits of an incorporated town or city, occupied as a residence by the family of the owner, together with all the improvements on the same, shall be exempted from forced sale under any process of law, and shall not be alienated without the joint consent of husband and wife, where the relation exists." Thus perfected it was adopted by a vote of 33 to 7.

I thought at the time, however, and a review of the proceedings and debates has confirmed my impression, that favorable action on this provision was due

to the earnest and eloquent advocacy of Judge Kingman, who was its most zealous, logical and courageous supporter. The Homestead clause of the Kansas Constitution has been severely criticised, but I believe the people of the State generally regard it as a most beneficient provision of their organic law. For nearly a quarter of a century it has been maintained, and it still stands, as Judge Kingman said it would, guarding "the home, the hearthstone, the fireside around which a man may gather his family with the certainty of assurance that neither the hand of the law, nor any nor all of the uncertainties of life, can eject them from the possession of it."

The Finance and Taxation and the Executive articles were adopted on the fourteenth day, and the Miscellaneous article considered. This originally provided for the election of a Public Printer, but that section was stricken out, after a vigorous protest by Messrs. Ross and Ingalls. Nine years later their idea was endorsed by the adoption of an amendment creating the office of State Printer.

On the seventeenth day the temporary Capitol was located at Topeka, the second ballot resulting: For Topeka 29; Lawrence, 14; Atchison, 6. On the same day a proposition was made by Mr. Preston, of Shawnee county, to amend the Miscellaneous article by adding the following section:

"Sec. ——. The Legislature shall have the power to regulate or prohibit the sale of alcholic liquors, except for mechanical and medicinal purposes."

A motion made to lay this amendment on the table was defeated by a vote of 18 ayes to 31 nays. But the anxiety of the members to exclude from the Constitution any provision that might render its adoption doubtful, or prevent the admission of the State, finally prevailed, and after a full interchange of views, Mr. Preston withdrew his amendment. There is, it is said, nothing new under the sun. Those who imagine that the Prohibition amendment adopted in 1880 was a new departure in Constitution making, have never examined the records of the Wyandotte Convention.

On the nineteenth day occurred the last struggle over the Slavery question in Kansas. Sec. 6 of the Bill of Rights, prohibiting Slavery or involuntary servitude, came up for adoption, and it was moved to add a proviso suspending the operation of this section for the period of twelve months after the admission of the State. This proviso received eleven votes, and twenty-eight were recorded against it. A most exciting discussion occurred, on the same day, over the apportionment article, which the Democrats denounced as a "gerrymander."

The work of the Convention was practically completed on the twenty-first day. The various articles had each been considered and adopted, first in Committee of the Whole, then in Convention, then referred to the Committee on Phraseology and Arrangement, and, after report of that Committee, again considered by sections and adopted. But so anxious were the members that every word used should be the right word, expressing the idea intended most clearly and directly that when the reading of the completed Constitution was finished on the morning of the 21st day, it was decided to refer it to a special Committee, consisting of Messrs. Ingalls, Winchell, Ross and Slough, for further revision and verification. This Committee reported the same afternoon, and again the Constitution was read by sections, for final revision, with the same painstaking carefulness and attention to the minutest details. All that afternoon, and all the next day with. brief interruptions for action on other closing work, this revision went on, and it was five o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th before the last section was perfected. Then occurred one of the most dramatic scenes of the Convention. Mr. Hutchinson submitted a resolution declaring that "We do now adopt and proceed to sign the Constitution."

At once Mr. Slough addressed the Chair, and after warmly eulogizing the general features of the Constitution, pronouncing it "a model instrument," he formally announced that political objections impelled himself and his Democratic associates to decline attaching their signatures to it.

These objections he stated at length. They were, briefly: The curtailment of the boundaries of the State; the large Legislative body provided for: the exclusion of Indians made citizens of the United States, from the privilege of voting; the registry of voters at the election on the Constitution; the refusal to exclued free negroes from the State; and the apportionment.

This action of the Democratic members had been foreshadowed for several days but it was, nevertheless, something of a surprise. The Republicans understood that several of the Democrats had earnestly opposed such a course, and hoped that some of them would be governed by their own convictions, rather than by the mandate of their caucus. For a few moments after Mr. Slough concluded, the Convention sat hushed and expectant. But no other Democratic member arose. It was evident that the caucus ruled. Then Judge Thacher, President *pro tem*, addressed the Chair, and in a speech of remarkable vigor and eloquence, accepted the gauge of battle thrown down. "Upon this Constitution," he declared, "we will meet our opponents in the regular arena. It is a better, a nobler issue even than the old Free-State issue. They have thrown down the gauntlet; we joyfully take it up." He then proceeded to defend, with great earnestness and power, the features of the Constitution objected to by Mr. Slough. "The members of the Convention," he asserted, "have perfected a work that will be enduring. The Constitution," he affirmed, "would commend itself to the true and good everywhere, because through every line and syllable there glows the generous sunshine of liberty." It was and should be, he declared:

> "Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds shall spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Read in the light of subsequent history these declarations appear almost prophetic.

The twilight shadows were gathering about Wyandotte when this debate closed, and the Convention proceeded to vote on Mr. Hutchinson's resolution, which was adopted by 34 ayes to 13 nays—one Republican and four Democrats being absent. The roll was then called, and the Constitution was signed by all the Republican members except one, Mr. Wright, of Nemaha, who was absent, sick. The work of the Convention was completed, and after voting thanks to its officers, it adjourned without date.

Each party, I think, was guilty of one blunder it afterwards seriously regretted—the Republicans in refusing to include the South Platte country within the boundaries of Kansas; the Democrats in refusing to sign the Constitution they had labored diligently to perfect. I speak of what I consider the great mistake of the Republicans with all the more frankness, because I was at that time in hearty sympathy with their action; but I feel confident that no Republican member is living to-day who does not deplore that decision. And I am equally confident that within a brief time after the Convention adjourned, there were few Democratic members who did not seriously regret their refusal to sign the Constitution.

On the 4th of October, 1859, the Constitution was submitted to the people for ratification or rejection, and, for the first time in the history of Kansas, all parties cast a full free and unintimidated vote. The Republicans favored, and the Democrats generally opposed its adoption. Nearly 16,000 ballots were polled, of which 10,421 were for, and 5,530 against the Constitution. The Homestead clause, submitted as an independent proposition, was ratified by a vote of 8,788 for, to 4,772 against it. Every county in the Territory except two, Johnson and Morris gave a majority for the Constitution.

Two months later, December 6, State and County officers and members of the Legislature were elected, and the people of Kansas, having exhausted their authority in State-building, patiently awaited the action of Con-

gress. On the 11th of April, 1860, the House of Representatives voted, 134 to 73, to admit Kansas as a State, under the Wyandotte Constitution. Twice during the next eight months, the Senate defeated motions to consider the Kansas bill, but on the 21st of January, 1861, several Southern Senators having seceded, Mr. Seward "took a pinch of snuff" and called it up again. It passed by a vote of 36 to 16, and on the 29th day of the same month President Buchanan approved it. Thus young Kansas, through many difficulties and turmoils, was "added to the Stars."

I wish I could sketch more in detail the work and history of the members of the Convention. But this paper, is, I know, already too long. I have tried to tell how our Constitution was made. I could not narrate, within reasonable limits:

"What workman wrought its ribs of steel
Who made each mast, and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of its hope."

It is enough to say that the work has proved strong and enduring. Through the groping inexperience of our State's childhood and the still more perilous ambitions of its youth, through the storm of Civil war and the calm of prosperous peace, the Wyandotte Constitution has justified the confident hopes of its early friends. The most marvelous changes have been wrought in this country since it was framed. The huge brick building in which the Convention held its sessions, long ago crumbled and fell. The distracted, dependent and turbulent Territory has grown to be a peaceful, powerful and prosperous State. Its hundred thousand people have multiplied to a million. Upon its vast and solitary prairies, where then loomed a wild and unprofitable vegetation, "wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom," miles of green meadows now glisten with morning dew, and thousands of golden wheat fields shimmer in the noonday sun, and millions of acres of tasseling corn, rustling in the sweet twilight air, tell of harvests so bountiful that they would feed a continent. Every quiet valley and prairie swell is dotted with pleasant homes, where happy children laugh and play and men and women go their busy ways in prosperous content. Eager learners throng eight thousand school houses. Church bells ring in nearly every county from the Missouri to the Colorado line. More than four thousand miles of railway bind town and country, factory and farm and store, into one community. And over all the institutions and activities of this great, intelligent and orderly commonwealth, broods the genius and spirit of the Wyandotte Constitution. Under its ample authority and direction, just and generous laws have maintained the rights of citizenship, given protection to labor and property, stimulated enterprise, multiplied its industries, opened to every child and youth the door of school and college, encouraged morality, fostered temperance, protected the weak, restrained the strong, and sternly punished outbreaking crime. And still the sunshine of popular confidence and favor falls upon the Constitution. It has outlived half of its framers, and when, a quarter of a century hence, the last surviving member of the Convention awaits the inevitable hour, the Wyandotte Constitution may yet be the chart and compass ordering and guiding the destinies of a State whose imperial manhood is foreshadowed by its stalwart and stately youth.

A New Factor in Missouri Valley Athletics

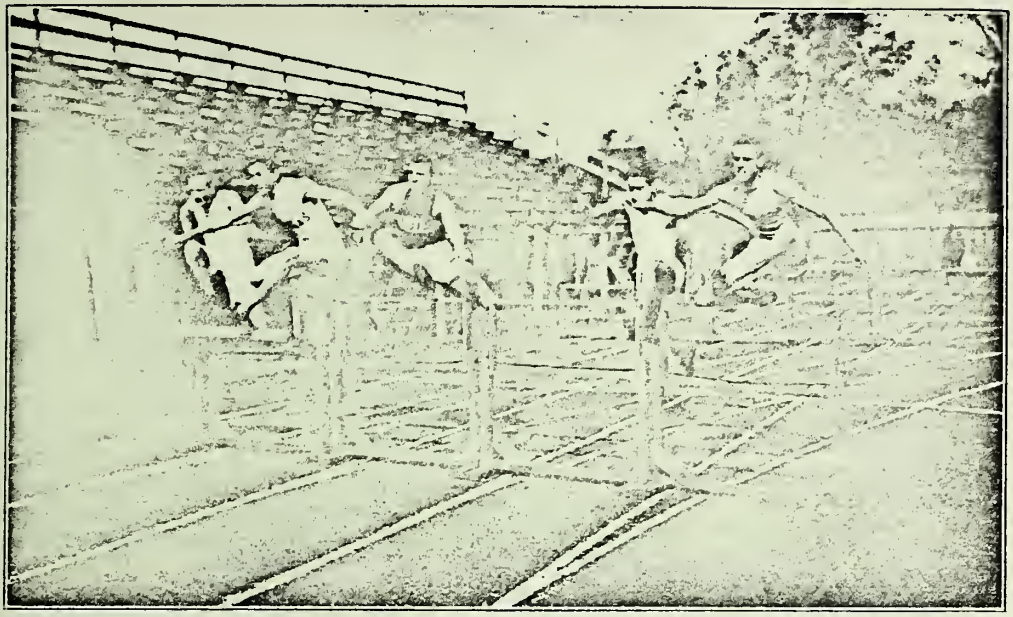
By Donald W. Hendrickson

IN a few weeks more the track and field athletes will begin to sharpen up their spikes and look to the out-of-door world as an avenue of escape from the lethargy that has held them bound during the long winter months. The psychology of the cinder-path, of the bright sunlight and clear overhanging skies, the sharp crack of the starting pistol and the bounding stride adown the straightaway and round the ovals, the absorbing interest of the track and field sport in all its phases will soon introduce themselves into the year's calendar. The spirit of real Americanism can be found in the work of the spike-shoe men more, perhaps, than in any other sport.

Democracy pure and simple enters into all of its branches. It is not size nor build nor physique nor qualities of inherited ancestry that determines a track or field champion. The boy of slender build and of apparent constitutional weakness may turn out to be another George Orton, invincible in the distance runs, or a second Arthur Duffey clipping fifths of seconds from world's records in the sprints. The football man must needs be blessed almost always with a strong hardy makeup to weather through seasons of the strenuous gridiron game; basketball players require a certain amount of lankiness and reach to succeed at the indoor sport; baseball candidates must have that unerring eye and quick judgment to act like lightning in the pinches, qualities that are generally born in one and not acquired. Not so with track athletics. Given a pair of old spikes, a stretch of track, and two hours work each day, and the awkwardest, weakest appearing, and most uncouthly shapened individual may some day develop into a record-holder. It is hard, faithful work and unswerving faith in the ability to succeed that creates the sterling track athlete, no matter what his physical disqualifications may be at the start. Perseverance, gameness and stubborn stick-to-it-iveness are the characteristics of the sport that have made it so truly national, and as an example of applied science and fair play it is second in interest to no other undergraduate sport.

Track and field athletics boomed last spring. The lightly-clad collegians proved themselves no respecter of persons, or of records, and many high marks that have stood for years went by the board in all parts of the country. The Inter-Collegiate at Philadelphia in April, one of the greatest ever conducted, was memorable for record-smashing, and the Western Conference Meet at Urbana, Ill., a month later completed a remarkable season with the creation of six new Western marks, but little behind those of the eastern schools.

As an important branch of the intercollegiate activities of the western section, the Missouri Valley Conference, which embraces about a dozen schools, is keeping up the high standard of athletic performances set by the other western institutions. The Missouri Valley Conference Meet is held successfully in different cities of the Conference that present sufficient facilities for the handling of a large contest. Last spring the meet was pulled off in the Drake University Stadium at Des Moines, Iowa. In point of record-breaking performances it proved an epoch-making affair. No less than nine marks were broken out of a total of fifteen events and a tenth record was tied. The full quota of schools were



attending and not a single institution was accorded anything of a sinecure in any event on the program. The meet occupied two days, the trials being run on Friday and the finals on the following day.

The honor of capturing first prize in the Missouri Valley classic went to the University of Kansas team from Lawrence, Kansas. Coming from behind almost as a "dark horse," having already been beaten twice during the season by conference teams, the Jayhawker representation romped home with the affair in comparatively easy style running up a total of thirty-one points while their nearest competitors, Missouri, were securing twenty-three points. Out of the half-dozen shattered records, the Kansas team landed three. While the K. U. team's win was something of a surprise, it showed that the track and field sport is beginning to pick up a little at the Jayhawker school. In previous years the University of Kansas was not considered much of a factor in this branch of sport among the Missouri Valley colleges. Regularly each March the squad from Lawrence journeyed up to Kansas City to receive a systematic drubbing at the hands of their ancient enemies, the Tigers, in the Convention Hall indoor meet. It got to be something of a tradition for the Kansans to capture the annual football game each fall, and the Missourians to retaliate by landing the track meet with an overwhelming score. In the out-of-door dual meets it was much the same story, the Tiger track athletes winning by a varying score. The reasons for the Jayhawkers' poor showing were not unobvious. Lack of interest and more especially of material were the main reasons. Until only recently there was no suitable place for track men to practice. Robinson Gymnasium was finished in 1905. Before that time the Jayhawkers were compelled to work out in the dark confined space of the basement of one of the Fine Arts buildings. Lack of an efficient trainer also added to the disadvantages.

With the advent of Coach A. J. Hagerman six years ago it seemed that things might brighten up a little. Hagerman was an old-time English athlete, had once held national records in the broad jump and hurdles, and looked like a good man to lead the Jayhawkers out of Babylon. But here again the lack of material proved a stumbling block. Although he did heroic work with the Kansans the same old story of defeat was repeated year

after year, although it is true the Jayhawkers did succeed in capturing the out-door contest from Missouri two seasons ago on what was deemed a fluke by the Tiger supporters.

A year ago last fall Coach W. O. Hamilton came to K. U. to take up the coaching job. Hamilton's experience was gained at Central High school in Kansas City Mo., where he had been turning out winning track and basketball teams for several years. Some of the best interscholastic athletes who have since made good both on eastern and western college teams graduated from his hands.

Hamilton produced a championship basketball team that winter but in his first clash with the Tigers at indoor track at Kansas City he was compelled to swallow much the same pill that had been Hagerman's portion so consistently. Missouri again ran away with almost a double score. When the team journeyed to Columbia for the out-door event, however, the result of the K. U. coach's work in the meantime was evidenced. The tables were reversed. While the Jayhawkers did not win by a very large margin they secured enough extra points to take first honors comfortably, and also gave a sly hint that they might be heard from again later on in the season. This proved itself at Des Moines a couple of weeks later when Kansas runners and jumpers made an easy getaway with the point trophy and assisted in some of the best performances of the day.

Of the championship team that landed the Missouri Valley conference for Kansas last May, five of the point-winners are again in school this year. It is this fact that is causing the K. U. coach much jubilance these days. Besides these athletes, Hamilton will have the services of several of last year's freshman squad, two of whom will undoubtedly prove close to the best in the country in their events.

Wilson, the K. U. leaper who set up a new Valley record in the running broad jump of 22 feet, 10 1-2 inches in the Des Moines meet, will wear the Blue and Crimson this spring. Beside him is French, who captured the high jump at the Western Conference at Urbana, setting a new Conference mark of 6 feet 5-8 inches. French was the real sensation in Missouri Valley athletic circles last spring. Although in the Des Moines meet he was tied in his event by Mitchell of St. Louis at 5 feet 9 1-2 inches, the Kansas jumper had been doing considerabley better than this in practice for several weeks previous to the meet. French has been doing six feet regularly this winter and looks like he will be capable of some phenomenal work before the season is finished.

The dashes will also be well handled this spring. A comparatively new recruit, Bobby Roberts from Washington, D. C., will hold down this department for the Kansas team. He is unquestionably the best man in the western section in the short routes. His records of 9 4-5 seconds in the century and 22 1-5 for the longer sprint leave the light-haired K. U. flyer almost in a class by himself. Last winter he was frequently caught at 5 1-5 in the fifty-yard-dash which equals the record. When the K. U. track team composed of French, Haddock and Roberts went to the University of Pennsylvania relay games at Philadelphia last April, Roberts made the best showing of the sprinters. While he did not qualify for the finals, he ran within a foot of Ramsdell, the speedy Pennsylvania sprinter who won this event. Captain Hamilton and Davis who ran away with both places in the low hurdles in the Des Moines meet are still in school and improving steadily over the sticks.

Of last year's freshman squad there are two men formerly under Coach Hamilton at Central High School who will be almost sure point-winners in any meet this year. They are the Woodbury brothers, Charles and Harold. The younger of the two brothers, Charles, has a record that might make the best of the college men envious. In the K. .U inter-class meet last spring, he smashed the long-standing pole-vault record with a leap of 11 feet 3 inches. At the University of Chicago interscholastic meet two years ago running under the colors of Central High, Woodbury framed a new 220 low hurdle record of 25 3-5 seconds which is close to the

college record. In addition to these events the young Kansas star has done 16 flat in the high hurdles, 5 feet 9 inches in the high jump, and is a fast quarter-miler in the relay races. Harold Woodbury should take the measure of any hurdler in the valley in the 120 high sticks. Before coming to K. U. he attended the University of Michigan and, working under Keene Fitzpatrick, did the high barriers with regularity in 15 4-5 seconds, and should run considerably under that this year. In view of the fact that the Valley Conference mark in these events is far inferior to the performances of the Woodbury's Kansas seems to have fifteen points practically cinched in the hurdles and jumps. Other men who will contribute to form a Jayhawker track team of even greater strength than last season's championship squad are: Smith, Watson, Fisher, Thompson, McMillan, Rice, Patterson, Ammons, Fairchild, Gribble, Schwab, and others.

Gribble in the sprints will be one of the Kansas "dark horses" in the meets this year. He did great work in the short distances on the freshman squad last year, but had to retire early from a strained ligature suffered in practice. Gribble is a lanky country boy, built much after the style of "Bernie" Wefers, the old Georgetown champion, and is expected to do some phenomenal running in the 220 and 440. The Kansas coach thinks he is the only man who will be able to hold an even pace with Bermond, the Tiger's quarter-miler and Missouri Valley record-holder. Bermond did 50 4-5 seconds at the Des Moines meet, which was the fastest the West had seen for some time. "Cupid" Haddock, the captain and spectacular dash man of last year's track team, will be missed in his events this spring. Haddock was conceded two first places in practically every meet in which he ran last year. Together with Roberts of this year's squad he breasted the tape an easy winner in all the short routes. "Cupid" is still in school but has completed his alotted three years of athletic competition.

The one department in which the Jayhawkers will be woefully weak this year is in the weight events. Ammons, the football captain, is about the best that Coach Hamilton has in the discus throw. He has done 115 feet in the discus and 38 feet in the shot put which will scarcely win a place in Valley meets. Kansas has never had a weight man in fact. This event has always proved the bug-a-boo of the coaches. Hamilton fondly hopes that this year, however, some K. U. strong man will be unearthed be who shall redeem the chances of the Jayhawkers.

The Kansas track schedule for this year is not yet made up, but will be about the same as last season. The first meet will be an indoor clash with the Baker team from Baldwin, sometime in March in the Robinson "gym." Following this the Jayhawkers will meet Missouri at Kansas City in the annual Convention Hall contest, and one week later will send a representation to the Kansas City Athletic Club meet in Convention Hall. The out-of-door contests are a meet with Missouri at Lawrence, one with Nebraska at Lincoln, the Missouri Valley Conference meet at Minneapolis in June.

To all intents and purposes the strong K. U. track squad looks good to capture another Valley championship when the starter's pistol has barked on the last event of the season. The star of the Jayhawkers is steadily ascending and a wealth of good material, adequate training facilities and a successful coach, are not going to aid in its setting very soon. All eyes will be focused on the Jayhawkers this spring. All up and down the Valley the spike-shoe men will be laying in wait for W. O. Hamilton's pupils in the endeavor to steal out and wrest their laurels from them. It will prove a very interesting contest to watch.



The Keepers of The Stone

By Edgar Wallace

THERE is a people who live at Ochori in the big forest, on the Ikeli river, who are called in the native tongue, "The Keepers of the Stone."

They have a legend that years and yaars ago, *cala-cala* there was a strange flat stone "inscribed with the marks of devils," so the grave native story-teller puts it, which was greatly worshipped and prized, partly because of its own magic powers, and partly because of the two ghosts who guarded it.

It was a fetich of peculiar value to the mild people who lived in the Big Forest, but the Akasava, who are neither mild nor reverential, and being, moreover, in need of gods, swooped down upon the Ochori, one red morning, and came away with this worshipful stone, and other movables. Presumably the "ghosts of brass" went also. It was a great business, securing the god-stone, for it was set, a grey slab in the solid rock, and many spear heads were broken before it could be wrenched from its place. But in the end, it was taken away, and for several years it was the boast of the Akasava that they derived much benefit from this sacred possession.

Then of a sudden the stone disappeared, and with it all the good fortune of its owners. For the vanishing of the stone coincided with the arrival of British rule, and that was a bad thing for the Akasavas.

There came in these far-off days a ridiculous person in white with an escort of six soldiers. He brought a message of Peace and Good Fellowship, and talked of a new King and a new Law. The Akasava listened in dazed wonderment, but when they recovered, they cut off his head, also the heads of the escort. It seemed to be the only thing to do under the circumstances.

Then, one morning, the Akasava people woke to find the city full of strange white folk, who had come swiftly up the river in steamboats. There were too many to quarrel with, so the people sat quiet, a little frightened and very curious, whilst two block soldiers strapped the hands and feet of the Akasava chief prior to hanging him by the neck until he was dead.

Nor did the bad luck of the people end here: there came a lean year when the *manioc* root was bad and full of death water,* when goats died, and crops were spoilt by an unexpected hurricane. There was always a remedy to hand for a set-back of this kind. If

*There is a tremendous amount of free Hydroyaric Acid (Prussic Acid) in manioc.

you have not the thing you require, go and take it. So, following precedents innumerable, the Akasava visited the Ochori, taking away much grain and leaving behind dead men and men who prayed for death. In the course of time the white men came with their steamboats, their little brass guns, and the identical block and tackle which they fastened to the identical tree, and utilized in the inevitable manner.

"It appears," said the new Chief—who was afterwards hanged for the killing of the King of the Isisi, "that the white man's law is so made to allow weak men to triumph at the expense of the strong. This seems foolish, but it will be well to humor them."

His first act was to cut down the hanging tree—it was much too conspicuous and infinitely significant. Then he set himself to discover the cause of all the trouble which had come upon the Akasava. The cause required little appreciation. The great stone had been stolen, as he well knew and the remedy resolved itself into a question of discovering the thief. The wretched Ochori were suspected.

"If we could go to them," said the Chief of the Akasava, thoughtfully, "killing them very little, but rather burning them, so that they told where this god-stone was hidden, perhaps The Great Ones would forgive us."

"In my young days," said an aged councilor, "when evil men would not tell where stolen things were buried, we put hot embers in their hands and bound them tightly."

"That is a good way," approved another old man wagging his head, "also to tie men in the path of the soldier-ants, has been known to make them talkative."

"Yet we may not go up against the Ochori for many reasons," said the Chief, "the principle of which is, that if the stone be with them, we shall not overcome them, owing to the two ghosts—though I do not remember that the ghosts were very potent in the days when the stone was with us," he added, not without hope.

The little raid which followed and the search for the stone are told briefly in official records. The search was fruitless and the Akasava folk must needs content themselves with such picking as came to hand.

In course of time, the Chief of the Akasava died the death for various misdoings, and peace came to the land that fringes Togo.

Bailman has been surprised twice in his life. Once was at Ikeli, which in the native tongue means "little river." It is not a little river after all, but on the contrary, a broad, strong, black, sullen stream that swirls and eddies and foams as it swings the corners of its tortuous course seaward.

Bailman sat on a deck chair placed under the awning of his tiny steamer, and alternately watched the river go rushing past, and corrected the proof of his book on the Native Folk Lore.

He was a contented man, for the land was quiet and the crops were good. Nor was there any crime.

There was sleep sickness at Bofabi, and Beri Beri at Akasava, and in the Isisi country somebody had discovered a new god, and by all accounts that came down the river, the people worshipped him night and day.

He was not bothering about new gods, because gods of any kind were a beneficent asset. Milini, the new King of the Isisi had sent him word.

"Master," said his mouthpiece, the messenger, "this new god lives in a box which is bourne upon the shoulders of the priests. It is so long and so wide, and there are four sockets in which the poles fit, and the god inside is a very strong one, and full of pride."*

"Koko!" said Bailman with polite

*The coming of a god who takes for his habitation such a box is not an infrequent occurrance in Central Africa, When I was on the Congo last year Dr. Dey, an American Missionary, informed me that a god who is alleged to have given explicit instructions as to the size and construction of the box in which he was to dwell, had to come to the people behind Bolengi. The resemblance of these instructions to the following passage from the Bible were startling: "And they shall make an ark of acacia wood: two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the height thereof . . . . and thou shalt put the staves into the rings on the side of the ark to bear the ark withal."—E. W.

interest, "tell the Lord King, your master, that so long as this god obeys the law, he may live in the Isisi country paying no tax. But if he tells the young men to go fighting I shall come with a much stronger god who will eat your god up—the palaver is finished."

Bailman with his feet stretched out on the rail of the boat, thought of the new god idly. When was it that the last had come? There was one in the N'Gombi country years ago, a sad god, who lived in a hut which no man dare approach; there was another god who came with thunder demanding sacrifice —human sacrifice. This was an exceptionally bad god and had cost the British Government three million dollars, because there was fighting in the bush and a country unsettled. But in the main, the gods were good, doing harm to none, for it is customary for new gods to make their appearance after the crops are gathered, and before the rainy season sets in.

So Bailman thought, his proofs on his knees, sitting in the shade of a striped awning on the foredeck of the little "Zaire."

The next day before the sun came up he turned the nose of the steamer up stream, being curious as to the welfare of the shy Ochori folk, who lived too near the Akasava for comfort and moreover in need of nursing. Very slow was the tiny steamer's progress, for the current was strong against her. After two day's travel, Bailman got into Mendini, where young Farmer had a station.

The deputy commissioner came down to the beach in his pajamas, with a big pith helmet on the back of his head, and greeted his chief boisterously.

"Well?" said Bailman, and Farmer told him all the news. There was a land palaver at Ebibi, Otabo of Bofabi had died of the Sickness, there were two leopards worrying the outlying villages and—

"Heard about the Isisi god?" he asked suddenly, and Bailman said that he had.

"It's an old friend of yours," said Farmer. "My people tell me that this old god-box contains The Stone of the Ochori."

"Oh," said Bailman with sudden interest.

He breakfasted with his subordinate, inspected his little garrison of thirty, visited his farm, admired his sweet potatoes and patronized his tomatoes.

Then he went back to the boat, and wrote a short despatch in the tiniest of handwriting on the flimsiest of paper slips. "In case," said Bailman.

"Bring me 14," he said to his servant, and Abiboo returned and came back to him soon with a pigeon in his hand.

"Now, little bird," said Bailman, carefully rolling his letter round the red leg of the tiny courier and fastening it with a rubber band, "you've got two hundred miles to fly. before sunrise to-morrow—and 'ware hawks!"

Then he gathered the pigeon in his hand, walked with it to the stern of the boat, and threw it into the air.

His crew of twelve men were sitting about their cooking pot—that pot which everlastingly boils.

"Yoko," he called and his half-naked engineer came bounding down the slope.

"Steam," said Bailman, "get busy, I am for Isisi."

There was no doubt at all that. this new god was an extremely powerful one. Three hours from the city, the "Zaire" came up to a long canoe with four man standing at their paddles singing dolefully. Bailman remembered that he had passed a village where women, their bodies decked with green leaves, wailed by the river's edge.

He slowed down until he came abreast of the canoe, and saw a dead man lying stark in the bottom.

"Where go you with this body?" he asked.

"To Isisi, Lord," was the answer.

"The middle river and the little islands, are places for the dead," said Bailman, brusquely. "It is folly to take the dead to the living."

"Lord," said the man who spoke," "at Isisi lives a god who breathes life. This man," he pointed downward, "is my brother, and he died very suddenly because of a leopard. So quickly he died, that he could not tell us where

he had hidden his rods and his salt. Therefore we take him to Isisi, that the new god may give him just enough life to make his relations comfortable."

"The middle river," said Bailman quietly, and pointed to such a lone island, all green with tangled vegetation as might make a burying ground. "What is your name?"

"Master, my name N'Kema," said the man sullenly.

"Go then, N'Kema," he said, and kept the steamer slow ahead whilst he watched the canoe turn its blunt nose to the island and disembark its cargo.

Then he rang the engines full ahead, steered clear of a sandbank and regained the fairway.

He was genuinely concerned.

The stone was something exceptional in fetiches needing delicate handling. That the stone existed, he knew. There were legends innumerable about it, and an explorer had, in the early days, seen it through his glasses. Also the "ghosts clad in brass" he had heard about—these fantastic and war-like shades who made peaceable men go out to battle. All except the Ochori, who were never warlike, and whom no number of ghosts could incite to deeds of violence.

You will have remarked that Bailman took native peoples seriously, and that, I remark in passing, is the secret of good government. To him, ghosts were factors, and fetiches potent possibilities. A man who knew less would have been amused, but Bailman was not amused, because he had a great responsibility. He arrived at the city of Isisi, in the afternoon, and observed, even at a distance that something unusual was occurring. The crowd of women and children that the arrival of the Commissioner usually attracted, did not gather as he swung in from midstream, and followed the water path that leads to shoal.

Only the King and a handful of old men awaited him and the King was nervous and in trouble.

"Lord," he blurted, "I am no King in this city, because of the new god. The people are assembled on the far side of the hill, and there they sit night and day watching the god in the box."

Bailman bit his lip thoughtfully, but said nothing.

"Last night," said the King, "the Keepers of the Stone appeared walking through the village."

He shivered and the sweat stood in big beads on his forehead, for a ghost is a terrible thing.

"All this talk of Keepers of Stones is folly," said Bailman, calmly. "They have been seen by your women and your unblooded boys."

"Lord, I saw them myself," said the King simply, and Bailman was staggered, for the King was a sane man.

"The devil you have!" he said in English. "What manner of ghosts were these?"

"Lord," said the King, "they were white of face, like your Greatness. They wore brass upon their heads, and brass upon their breasts. Their legs were bare, but upon the lower legs was brass again."

"Any kind of a ghost is hard enough to believe," said Bailman irritable, "but a Brass Ghost is a monstrosity that is beyond reason." He spoke English again as was his practice when he talked to himself, and the King stood silent not understanding him.

"What else?" said Bailman.

"They had swords," continued the Chief, "such as the elephant hunters of the N'Gombi people carry. Broad and short, and on their arms were shields."

Bailman was non-plussed.

"And they cry 'War!'" said the Chief, "This is the greatest shame of all, for my young men dance the Death Dance and streak their bodies with paint and talk boastfully."

"Go to your hut," said Bailman. "Presently I will come and join you."

He thought and thought, smoking one black cigar after another, then he sent for Abiboo, his servant.

"Aibboo," he said, "by my way of thinking I have been a good master to you."

"That is so, Lord," said Abiboo.

"Now I will trust you to go amongst my crew discovering their gods. If I ask them myself they will lie to me out of politeness, inventing this god and

that, thinking they please me." This enquiry was necessary, if he was to count on the co-operation of his crew.

Abiboo chose the meal hour when the sun had gone out and the world was grey and the trees motionless. He came back with the information as Bailman was drinking his second cup of coffee in the lonliness of the tiny deck house.

"Master," he reported, "three men worship no god whatever, three more have especial family fetiches; two are Christians more or less, and the four Houssas are with me in faith."

"And you?"

Abiboo, the Kano boy smiled at Bailman's assumption of innocence.

"Lord," he said, "I follow the Prophet believing only in the one God, Beneficent and Merciful.

"That is good," said Bailman. "Now let the men load wood and Yoka shall have steam against moon-rise, and all shall be ready for slipping.

At ten o'clock by his watch, he fell in his four houssas, serving out to each a short carbine and a bandolier.

Then the party went ashore.

The King in his patience sat in his hut, and Bailman found him.

"You will stay here, Milini," he commanded, "and no blame shall come to you for anything that may happen this night."

"What will happen, Master?"

"Who knows!" said Bailman philosophically.

The streets were in pitch darkness but Abiboo carrying a lantern led the way. Only occasionally did the party pass a tenanted hut. Generally they saw, by the dull glow of the log that smouldered in every habitation, that it was empty. Once a sick woman called to them in passing. It was near her time, she said, and there was none to help her in the supreme agony of her moment.

"God help you, sister," said Bailman ever in awe of the mysteries of birth. "I will send women to you; what is your name?"

"They will not come," said the plaintive voice. "To-night the men go out to war and the women wait for the great dance."

"To-night!"

"To-night, master—so the ghosts of brass decree."

Bailman made a clicking noise with his mouth

"That we shall see," he said, and went on.

The party reached the outskirts of the city. Before them, outlined against a bronze sky was the dark bulk of a little hill, and this they skirted.

The bronze became red, and rose and dull bronze again as the fires that gave it colour leapt or fell; turning the shoulder of the hill Bailman saw—

Between the edge of the forest and slope of the hill was a broad strip of level land. On the left was the river, on the right was swamp and forest again.

In the very center of the little plain a huge fire burnt. Before it, supported by its poles, on two high trestles a square box.

But the people!

A huge circle squatting on its haunches, motionless, silent, men, women, children, tiny babies at their mothers' hips, they stretched, a solid wheel of humanity with the box and the fire as a hub.

There was a lane through which a man might reach the box, a lane along which passed a procession of naked men, going and returning. These were they who replenished the fire, and Bailman saw them dragging fuel for that purpose.

Keeping to the edge of the crowd, he worked his way to the opening. Then he looked round at his men.

"It is written," he said, in the curious Arabic of the Kano people, "that we shall carry away this false god: as to which of us shall live or die through this adventure, that is with Allah who knows all things."

Then he stepped boldly along the lane. He had changed his white ducks for a dark blue uniform suit and he was not observed by the majority, until he came with his houssas to the box.

The heat from the fire was terrific, over-powering. Close at hand, he saw that the fierceness of the blaze had warped the rough hewn boards of the box, and through the opening he saw in the light, a slab of stone.

"Take up the box quickly," he com-

manded, and the houssas lifted the poles to their shoulders. Until then the great assembly had sat in silent wonder, but as the soldiers lifted their burden, a yell of rage burst from five thousand throats, and men leapt to their feet.

Bailman stood before the fire, one hand raised and silence fell, curiosity dominating resentment.

"People of the Isisi," said Bailman "let no man move until the god-stone has passed, for death comes quickly to those who cross the path of gods."

He had a Colt-automatic in each hand and the particular deity he was thinking of at the moment, was not the one in the box.

The people hesitated, surging and swaying, as a mob will sway in its uncertainty.

With quick step the bearers carried their burden through the lane, they had almost passed unmolested when an old woman shuffled forward and clutched at Bailman's arm.

"Lord, Lord!" she quavered "what will you do with our god?"

"Take him to the proper place," said Bailman,"being by Government appointed his keeper."

"Give me a sign," she croaked, and the people in her vicinity repeated.

"A sign, Master!"

"This is a sign," said Bailman remembering the woman in labour, "by the god's favour, there shall be born to Ifabi, wife of Adako, a male child."

He heard the babble of talk, he heard his message repeated and repeated, over the heads of the crowd, he saw a party of women go scurrying back to the village, then he gave the order to march.

There were murmurings, and once he heard a deep voiced man begin the war chant but nobody joined him. Somebody,—probably the same man—clashed his spear against his wicker shield, but his warlike example was not followed. Bailman gained the village street. Around him was such a press of people, that he followed the swaying box with difficulty. The river was in sight, the moon rising a dull golden gall over the trees laced the water with silver—and then there came a scream of rage.

"He lies—he lies! Ifabi the wife of Odako is dead!"

Bailman turned swiftly like a dog at bay, his lips upcurled in a snarl, his white regular teeth showing.

It was death, and there was no way out, and he heard behind him the gentle thud of the box as it struck the earth, and the click of the houssas' breech-blocks.

"Now," said Bailman, speaking very quickly, "Let any man raise his spear and he dies."

Again they stood irresolute, and Bailman over his shoulder gave an order.

For a moment only the people hesitated, then as the soldiers gripped the poles of the god-box, with one fierce yell they sprang forward.

A voice screamed something, and as if by magic the tumult ceased, and the crowd darted backward and outward falling over one another in their frantic desire to escape.

Bailman, his pistol still loaded stood in open mouthed astonishment at the stampede. Save for his men he was alone—and then he saw.

Along the centre of the street two men were walking. They were clad alike in short crimson kilts that left their knees bare, great brass helmets topped their heads and brass couriasses covered their breasts.

Bailman watched them as they came nearer—

"If this is not fever, it is madness," he muttered, for what he saw were two Roman centurions, their heavy swords girt about their waists.

He stood still and they passed him, so close that he saw on the boss of one shield the rough letters

AUGUST CENT . . .

"Fever," said Bailman emphatically and followed the box to the ship.

When the steamer reached Mendini, Bailman was still in a condition of doubt, for his temperature was normal and neither fever nor sun could be held accountable for the vision. Added to which his men had seen the same thing.

He found the reinforcements his

pigeon had brought, but they were unnecessary now.

"It beats me," he confessed to Farmer, telling the story, "but we'll get out the stone: It might furnish an explanation. Centurians! Bah!"

The stone exposed in the light of day, was of greyish granite, such as Bailman did not remember having seen before.

"Here are the 'devil marks,'" he said as he turned it over, "possibly—whew!"

No wonder he whistled, for closely set were a number of printed characters and Farmer blowing the dust saw

MARVIS ET AVGVSTVS
CENT . . . NERO
IMPERAT . . IN DEVS . . DVLCE
MARIUS AND AUGUSTUS

That night with great labour Bailman furbishing his rusty Latin and filling in gaps made a translation:

CENTURIONS OF NERO CEASAR . . .
SLEEP SWEETLY WITH THE GODS.

We are they who came beyond those wild lands which Hanno the Carthagian found . . . . Marcus Septimus went up into Egypt and with him Decimus Superbus, but by the will of Ceasar and the favour of the gods we sailed to the black seas beyond . . . Here we lived, our ships suffering wreck, being worshipped by the barbarians teaching them warlike practices . . You who come after . . . bear greetings to Rome to Cato Hippocritus who dwells by the gate . .

Bailman shook his head when he had finished reading and said it was "rum."

Then and Now

Along the dry, deep-rutted prairie trail
The dusty oxen swung, with toiling tread;
Behind, the prairie schooner, in full sail,
With creak and rumble followed as they led,
Heaped high with all the settler called his own—
The household treasures of the pioneer,
Who left behind the settled and the known
And faced the unknown West without a fear.

Over a brick-paved, clean-swept city street,
Where once the creaking, ox-drawn wagon went,
By deafening horn and gong's quick clanging beat
Far heralded, and circled 'round with scent
Of gasoline, the motor car now speeds.
With whiz of whirling wheels, with searchlight's glare,
With dizzy haste that no obstruction heeds,
The settler's son enjoys the evening air.

J. M. Metcalf.

The Drone

By H. Howland

HERMANN VON SHULTZ, musical director of the Bohemian Opera House, was in a quandary, a quandary which to professionals of his art might well border on despair, the fore-runner of a miserable failure—perhaps ruin. For weeks in conjunction with Mme. Y—— he and his orchestra had rehearsed the score of a noted opera. Night after night he had wielded the bow of his violin, had led, drilled, encouraged in the attainment of perfect measure, faultless expression of theme. Now, on the very eve of a brilliant success—a few brief hours before that opera must be presented to an audience whose ultra-perceptive sense of the artistic was proverbial, he saw his labors of no avail, himself an object of condemnation, ridicule. And it was all because Jules Doux, the concertmeister, was sick. Unhappy Frenchman! he had been taken with pneumonia this morning, shortly after the last rehearsal. To-night—

There was a rap at the door of Prof. von Shultz's apartments. He responded to the summons. A bellboy announced that Mme. Y—— and her manager awaited him. "Show them up," he said, but exclaimed to himself, "Ach, Himmel! So geht es aber immer!"

Mme. Y——, the plump, sparkling-eyed primadonna, whose every movement was magnetic, strong in its physical vigor, greeted the conductor warmly. Manager Shaw was likewise cordial. "The house is already sold out," that genius declared with enthusiasm. "By George! the money fairly rolled in at the ticket office this morning—yes, and we had to turn away a hundred or more. The only thing now is for you to fiddle!"

"Ah, what an inelegant way of putting it," interposed Mme. Y——. "Prof. von Shultz will direct, conduct, lend enchantment to the piece. But to fiddle! What a shocking phrase!"

Hermann von Shultz paled. His lips quivered with emotion, the tremor of words which would not come. He grasped wildly at the air, then sank half to his knees as if exhausted. "The opera!" he cried, "it is—it is—" but he was completely overwhelmed.

Such was his state of mind that, when he opened his eyes a moment later, he knew not what had happened to him. It was for only one brief interval, however; the recollection of what he had endeavored to say, the frenzy, the hopelessness of the hour came back to him with tenfold meaning. "Ah, Mr. Shaw—Mme. Y——," he exclamed, "the piece—the piece cannot be produced—ah, not to-night! I mean—the opera— can it be postponed?"

"What!" thundered the manager, jumping to his feet.

"What!" shrieked the singer.

"Yes, yes, it is so— we have lost our concertmeister! He is ill—Ach Himmel I cannot find another—I have tried—my friends, they cannot come—he cannot come—it has failed, and yet what can I do?"

"Do!" screamed Mme. Y——, "How can we tell you, you whom we supposed able to attend to such details? Is it so hard to find a man to play four strings, to sit in front of a stage, to follow a few notes before him? I am to be overcome, vanquished, crushed by a cheap fiddler, a puppet with a baton?"

"No, no! do not say so! I have done my best—I am but human! I could not foresee this calamity!"

"Idiot that you are! Do you suppose that I would postpone my singing simply because a minor member of my company—you—failed to be present? No! I would do without him. I would get another—Ah, who could

not beat time! Have you no resource? You, Prof. Hermann von Shultz, I ask, have you no brains?"

Manager Shaw, now recovered from his first dismay, touched the singer's arm. "If you will allow me, Mme. Y——, I will escort you to your automobile. This excitement is anything but good for your voice; you must be fresh for to-night—to-night," he repeated with emphasis. "Prof. von Shultz and I shall see what can be done. It is too late for postponement of the piece without inevitable failure. When the public is dissappointed it wants its money back. One thing however, is certain—Prof. von Shultz, we *must* rise to this occasion. I will visit the Pagannini Club and other musical organizations with which I am acquainted; you do the same—and hurry, man, hurry! If you are well nigh ruined, I am doubly so. There's no time for words!" With that he and Mme. Y—— withdrew.

The orchestra leader looked about him. "*Have you no resource?*" The words pounded their impression upon his brain. He put on his hat and overcoat. "The American Violinists' Association, The Conservatory of Music, Gustav's Hungarian Ochestra—I have tried them all; not one, not a single man can I think of!"

He left the room and descended by way of the elevator to the lobby of his hotel whence he proceeded to the street. Mechanically he consulted his watch. Three hours more and the worst could not be averted! The calculation dazed him. He walked along jostled and unheeding; blinded, dumb, nor knowing where he went. His mind bewildered, his every nerve unstrung, how could he map his course! He did not try; he continued walking, on and on.

His surroundings, had he noticed them, were changing with every step. Buildings unattractive and old; small, ill-smelling buildings, with frequent stairways leading to the street and numerous little shops below, loomed up in place of the tall, graceful, airy structures to which he was accustomed. The crowd was not so thick now, but it was a noisy crowd, full of chatter and rough speech; a throng made up of German, Jew, French, Greek, a mixture of all nations with one creed—to invest little, to demand much, to gain of all. He realized his whereabouts. It was the pawn-brokers' district far down in the slums.

The professor's ears were sensitive. He stopped suddenly and trembled; his eyes closed and he leaned against the doorway of the nearest shop for support. It was the voice of a violin which had startled him—a violin in the hands of a musician, whose touch was firm, whose ear was true.

But it had ceased. The hubbub of angry words followed harshly. The occupant of the dingy place approached him. "The drone, the lazy drone," he was muttering to himself. Then to the director whom he surveyed with avaricious anxiety, "You will pardon me for not coming soon. I told my son you were standing in the doorway but, the lazy drone, he knows nothing but his fiddle. Come in, come in! Would you like to buy one of those pins I saw you looking at, or have you something to sell? I can give you a good bargain in diamonds to-day."

"Your son!" exclaimed von Shultz, "where is he? Quick!"

"What! you want him? Has he been annoying you? He is in the back room now."

"Take me to him! I will give him twenty-five dollars if he will play at the opera to-night."

Jacob Raderblitz, the pawn-broker, became agitated. "What did you say —twenty-five dollars for his fiddle? Wait, wait! I will get it for you; the drone shall waste no more time with it!"

Von Shultz grew impatient. "No, no! I wish him to play with us. Let me talk to him!"

The curtains in the rear, which formed a partition between the store and the living room, were softly drawn. A young Jew of quiet and unassuming manner stepped forth, "You wished to see me?" he asked.

"Yes, what is your name?" replied the director.

"Heman Raderblitz."

"You play the violin?"

"Yes."

"And read music?"

The other nodded.

"Listen! I will pay you handsomely if you will play for Mme. Y—— at the Bohemian. Will you come—now?"

The youth hesitated and returned behind the curtains again without replying. When he reappeared with his instrument in its case he simply smiled.

Two hours later with sixty-nine other musicians he waited the leader's signal.

Conductor von Shultz, in evening attire, rapped attention; a pause, then the first bars of the overture. The opera was on!

"Play it again, Heman; it is so sweet."

"Are you not tired?"

"Only a little bit, but you know how the music rests me. Play it once more, brother; then I think I may sleep."

Heman Raderblitz raised the violin to his shoulder. "Listen," he said softly while he drew the bow. "Listen —and rest!"

When two months ago in the opera house with barely an hour's preparation he had rendered almost without hesitation a difficult score, those who knew the circumstances of his being there, were astounded, mystified. When they sought him after the performance, sought him with gratitude, with recognition—had pressed him to accompany them on a year's tour, and he had refused, they were embarrassed, awed. Were it possible, they asked themselves, that this youth, whose fingers were so supple, whose perception was so clear, possessed not the ambition of accomplishment; that his soul was so warped that it returned contentedly, even with eagerness, to the sordid surroundings of the pawnbroker's shop? Prof. von Shultz had called upon him three times, Mme. Y—— and Mme. Y——'s manager had made him numerous offers but to no purpose. It was beyond comprehension. "The drone, the lazy drone!" they too had repeated.

He sat on the edge of a narrow couch that day; there was a hollow cough, the ashen face of a child, a sudden stain of red on the pillow. But he played—played unceasingly through it all. Others had brought the water, the brandy, and whiter sheets.

With the evening came two silent men who left the couch empty. Then it was he wrote to Prof. von Shultz:

"Yetta is dead; I will come."



On The Trail From Dobe Wall

By Wilson Howard

IN the fall of 187—, after a summer on the range in Texas, I went up the trail with a beef herd to Dodge City. After the cattle had been loaded into the cars, and the puffing engines had started the long train to the Kansas City market, we turned back into the town. Here my comrades, true to the custom of the old time trailmen, plunged into the wildest excesses. As I declined to join them in their uproarious carouse, I soon found myself alone in a strange town.

Without any particular idea of doing anything, I wandered into the office of one of the big freight contractors. For that was a day before railroad extension had made the great Southwest as accessible as it is to-day and the transportation of the country was done by wagon trains from the border towns, along trails that penetrated far down into what is known as the Texas Panhandle, and Dodge City was one of the principal centers of that trade.

In the proprietor of the establishment into which I thus aimlessly wandered, I recognized an old friend and neighbor of my father's. Mr. Potter had once owned a farm adjoining my old home in Missouri, but had sold it and come West to engage in the freighting business. He recognized me in return, and extended a hearty welcome.

When I spoke of being out of a job he smiled pleasantly and said, reassuringly, "I reckon I can find something for you to do. Sober men are at a premium just now." And he waved his hand toward the street, where a gang of yelling, shouting cowboys were galloping by. Then he insisted that I should go up to his house and spend the night with him.

The following morning, at breakfast, Mr. Potter sat down his coffee cup, and, turning to me, said:

"Tom, I wish you would go down to Dobe Wall and get a bunch of mules for me." Then he went on to say that the driver of one of his teams had been killed there, in a drunken brawl, and the team left in consequence. He wished them brought home, and named a remuneration that was fairly liberal.

I started for Dobe Wall at noon of that same day.

I found Dobe Wall to be merely the headquarters camp of a large cattle company operating in the Panhandle.

It was situated at the ford of the South Canadian river. The remains of an old adobe fortification, where, in an early day, the whites had fought a battle with the Indians, gave the name to the place.

The men whom I found at Dobe Wall were cowboys, like myself. Of course, we fraternized freely. But I soon became aware that I was not the only stranger who shared, at that time, the unreserved hospitality of the ranch. A party of the roving irresponsible characters who infest all new countries, were lodging temporarily beneath its roof.

At first appearance, these men seemed to be the ordinary, and usually harmless, "cow tramps," but upon closer acquaintance I became convinced that they were of the worst sort—gamblers, card sharps, and, if opportunity offered, cattle thieves and robbers. My suspicions of them were naturally increased when, after the mules had been brought in from the horse camp, eight miles distant, I stepped unexpectedly around a corner of the corral and found them engaged in a conversation apart, accompanying their words with such gestures as to leave no doubt that my charges were the subject under discussion.

And indeed there was reason! For they were eight of the finest specimens of the hybrid I have ever seen—re-

gular beauties, with smooth, round bodies, and clean limbs—just the animals to catch the eye of a dealer, or delight the heart of a teamster.

During the course of that evening, five of these men left Dobe Wall, upon one pretext or another, leaving but one of their number at the ranch. This was a slight built fellow, with a pleasing address, who wore a high-crowned Mexican hat, bespangled with silver stars. This man took special pains to make himself agreeable to me during the evening. Among other things, he told me how, by making a detour, I could avoid the otherwise necessary long drive without water just beyond the Cimarron river.

With the conviction riveted upon me that this gang of ruffians had designs upon my charges and perhaps upon my person, the reader may imagine with what foreboding I left the friendly shelter of Dobe Wall ranch, the following morning, and started alone to drive that band of mules up the trail to Dodge City. It was two hundred miles across a treeless, and poorly-watered region. Except for occasional cow camps, there was scarce a human habitation in almost the whole distance.

I reached the high plain between the Beaver and Cimarron rivers without incident. Here I met a herd of cattle being driven south, and, thinking to have all signs of my movement blotted out by the trampling hoofs, turned from the trail and reached the latter stream several miles above the ford. Pushing on across ten or twelve miles of rolling country, I made camp in a grassy swale.

My animals had refused the bitter water at the Cimarron. My camping place afforded none. Where I should find any on the morrow was as a hidden mystery. Already the mules, and especially my saddle horse, had come to show the woeful effect of thirst. They looked jaded and worn. I began to reproach myself with being unduly alarmed by appearances—for being frightened from the trail without sufficient cause. I was too tired and thirsty to care for supper. Wrapping myself in my blankets, I lay down to sleep, thoroughly miserable and disheartened.

How long I slept I do not know. I was awakened by a shrill snort from my horse. Rising on my elbow, I saw that the mules were gathered in a group near by, and, with heads up and ears thrown forward, were intently watching something on the border of the swale. There was no moon, but the stars shown brightly, casting a faint light over the prairie. But though I strained my eyes into the semi-darkness, I could make out nothing. The actions of my mules told plainly, however, that the thing, whatever it was, slowly circled about my camp, and came to rest or departed, on the prairie to the northward.

I was not further disturbed, but found it impossible to shake off a certain nameless dread that took possession of me. I thought of the ruffians at Dobe Wall, and wondered if my nocturnal visitor were a scout from them. If so, when would they be upon me?

Meanwhile, a dead silence brooded about me. Alone on that boundless waste, it became very oppressive. Had a coyote uttered his dismal howl, it would have been a relief. I remembered an old plaisnman saying that when coyotes howl, all is well. The silence increased my distress as, with revolver drawn, and every sense alert, I waited, through the seemingly interminable hours for the light of the morning.

With the first gray streak of dawn still lingering in the sky, I once more started my jaded mules northward. As I left the swale, the dark form of a solitary horseman appeared suddenly before me. Frantically waving his hat he yelled like a demon, evidently attempting to stampede the mules toward the west. With the proverbial perverseness of these animals, they wheeled and dashed past him toward the east. The man then discharged his revolver at me, the bullet passing so close that I felt the wind of it. I returned the fire at once, The man dodged with alacrity, then galloped to the top of a knoll and raised an alarm that soon brought five others, all mounted, after me. The light of the newborn day was reflected in a glory of silvery rays from the high-crowned hat

of one of them. I knew at once that they were the ruffians of Dobe Wall. Against that gang of fully armed and desperate men I stood not a shadow of a chance in fair fight. I carried only a sixshooter. They were armed with the longer range rifle. They were well mounted, and unencumbered. No doubt, too, they were acquainted with the country, and had chosen their ground. The advantage was clearly in their favor. I should soon be ridden down and, if I resisted, murdered. If I submitted—but dead men tell no tales!

Still I was loath to accept the seemingly inevitable. I was young and life was sweet. Besides, Mr. Potter had entrusted me with a mission usually reserved for the tried and true. Something of the feeling that makes a man cling to a trust when others believe in him came over me, and I resolved that when my pursuers obtained those mules they should, at least, have cost them something. Meanwhile, I had gained nearly a mile the start of them. That advantage I could never expect to hold with my jaded and thirsty animals. I had gained the crest of a ridge. Before me ran the course of a deep arroya that divided into two nearly parallel branches. That fact suggested a plan of defence that I proceeded to put into immediate execution.

Lashing furiously with my saddle rope, I sent the mules racing down the slope at a pace that carried them up the farther ascent from the second arroya as the ruffians reached the top of the ridge. I dodged beneath a steep bank, where the floods had eaten into the face of a hill, and, with revolver drawn waited. To all appearances I had made a dash. The ruffians apparently so divined my action, for they rushed recklessly into the ravine, in close order, not thirty feet from me. Into them tore the fire from my sixshooter, directed low to disable horses rather than men. Three of the animals went down, carrying their riders with them. The survivors wheeled and fled up the arroya in a panic while I dashed away after my mules.

I had overtaken the mules, after a two mile run, and, reining my horse to a quiet trot, was congratulating myself upon my success in thus effectually stoping pursuit, when a rifle ball uttered its blood-curdling shriek past my ear. Looking back, I saw three of the ruffians, with their rifles at "ready," riding upon me. Flight was out of the question, my jaded horse was already winded. With my lighter arm against three men with rifles, I had not the chances of a fair fight. The only coup that offered a ray of hope could not again be pulled off against these men, even had there been opportunity. With the courage born of despair, I wheeled at once, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. But at that instant a second shot crashed into my horse. Down we went, in a heap together. But I fell clear of the saddle, and the next moment had taken the cover afforded by the quivering body of my horse and opened fire with such good effect that the hat flew from the head of one of my assailants. The cowardly rascals, knowing their advantage, withdrew beyond pistol range. There two of them dismounted and, dropping on one knee, covered me with their rifles, while the third, he of the bespangled hat, rode out to the right to shoot me behind my cover. I realized at once that my hour had come! To throw myself on their mercy would be folly. My every means of defence was gone. Helpless, and hopeless, I should be shot like a dog! But if die I must, I resolved that I should not die cringing! I arose and faced my slayers. But instead of the blinding volley, and the stinging shot that I expected, I was met by a sight that struck me dumb with amazement. The three men suddenly sprang into their saddles, and galloped away! I stared after them in blank astonishment, hardly able to believe my eyes! I found it difficult to realize that I still lived! But a distant hail caused me to look about. Four men armed with rifles were clearly silhouetted on the crest of the ridge over which my mules had, a moment before, disappeared. I saw at a glance that, toward me, at least, they had no hostile intent. I was saved!

After what had happened, I deem it no discredit to say that I was completely unerved. I sank upon the

dead body of my horse, with things dancing before my eyes. The light seemed to fade back into the dusk of night. But I regained control of my senses when my rescuers came hurrying to me, explaining that they were a party of eastern gentlemen on a hunt, and how the flight of a band of jaded mules across a flat where they were stalking antelope in the early morning, followed by the sound of rifle fire, had brought them to the top of the ridge just in time to frighten away the cowardly wretches who had followed me from Dobe Wall.

They told me where I could obtain water, and sold me a horse to replace the one I had lost. Two days later, without further incident, I delivered the mules to their owner at Dodge City.

When The Wind Sleeps

The wild wind's asleep in the hollows—
The wind that is seldom at rest—
And deep is the silence that follows,
As the sun disappears in the West.

The cottonwood down by the river,
That swayed to the wind's fitful will,
Is resting, its leaves scarcely quiver,
And the sigh of its branches is still.

Along the path down through the meadow
Are the timorous rabbits at play;
And hid in the sunflower's shadow,
The cricket is singing his lay.

Oh, deep is the silence that follows,
And Nature sinks down to her rest;
When the wind is asleep in the hollows,
And the sun disappears in the West.

Jerome Twitchell.

WEALAKA

By Sadie Kidd Walker

I had often noticed her among the ranks of the older children from the other room, and was attracted by the wild, though somewhat irregular beauty of her brown-skinned face. She wore her straight black hair drawn severely back into a single braid, after the manner of Osage Indian maidens. A few short locks were forever and eternally having to be brushed back from out of two of the most expressive brown eyes I ever saw. When they were back, you could see two marks on her forehead at the point just between the eyes, and they looked for all the world like small shot embedded in the skin. She wore the white girl's dress, conspicuous for the absence of tucks and ruffles, but around her neck, and at the end of her braid, were tied the gayest of all gay-colored ribbons.

Every day I thought I would speak to this timid creature and learn more about her, but as this was the first week of school, I could have eyes and ears only for the little folks who demanded my attention.

It was at the noon recess one day, when I was gazing pensively at the uninteresting remains of my lunch basket, that there came a low knock at my door. In answer to my half-hearted "Come in," there entered my interesting full-blood Indian girl with her arms loaded with books. I motioned her to a seat, all the while admiring the unconscious grace of her movements. She stared around the room for a moment, and then let her gaze fall on me in frank approval.

"Well?" I interrogated.

"No like man teacher. Me stay in this room," she began in the softest little voice imaginable. "Me like white squaw teacher best. Man teacher, he too cross."

"Oh, no!" I protested hastily, "you don't know him well enough yet. You will like him, I'm sure. Besides, I teach only the little folks in here. Tell me what your name is, child, and in what class you belong."

"My name Wealaka. Man teacher, he can't say it," she said disgustedly.

With difficulty, I controlled a desire to laugh at the mental picture of the "man teacher" struggling with that name. I walked over and picked up one of her books. "Why, you are in the fourth reader!" I exclaimed in surprise. Afterwards, I learned that she and all the rest of our school were deplorably unfit for the grades to which they had been assigned, and it required quite a bit of diplomacy to place them in the right grades without offending anyone.

"Yes," she replied, "Me in speller and grammar class. No like grammar. He make me twist my tongue too much."

"And this arithmetic?" I hinted suggestively.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, "Me rather write," and she showed me a sample of her really beautiful penmanship.

I abandoned all attempts at interesting her in her books, and showed her some of my primary playthings. Her eyes sparkled with Indian joy over the bright colors, and she talked quite freely.

I was almost sorry when the one o'clock bell rang, but was dismayed to see my visitor gather up her books, walk to the back of the room, and calmly select a desk. I remonstrated at once, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded her to go back to her own room again, just as the line of giggling, whispering children marched in.

During every recess after that, she came into my room and followed me around with such persistent devotion, that I grew nervous, at times, and bade her go out and play with the other child-

ren. Then I would peek around to see her standing close beside one of my windows gazing solemnly at the noisy groups, but making no attempt at joining them.

Two or three weeks went by in this manner, and I began to notice that Wealaka did not talk as much as usual, and a sad look appeared in her eyes. She lost her already faint interest in books, and one morning she was missing at roll-call. Two days, a week went by and still no Wealaka. I was worried and felt indignant when the Superintendent made a remark about "These good-for-nothing Indians that cannot be depended on." So one Saturday morning, I started out bright and early to walk to the Indian camp, a mile and a half from town.

After inquiry, I picked out Wealaka's house from among the rest of the little two-by-four frame houses, containing as a rule only one room. Here the whole family eats, drinks, and is merry, the floor serving for both table and bed.

All I had to do was to walk right in without any ceremony. The scene was novel indeed. No carpet, a stove in one corner with cord-wood piled around it, kitchen utensils scattered on the floor, and a strong odor of pine in the atmosphere. In another corner sat Wealaka at a sewing machine rapidly stitching some brilliant-colored ribbons in fancy shapes down the seams of a pair of black broadcloth leggings. On the floor near her rolled her little dirty-faced brother. But Wealaka! Tears streamed down her face, and she was humming a weird, distressingly doleful Indian tune. For a moment she did not notice my entrance, and then her greeting was something of a shock to me. Smiling rather uncertainly she motioned me to the only other chair in the room, and than went on sewing without a word. All her quick friendliness was gone, and and in its stead remained only the stolid indifference characteristic of her race. This was disconcerting, but I managed to talk and laugh as cheerfully as ever, and soon found her answering in sentences rather than monosyllables. Finally I ventured to ask why she had not been in school lately.

"I not know," she said in a noncommittal way which was quite unsatisfactory to me. I persisted in asking questions until she turned square around facing me.

"I going to get married," she said with a bitter little laugh.

"Married!" I fairly shouted, for the time being completely losing the school-ma'am's proper reserve. "For goodness sake how old are you, child?" I asked.

"Sixteen," replied Wealaka, grinning at my astonishment.

"Why do you want to do that," I demanded indignantly; but Wealaka could not answer. Her Indian fortitude deserted her and she sank in a forlorn little heap at my feet, sobbing piteously.

Here was more than I bargained for, and with the free-born independence of a white girl, I told her not to cry any more, and that she did not have to get married if she did not want to; but here was where I was mistaken, for Wealaka, looking at me in horrified amazement, asked me if I didn't mind my parents, saying that hers had said she was to get married; and married she would be unless they changed their minds.

Then by much coaxing and careful questioning, I got her to tell me about the strange way in which the Indians give and take in marriage. The old folks do the courting. Think of that, O ye fretful, discontented white maidens and be ye glad.

They commence a month or two beforehand, sometimes, and the parents of the prospective bridegroom take the initiative. Their strong, brown, muscled son has come to the mature age of sixteen or eighteen years, and now it is high time that he should take unto himself a wife. So quite unknown to him, they begin to cast about among the families of their own rank for any eligible young maiden who may take their fancy. Think of what those poor young girls have missed—the parties. the stolen caresses, the unexpected meetings on the corner or in the hall, and the melting love notes mailed in a cigar box postoffice under the sidewalk! All the blissful transports of puppy love they have missed, and as for the Romeo

and Juliet love of a later stage, they know nothing of it!

But finally the parents select a girl whom they think would be just the one for a wife for their son, and immediately adopt measures to win her. They broach the subject to her parents and find that there will be no objections to the courting, but that it is a question as to whether or not they will be successful. All the relatives of each family settle at the two respective homes to solemnly watch proceedings, ready to give their approval or disapproval as they see fit. In a day or two, the boy's father goes over and ties five or six ponies in front of the girl's house and leaves a kettle of venison or some delicacy outside the door. Then out come all her relatives to carefully examine the offerings. But they do not seem pleased, and with much shaking of heads, they go back into the house again, and the presents are rejected. It will take more than five or six ponies to buy a girl from so wealthy a family as theirs.

Now the fun begins in earnest. Every morning the number of ponies is increased, and the kettle of food made more tempting. By and by, some of her relatives are won over, and partake of the food, leaving a white cloth in the kettle to signify that all are not yet satisfied. Finally the number of ponies may reach twenty and the donors show a disposition to drop proceedings if these are not accepted.

The girl's father immediately gets busy, and after much wrangling and offering of bribes, he gets his refractory kinsmen to agree. The ponies are then sent out to his pasture, and the kettle is set outside the door again, perfectly empty, and without the objectionable white cloth. A small flag is put upon the house and the bargain is sealed.

I was deeply impressed with the finality of the whole arrangement. and pitied Wealaka from the bottom of my heart. She had no thought of rebellion, drilled as she was in Indian obedience.

Although she was not supposed to know, she had found out that her bridegroom was to be one Hays Little Bear, a young man just back from some Indian school, proud in his adopted civilized dress. I had seen him once or twice, and had thought him a fine looking young fellow, although not as "steady" as he might be, perhaps.

"Why, he will make you a good husband, Wealaka," I said encouragingly.

She shook her head, saying: "I not like him."

"When will the wedding be?" I asked.

"The flag went up yesterday," she answered. "The wedding will be day after to-morrow."

I was appalled at the suddenness of their decision, and a thousand and one questions arose in my mind about the ceremony, but our conversation was suddenly stopped by the entrance of the mother of Wealaka, a fat, waistless creature clad in the familiar tribal dress. I fell to admiring the beady-eyed papoose which was held mysteriously on its mother's back in the folds of her blanket. But conversation lagged, being confined chiefly to grunts on the mother's part. So I soon took my departure, vowing inwardly that I would certainly see that wedding, whether I was invited or not.

The day came at last, and dismissing my astonished but delighted school early in the afternoon, I hurried out to the Indian camp. There was quite a crowd there before me, for despite the Indian's attempt at secrecy, the white people had found it out, and were promptly on hand. Groups of gay-blanketed Indians were scattered here and there, and a crowd of big-eyed children raced hilariously after a long lean dog. Over and around the bridegroom's house, there reigned an air of general festivity. I was as excited as Wealaka was calm, when I beheld her led from the house and placed upon a milk-white pony, beautifully decorated with blankets and bells and bands of bead work. And Wealaka! Surely Solomon in all his glory never conceived of a raiment like this.

Her short skirt, made of a long strip of crimson broadcloth, was wrapped gracefully around her waist and over it hung a shining green satin shirt, under which there were four or five others just as handsome, so I was told. Her

leggings were of dark blue broadcloth elaborately beaded up the sides, her moccasins were a solid mass of beads, and she wore strand after strand of beads around her neck. Her hat was a creation wonderful in itself. It was a tall black silk hat exactly like a man's dress hat, and was decorated with four towering plumes formed out of tiny scarlet and white feathers. She pulled a fine woven blanket around her shoulders over all this glory and gazed indifferently off toward the hills, an object of joy to her father who boasted proudly that he had expended all of five hundred dollars on her trousseau.

Her mother was placed on another decorated pony, and a third pony carried only an empty saddle. The three were led off to about one hundred yards from the house and turned facing it. Then suddenly and without warning to the uninitiated, a gun was fired, and the three ponies were started in a slow walk back to the house. Immediately, a crowd of ten or twelve Indians, men, women and children, started on a dead run toward them. The race was short, and we saw a man lay hold of the bridle of the riderless pony and were told that it was his by right of conquest.

I felt a strange desire in my heart to go out and join them and be one of them, a longing like I used to have when I was a little girl and read Indian stories. "The Call of the Wild," flashed into my mind, and I giggled nervously.

"But where is the bridegroom?" I wondered aloud, and a friend voiced my sentiments by saying, "Well he is missing a lot by not being here."

When the bride and her mother reached the house again, four old squaws came out to meet them carrying a blanket by the four corners. The bride deliberately rolled off her pony into this blanket, and was carried into the house. Here the scene was shut off from the crowd, but I gained a good view point by one of the windows, detremined to see it to the end.

Once inside all her gorgeous robes were taken from her, and distributed as presents among her relatives, and she was re-clothed in a very plain, sober outfit. They brought her over to one corner of the room where a feast was spread on a cloth on the floor. There she sat down, all the relatives joining with her around the edge. Then it was, seemingly to me, that the bridegroom was thought of for the first time. An old man went out and gave several long, weird calls, and presently he came stalking in from around a little knoll. His civilized dress had given place to the old-time Indian costume. Silently he passed into the house and took his place beside the bride, not once looking at her. The relatives began at once to eat and pass the food to the bridal couple, each with eyes on his plate, no one saying a word. But the poor young things would not eat at all until the groom, at last, broke the spell and partook gingerly of everything that was passed.

"Would Wealaka eat?" I wondered, knowing that they were not married until she did. There she sat in a dejected heap, her chin resting on her chest, never lifting an eye, and never giving a sign. The suspense was great, and the relatives glanced uneasily at one another. Was Wealaka going to rebel? No, environment was too strong. She surrendered at last, and ate out of the same dish with the bridegroom; and behold, they were husband and wife.

The satisfied relatives immediately arose, and, clearing away the remainder of the feast, went out without a backward look, leaving the young couple alone to get acquainted the best way they could. The wedding was over, and a great sob choked in my throat as I took a last look at the immovable Wealaka. I no longer felt nor desired "The Call of the Wild."

A few days later, I stood on a corner and watched two Indians coming up the street. The man wore citizen's clothes and was young He walked slowly, and behind him trudged the woman, little more than a girl, dressed in the Indian matron's costume and with her hair hanging loose. As they passed, she smiled at me shyly. It was Wealaka and her husband.

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

Size doesn't always count. The stinger is the smallest part of the bee.

It is a good plan to keep out of a law suit unless you have nothing to lose.

Our idea of an exhibition of genuine nerve is to watch a bald-headed drug clerk selling hair tonic.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but it is well to trust to the legs in case it doesn't turn properly.

For the most of us the good time coming is like the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow—just a little farther on.

We heard of a man the other day who was so crooked that he had to screw his boots on with a monkey wrench.

The man who combs his hair over his bald spot has no laugh coming at the woman with gold filling in her false teeth.

We have lived long enough to realize that there is not much fun in the good time that causes you to wake up with a headache.

A good many people do not discover the real importance of a newspaper until they get into some scrape they are ashamed of.

A farmer who has several daughters all wearing the new hair puffs, complains that he has to hitch onto a header-box when the family goes to church.

Since the lid has been shut down tight it is claimed that the brand of booze now circulating in Kansas would make a canary bird chase a tom-cat all over the yard.

Fine thing that bill preventing actresses from wearing tights was knocked out. It would be really shocking if they weren't permitted to wear even that much.

Of course your children are nice youngsters and never do anything wrong. You know, because you were such a nice little angel yourself when you were young.

Even old Bill White can make as good a speech as Norman Hapgood, and when it comes to writing, old Bill with one hand tied behind his back can write rings all around Hon. Hap.

If the Legislature continues to enact laws for the preservation of game, the sportsmen of the future will be permitted to go out hunting armed only with a handful of salt to sprinkle on the bird's tail.

During the sermon the parson stated that his mission was that of saving young men. One of the young ladies in the congregation giggled and then whispered: "Gee, I wish he would save a nice one for me."

Here and There

The Legislature As this appears the 1911 session of the Kansas Legislature will be breathing its last. Like most other Legislatures its demise will cause few regrets. This is no criticism of the present body which is fully up to the average of other Kansas Legislatures and much superior to most others—Illinois for instance.

But it has accomplished very few of the things it promised to do, and that after all is the way of Legislatures. In fact it is the way of humanity. Few individuals accomplish the things they promise themselves and others they will accomplish, and the Legislature, made up of individuals falls down, just as the individual falls down. The members went there with high resolves, New-Year resolutions. They got together and began to consider. They found that it is much easier to resolve than to carry out the resolution. They found many "men of many minds" each bent on his own purposes.

To "get together" and accomplish anything is a work of many weeks compromise. No one man in any body gets all he wants. Very few get anything they want. The result is a trade, a dicker, a swapping of votes, that fully justifies the "pork bar'l" charge, but the trouble is that the pork bar'l game has always been played in Kansas and in every other Legislature since Legislatures began.

¶

The Pork Bar'l Which leads us to some other considerations. In the English Parliament, appropriations are called the "Budget". The fiscal officers of the C own, are also members of Parliament. The estimates for the year's appropriations as we call them, "The Budget" as they say over there, are prepared by experts. There is no trading nor dickering. The Budget goes. There may be a fight over the manner in which the Budget is to be provided for. The Ways and Means may be, often is, a serious question, but that so much money must be raised for the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, and so on, is never a matter of debate. Experts have settled that.

How is it with us. As soon as the Legislature opens, the member from Douglas County in either branch, becomes merely the financial agent of the State University. Certain appropriations are demanded by that great institution whose presence in Lawrence is a source of income to the County, and upon whose appropriations largely depends the political future of the members from the County in either House. As a result the Member from Douglas, must give if he would take. He can't help keep down appropriations for Manhattan and Emporia and Leavenworth, and hope to keep his up.

Inevitably under the present system, he trades. Maybe not in so many words, but he knows as well as he knows anything that he must help the member from Lyon County get a plenty for the Emporia Normal, and the Member from Crawford County get a plenty for the Pittsburg Normal, and the Member from Riley County get a plenty for the Manhattan Agricultural College, and the Member from Leavenworth get a plenty for the Penitentiary and so on down the line to the last lone little State institution.

And they all do, they always have, they always will under the present system, which is rotten and indecent. It makes the taxpayer the victim of these combined interests.

The best trader gets the biggest appropriations. Not because he ought to but because his county has the best trader. That is the system that has prevailed since the year One of Kansas as a State and always will as things are now. And when Bill White sprung his Pork Bar'l yarn, there was nothing new in it to any who knew. In fact there has been less of the pork bar'l trading in this Legislature than any I have ever known, simply because most of the members were new men, and not wise to the game.

Bill White's own members have been trading right along to help the Normal at Emporia and carrying out their trade. And it was only because Senator Porter of Crawford seemed to be able to out-trade them that the Emporia editor became frightened and started the expose, which failed to expose anything new.

¶

The Remedy We derive the present system of course from England. The control of the purse strings and the power of tax-

ation by Parliament, had been one of the things the English had fought their Kings for, for many hundred years. It was a very sacred right. The right of Parliament to vote taxes as against the right of the King to levy them had occasioned two bloody revolutions, and we inherited the jealousy of the English against the executive power, or the right of the executive to have any say in the matter of approriations except possibly a veto power.

Naturally the reasons that prompted the English distrust of Executive power, hardly exist over here where we name our own executives for short terms. As a matter of fact the real English executive to-day is the Prime Minister sitting in Parliament, who with his Ministry practically control appropriations.

Whether any American State would be willing to entrust its Executive with fuller powers over appropriations for the up-keep of the state's property may be doubted, but something along that line ought to be done. It would save the bi-ennial dickering and trading, the barter and sale of votes to secure appropriations. The Governor is just as immediately responsible to the people as the Legislature itself. With the initiative, referendum and recall as checks on gubernatorial power they are certainly going to be numerous enough to guard the people's control of the purse strings. This is only a suggestion. Maybe some smart reformer can work out some plan by which the great institutions of the State shall not be so much at the mercy of Legislative trading.

In Old Tucson

By Sharlot M. Hall

In Old Tucson, in Old Tucson
How swift the happy days ran on;
How warm the yellow sunshine beat
Along the warm caliche street.
The flat roofs caught a brighter sheen
From fringing house leeks thick and green
And chiles drying in the sun:
Splashes of crimson 'gainst the dun
Of clay-spread roof and earthen floor:
The squash vines climbing past the door,
Held in its yellow blossoms deep
The drowsy desert bees asleep.

By one low wall, by one shut gate,
The dusty roadway turned to wait:
The pack mules loitered where
The muleteers had sudden care,
Of cinch and pack and harness bell.
The oleander blossoms fell,
Wind-drifted flecks of flame and snow;
The fruited pomegranate swung low,
And in the patio dim and cool,
The gray doves flitted round the pool
That caught her image lightly as
The face fades across the glass.

In Old Tucson, in Old Tucson,
The pool is dry the face is gone.
No dark eyes through the lattice shine,
No slim brown hand steals through to mine.
There where her oleander stood,
The shadows bend and brood;
And through the glazed pomegranate leaves
The wind, remembering, waits and grieves
Waits with me, knowing as I know,
She may not choose to come and go—
She who with life, no more has part,
Save in the dim pool of my heart.

And yet I wait, and yet I see,
The dream that has come back to me;
The green leek springs above the roof,
The dove that mourned, alone, aloof,
Flutes softly to her mates among
The fig leaves, where the fruit has hung
Slow purpling through the sunny days,
And down the golden desert haze,
The mule bells tinkle faint and far:
But where her candle shone, a star;
And where I watched her shadow fall—
The gray street and a crumbling wall.



Sharlot M. Hall and Mother

Book Reviews

"Gentleman Don," *by Jessie A. Harshbarger.*

IN this, her first book, Mrs. Harshbarger, who is a Kansas woman, has given us a most entertaining life story of a dog and of his intelligent view point of human affairs. Don tells his own story, and the simplicity with which he describes the happy home life and his love and devotion to his kind master makes a strong appeal.

Everyone who loves and understands dogs will feel that this is only a just estimate of their appreciation of events and of loyal friendship to the end. It is when Don rescues his ten-year-old mistress from drowning that he wins his title of "Gentleman Don." The father, in his great joy, tells him that henceforth they are not master and dog, but brothers, and that he is indeed a true gentleman. To Don, who is striving to be like his beloved master, this is the greatest praise, for the undercurrent philosophy is to the effect that as man is master and possessor of all faculties, he is good and always right; hence worthy to be the example. When the great tragedy comes to the household, Don and his companion, Tony, a black-and-tan terrier, play their part as friends and comforters to a touching degree.

Perhaps Don's own tribute to his master may serve to show us a dog's standard of character, for he concludes his story with these words:

"This, my friends, is the story of what a good man can do for those around him, and though Master is growing stooped and his step is slower than it once was and his hair is snow white he is the same grand, noble man and master, and I still think I am doubly blest to have fallen into his hands. As these thoughts pass through my mind, I look up at him, and stooping he strokes me in the old kind way and smiles as he says, 'Gentleman Don.' "

All books which tend to create a broader understanding between man and dog are true antidotes to cruelty to animals, and this is surely Mrs. Harshbarger's message, charmingly presented.

The original illustrations for the book were made by David Stewart, a young Topeka artist.

"Gentleman Don," *Crane & Company, Topeka, Price* $1.00.

◈ ◈

"Keith of the Border," *by Randall Parrish.*

The reading public never seems to tire of the Western novel, with its bigness, its freedom and lawlessness, which go to produce the most dramatic conditions.

Randall Parrish has embodied in this, his latest book, all the necessary ingredients to make it a thrilling story and he writes with an enthusiasm which carries the reader with him. He is thoroughly familiar with the West, its country and conditions as they existed at the close of the Civil war, and he gives us a vivid picture of the life of that period. His characters are well drawn, and he has been skillful in infusing the spirit of adventure so that in spite of a rather inconsistent plot, the interest is kept keenly alive.

Jack Keith, the hero, is a splendid type of western manhood, who has retained the loyalty and chivalry of his native South. He has a number of thrilling and highly dramatic experiences in his endeavor to protect the heroine, Ruth, from the scheming Black Bart, a notorious gambler and "bad man."

Black Bart is playing for big stakes; mistaking Ruth for a concert singer whom he thinks is heiress to a grandfather's fortune in the South, he hides her in an isolated cabin in the midst of the desert, where Keith, fleeing from false charges of murder, made by this same Black Bart, discovers her.

The striking resemblance of Ruth and the singer, who later discover they are half-sisters, forms the basis of the mystery and results in two terrible trips across the desert which are full of danger. Black Bart is finally silenced by Keith's bullet in honorable combat amid the sand dunes and the several mysteries are solved, The lovers are united and the story ends happily.

"Keith of the Border," *by Randall Parrish, A. C. McClurg & Co.,* $1.35 *net.*

◈ ◈

"Cactus and Pine," *by Sharlot M. Hall.*

The Magazine always reviews with pleasure the work of Kansas writers and we will right here claim Miss Hall as a Kansas writer for she was born in Kansas and "raised" here. For some years, her mother whose picture appears with Miss Hall's, taught school at Minneapolis in the days when the Indians used to raid through that country. The Hall family went to Arizona and Miss Hall spent several years on an Arizona ranch. She is now the Arizona Historian. About four years ago I discovered in a newspaper the poem called "The West" and was so profoundly taken with it that I had never forgotten it. When the other day a friend handed me her poem "In Old Tucson" I recognized the name at once and discovered that Miss Hall is not a poet of one poem. To my mind "In Old Tucson" is one of the most exquisite poems ever written by an American; its simplicity, the perfection of the picture it presents; its brooding sadness; its imagery and choice words have been rarely equalled by any American poet, for instance:

"By one lone wall, at one shut gate"
in the simplest form presents a picture that profoundly strikes the imagination.

Here is another verse:

"In old Tucson, in old Tucson,
The pool is dry, the face is gone,
No dark eyes through the lattice shine,
No slim brown hand steals through to mine:
There where her oleander stood
The twilight shadows bend and brood,
And through the glossed pomegranite leaves
The wind remembering waits and grieves;
Waits with me, knowing as I know,
She may not choose to come and go—
She who with life no more has part
Save in the dim pool of my heart."

You will observe at once that Miss Hall ranks among the first of present day poets. Her volume of some two hundred pages is filled with poems no one of which is inferior and many are among the strongest work ever done by a Western poet. Such poems as "The Santa Fe Trail," "The Song of the Colorado," "A Litany of Every Day," among others are really of extraordinary merit.

Aside from the intimate knowledge which she possesses of English verse every poem is in formed with a vital idea, with some thought finely expressed. I don't know how old Miss Hall is and it would be highly indiscreet to guess at her age but I will volunteer one guess and that is that though she lives in far off Phoenix she is very rapidly coming to her own; to a general recognition of her standing. Such fine periodicals as the Literary Digest and Current Literature have recently published poems of hers, with high commendation. Miss Hall's prose is as fine as her poetry and she has promised to give us some of it for the Magazine. Kansas people may well be proud of this Kansas-born girl.

Boston, Sherman French & Co.

Wichita U.S.A.

By O. C. Soots



KNOW all men and women by these presents that a great change has been made in Wichita. It is the birth of a new spirit—the spirit of progress, of business activity, of civic pride and of the booster. The splendid city of Wichita has been the theme of many a rapture, but the following extensive write-up gives authentic facts and figures. It supplies boosting material, tells what the people of Kansas ought to know. It's an invitation to the capitalist, the investor, the mechanic, the artisan, and the shop-worker. It tells of resources and commerce, of physical characteristics, of agricultural success. It tells of these things in an uncommon way. It gives boosting material. It will be of interest we trust, to every citizen of the Sunflower State.



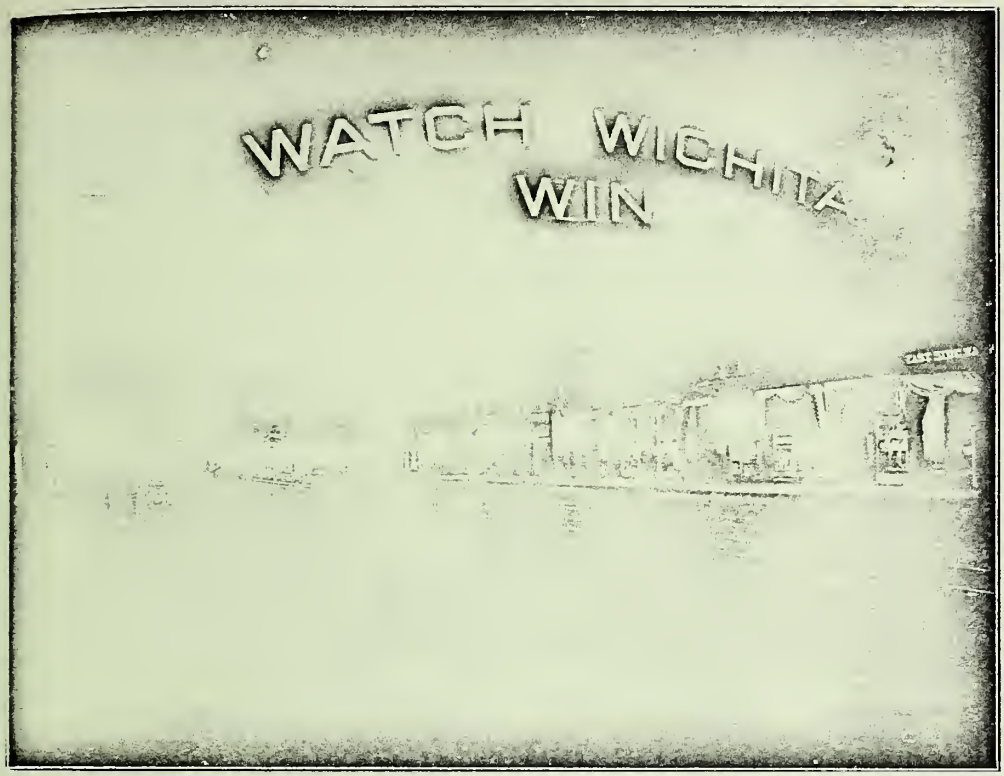




Com. Rufus Cone
Com. L. F. Means

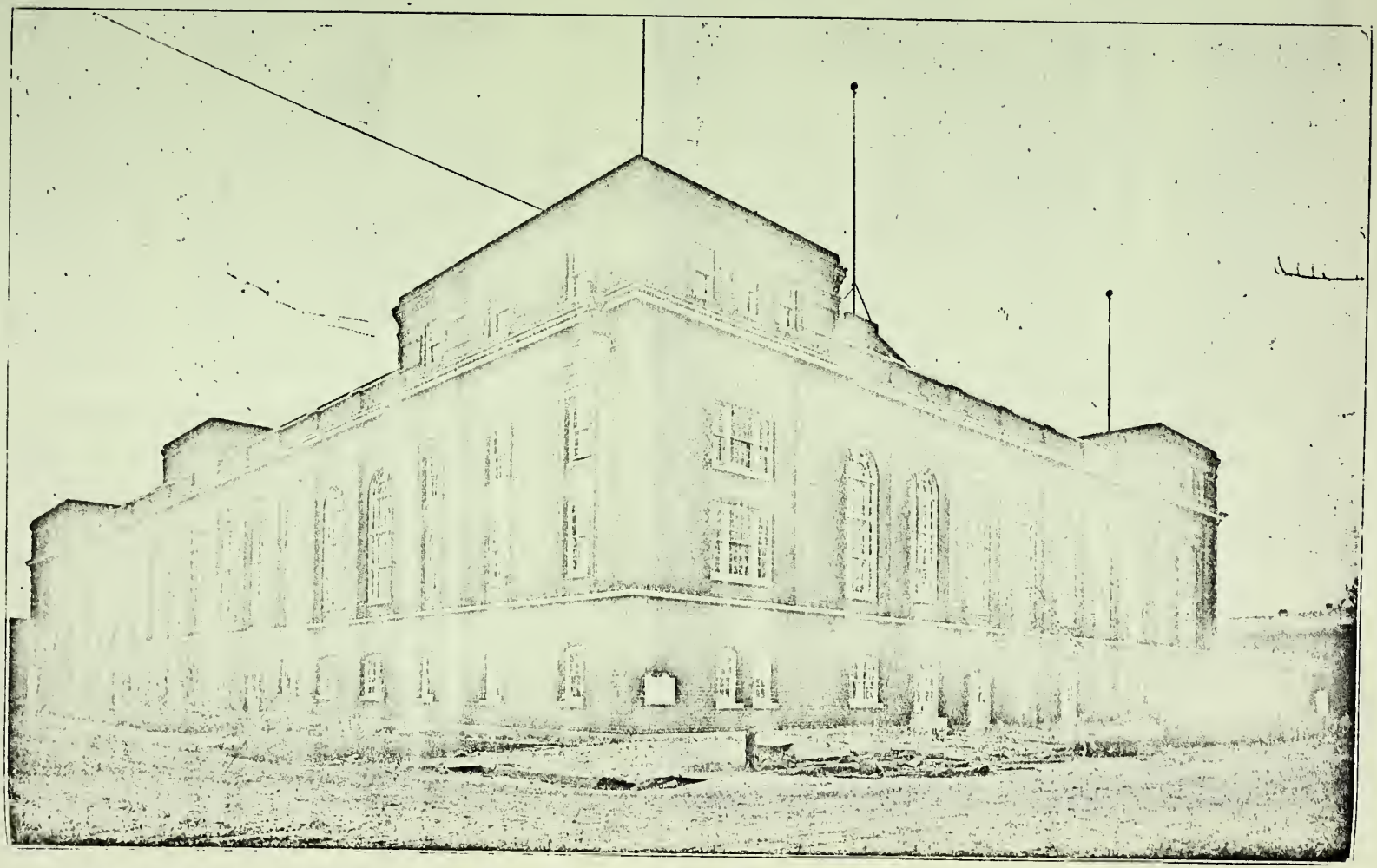
Mayor C. L. Davidson

Com. S. F. Stewart
Com. H. J. Roetzel



A Few Big Things Wichita Has

Wichita has an area of twenty square miles.
Wichita has four hundred miles of streets.
Wichita has five hundred miles of cement walks.
Wichita has 110 miles of sanitary sewers.
Wichita has forty miles of storm sewers.
Wichita has thirty-five miles of paved streets.
Cost of sanitary sewers constructed, $450,000.
Cost of storm sewer constructed, $325,000.
Sanitary sewers under contract, forty miles.
Cost of sanitary sewer under contract, $225,000.
Cost of pavement constructed, $1,250,000.
Pavement under contract, ten miles.
Cost of pavement under contract, $500,000.
Wichita has 200 acres of public parks, worth $725,000.
Other city property worth $477,000.





Wichita's New Forum

Wichita's magnificent $170,000 Forum was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies on the night of January 25th, before an audience of more than five thousand people. This places Wichita in ninth place among the cities of the United States in importance of assembly halls, and gives to this city the distinction of having, with possibly one exception—that of the Hippodrome of New York City—the largest and most complete building for the presentation of theatrical performances in America.

The initial performance was the rendition of the Oratorio "The Children's Crusade," by 700 local voices, assisted by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Lucius W. Ades of Wichita. The dedication addresses were delivered by Mayor Chas. L. Davidson, Henry J. Allen and Judge Thomas C. Wilson.

A splendid description of the Forum, together with historical facts relative to its origin and construction, was given in the address of Mayor Davidson, which was in part as follows:

"Wichita has a destiny. Ever since the Indian trading post was established north of Murdock avenue on Waco, men have been working out Wichita's destiny. As men build cities, city builders have been in charge of Wichita's destiny ever since. The ground upon which this building is located is historic. William Greiffenstein, the father of Wichita, took his homestead here and on these grounds the big chiefs pitched their tepees.

"Finlay Ross, in 1900, bought the Greiffenstein homestead for the City



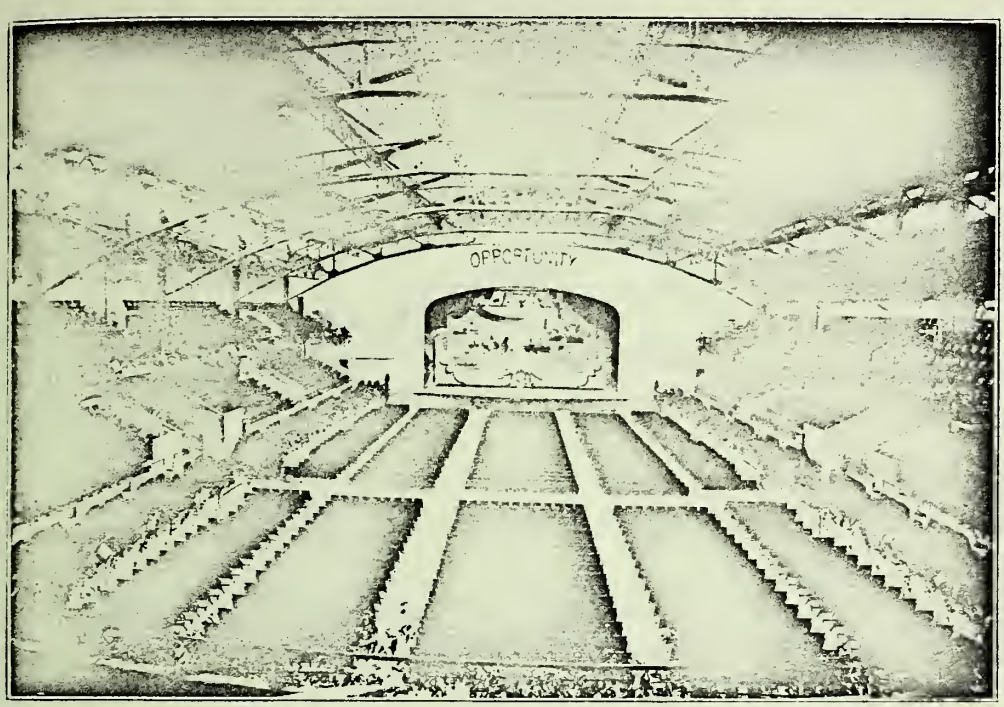
of Wichita, paying $6000 for it. Citizens of Wichita became very active in advocating an auditorium, among whom were Mr. Van Zandt, Mr. Howard, Mr. Haymaker and many others. During the Graham administration an election was called to vote bonds to build an auditorium and market house. This election took place at the same time as the spring city election in 1909, when the present Board of City Commissioners were elected to office. Richards, McCarty & Bulford were selected to draw the plans, which were approved in January, 1910, and the contract was let on March 24, 1910.

"The corner stone was laid by the mayors of Kansas on May 17, 1910. The building was completed January 25, 1911. The plans for the building were the creation in the main of Mr. Richards, following of course, suggestions made by the City Commissioners. Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Brinkers, representing the architects, have been almost constantly in charge of the construction. The contractors were Deiter, Wenzel & Singleton. I have only the highest praise for the manner in which they have conducted their part of the work.

"The date for opening the Forum was fixed last November. Many were skeptical about our being able to complete the building in time for the opening on January 25th.

"The work was laid out, systematized and has been done with clock-like precision. It is impossible for us to mention all the persons who by their work are entitled to commendation, as our time is limited. The Commissioner of Public Buildings has rendered valuable assistance. All of the Commissioners have taken great pride in the construction of the building and all are entitled to praise.

"Great praise is due the members of the chorus and soloists, as well as to Mr. Ades, the leader, for the sacrifice of time and effort which they have given to making this program a success. Some have said singers are jealous of each other; unless they can be given the leading part they won't play. That don't apply to Wichita—here they are, the pride of the West—the best singers



are in the chorus. It is not necessary to mention Mr. Ades—his work will show for itself.

"A recent inquiry of a prominent business man of Kansas City regarding the seating capacity of their auditorium brought the prompt and unblushing reply that it comfortably seated 17,000. As a matter of fact, with every seat in the house full, it does accomodate 8,700 and no more; therefore do not be surprised if the following statistics are not up to expectations:

Madison Square Garden N. Y. City seats	15,000
Auditorium in St. Louis, seats	10,000
Auditorium in Milwaukee, seats	9,200
Auditorium in Denver, seats	9,000
Auditorium in Kansas City, seats	8,700
Coliseum in Chicago, seats	8,000
THE FORUM IN WICHITA, seats	5,500
The Hippodrome in New York, seats	4,000
The Auditorium in Columbus, O., seats	3,600
The Auditorium in Chicago, seats	3,500
The Hippodrome in Cleveland, seats	3,345

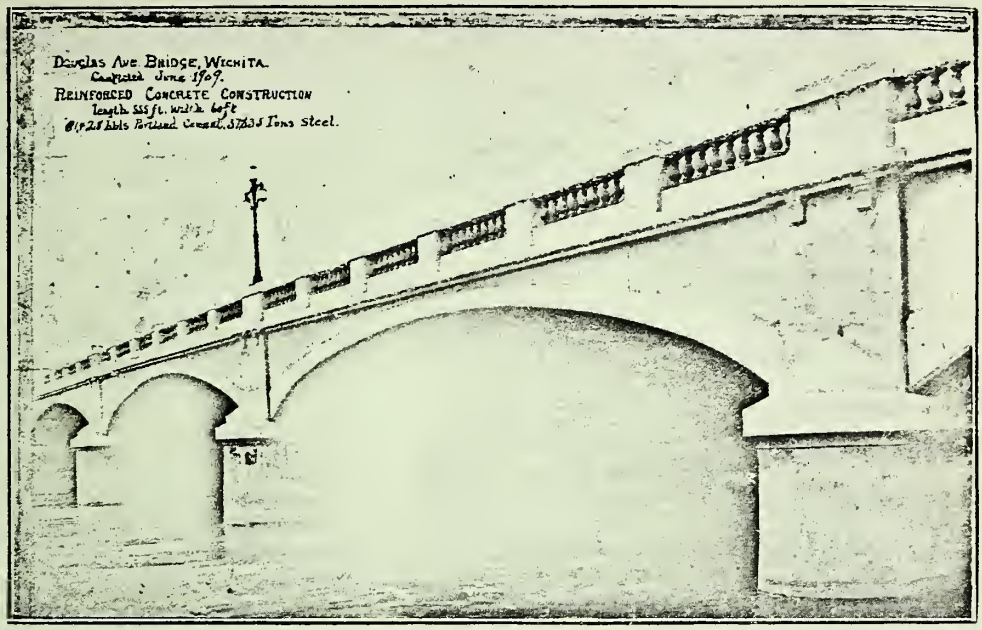
"Among the large auditoriums in the United States the Wichita Forum in total seating capacity ranks ninth.

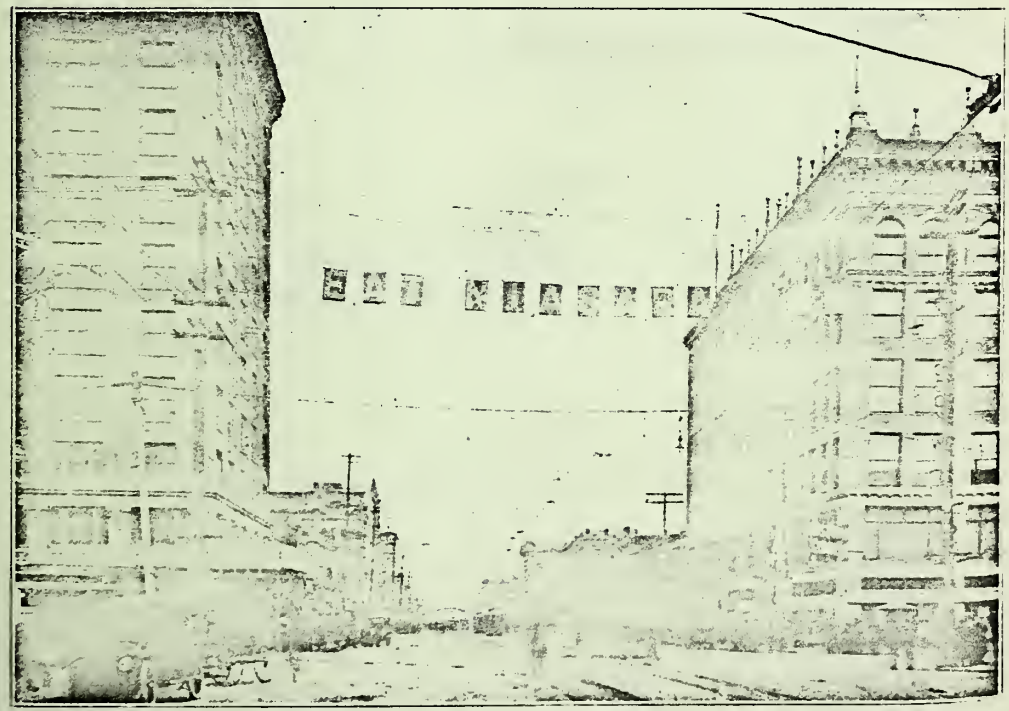
"Among the large auditoriums in cities of the United States having a population three times as great as that of Wichita, or less Wichita's Forum ranks first in size.

"Among the buildings in the United States having a permanent stage and stage equipment suitable for dramatic productions, Wichita's Forum ranks first in seating capacity.

"In size of stage and size of proscenium opening among the houses of the United States equipped for dramatic productions, Wichita's Forum ranks fourth, it being exceeded only by the Hippodrome in New York, the Hippodrome in Cleveland and the Auditorium in Chicago.

"The size of the Wichita Forum is approximately 160x260 feet, covering almost one acre of ground, and there is included within the walls and roof of the building two and one-half million cubic feet of space. In its construction there was used approximately seven hundred car loads of material, which would make a train over six miles in length. Over two million common brick, over six thousand barrels of Portland cement were among the large single items of material used. Each one of the trusses supporting the one


Douglas Ave Bridge, Wichita.
Completed June 1907.
Reinforced Concrete Construction
Length 555 ft. width 60 ft
6,928 bbls Portland Cement. 537,353 Tons Steel.



hundred and twenty-five foot clear span of its roof, including the supporting column on which it rests, weighs approximately twenty-five thousand pounds. Over fifteen miles of electric wires are used in carrying the lighting current from the switchboard to the various lights throughout the building. Approximately five miles of iron pipe conduit is used for the same purpose.

"The drop curtain which raises and lowers with such perfect ease and quiet, together with the weights counterbalancing the same, weighs one and one-quarter tons. This curtain is made of asbestos and forms a perfect fire protection between the scenery on the stage—the only portion of the building that will burn—and the audience.

"Nearly six miles of ropes and cables are used in lighting the various scenes, curtains and drops for the stage equipment, and some three thousand electric lights of different size and color are used for the stage effects and house lighting.

"The stage is fifty feet deep and eighty feet wide and eighty feet from the floor to the ceiling of the rigging loft, from which the scenery is suspended. The proscenium opening is sixty feet wide and thirty-two feet high. Ample space has been provided at the side of the proscenium, where the temporary plaster panels are now located, for the installation of a large pipe organ, which it is earnestly hoped that either the city or the citizens will soon supply.

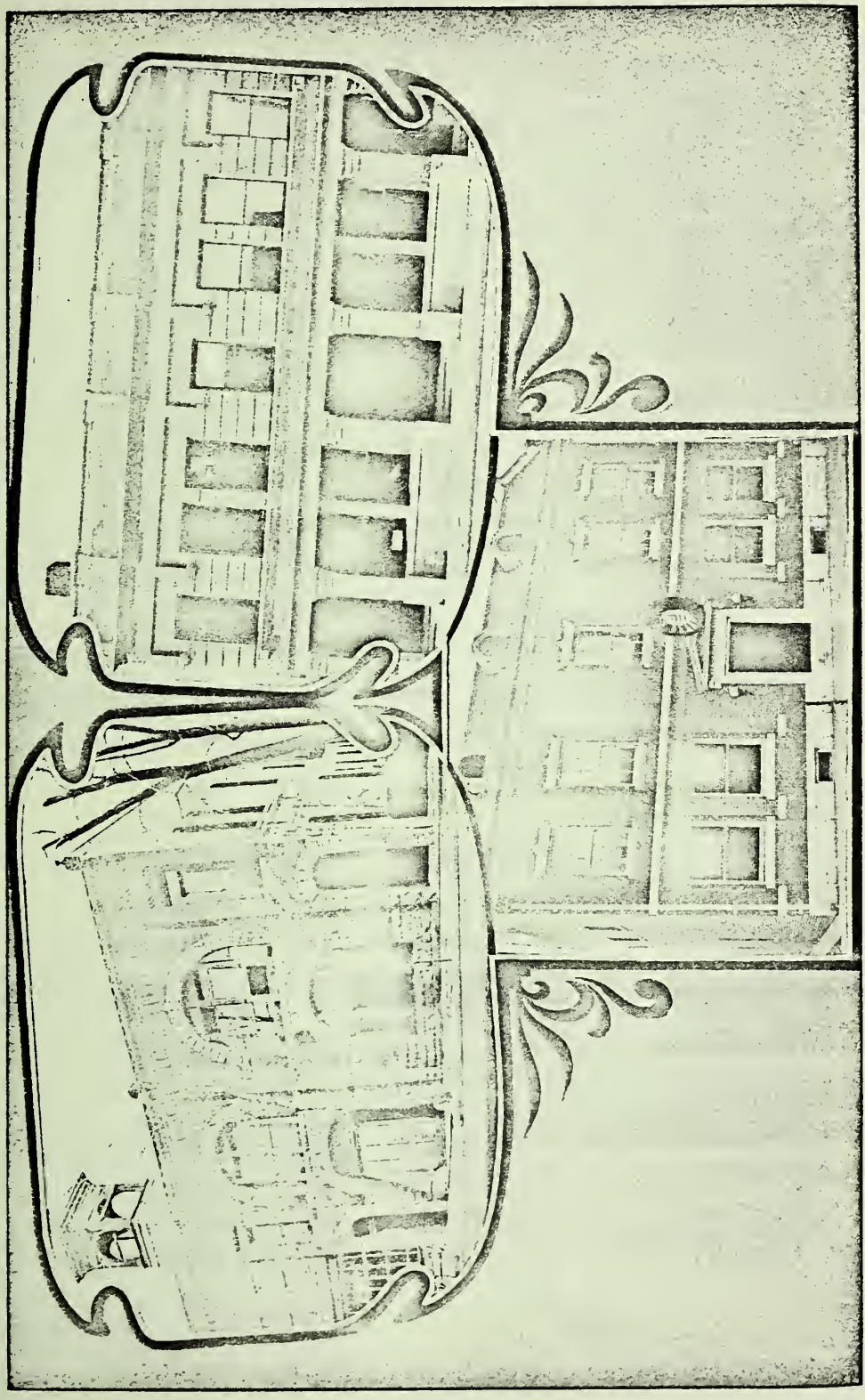
"Not the slightest danger can attend one's presence in any audience that can be assembled in the Forum, as the building is safe and fire proof in its construction and its exits are so numerous and spacious that when crowded to its utmost capacity, the audience moving at the rate of one foot per second will empty the building in less than four minutes time.

"I present this building on behalf of the City Commissioners to the City of Wichita. This is Wichita's opportunity to make Wichita the Convention City of Kansas."

It will be noted that Mayor Davidson gave credit to the Board of Commissioners and others for their untiring efforts in bringing about the completion of this splendid structure, which places Wichita in the front ranks as a convention city and high class amusement center. Of course his sense of modesty would not permit him to say that the present Mayor took an active part in this work, but such is the fact, nevertheless, and his name will be insolubly linked with the Forum in Wichita's history of the future.

The Beacon Building

The front cover of this magazine is a good likeness of this newspaper and office building, erected in 1910 by the Beacon Building Company at a cost, including the site, of $400,000. In addition to the space occupied by the Wichita Daily Beacon and the Chamber of Commerce association, the building has over 250 offices. The corner-stone was laid March 8, 1910, by the Kansas Editorial Association, and the first tenants moved into the building September 1st following. It is thoroughly modern and fire-proof in every detail.



Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company

It is as natural for people to kick on telephone service as it is for water to flow down hill, and of course the good citizens of Wichita are no exception to the rule. The fact remains, however, that Wichita has as good telephone system as can be found in most any city of her size, and this statement can be appreciated to some extent when it is considered that 16 per cent of the total population of Wichita have telephones, there being in round numbers at this time 8,500 'phones in use in the city of 53,000 population. This is a greater percentage than that of Dallas, Oklahoma City, Denver, or in fact any other city in the entire southwestern country.

About three months ago, the Missouri & Kansas Telephone company took over the property of the Independent Telephone Company, the change being made without serious inconvenience on the part of any patron; and it is gradually dawning upon the subscribers of telephones that this change will ultimately prove beneficial to all concerned.

In the amount of toll business transacted by the Wichita exchange, it is second only to Kansas City and St. Louis in the territory comprising Missouri and Kansas, being considerably ahead of both Topeka and St. Joseph. This feature, like the bank clearings and postoffice receipts, speaks volumes for the commercial and industrial life and activity of the city of Wichita.

There are approximately 385 people on the pay-roll in this city, and the business has become so large it has been found necessary to seek new quarters for the commercial department which will be moved the latter part of February into the south ground floor room of the Anchor Trust Company building on Market street.

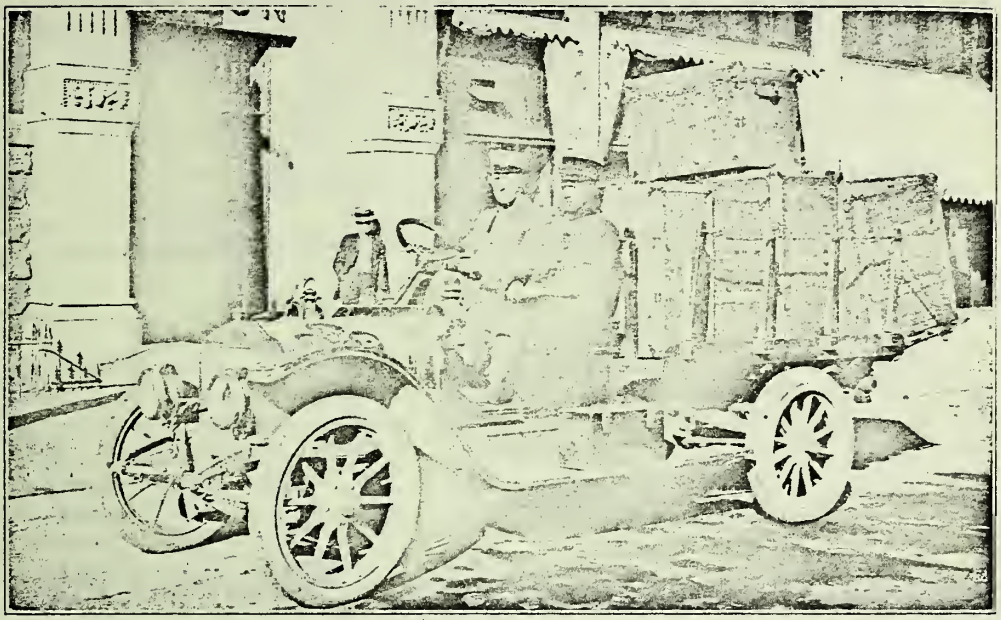
A large amount of money will be expended the coming year in perfecting the amalgamation of the two systems and in completing the under-ground cabling in the congested district, which is four miles north and south by three miles east and west. This is a much needed improvement and one that will add greatly to the appearance and safety of the business section.

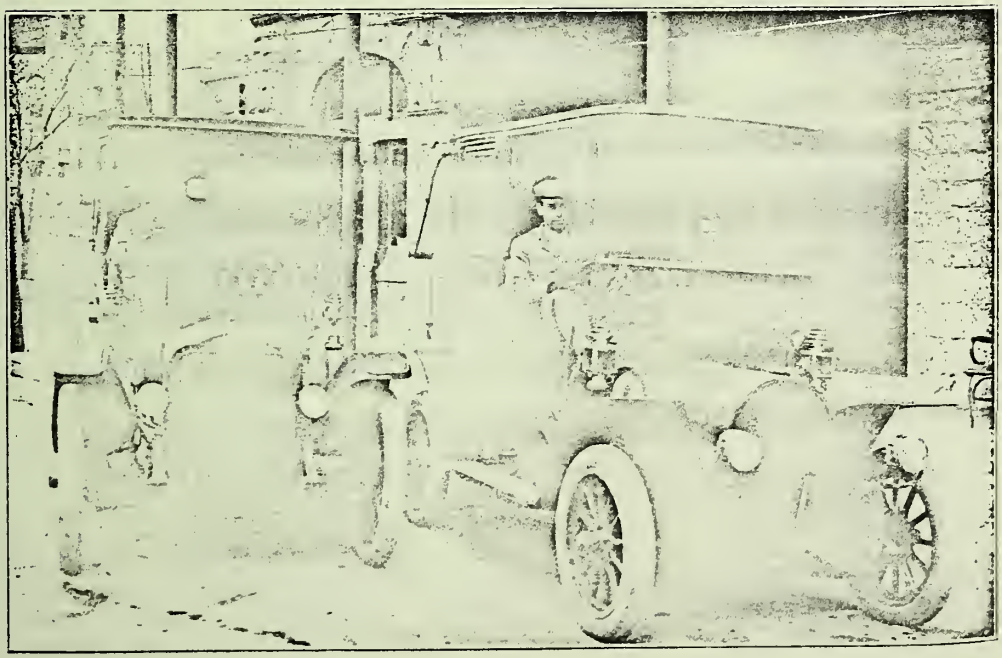


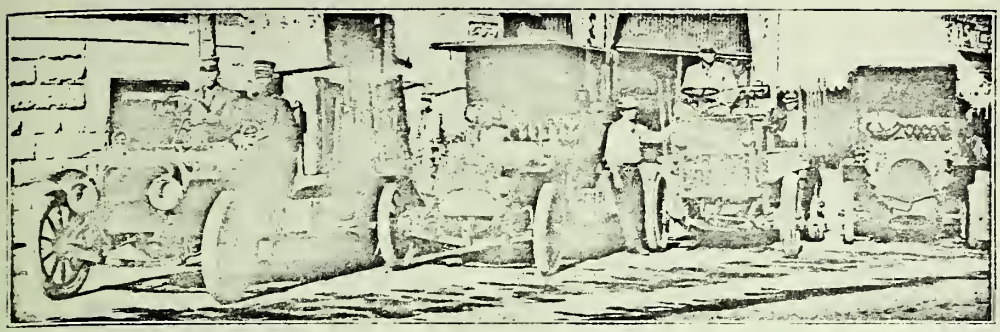
Peoples Cleaning & Dye Works

Five years ago an unpretentious cleaning and dye establishment was started at 131 North Lawrence avenue, employing, besides the owner, one person. Today this institution, at 211 South Lawrence avenue, is the biggest of its kind west of the Mississippi river, having upwards of fifty people on its pay roll, occupying three floors and basement, with more than 11,000 square feet of floor space. The investment of Mr. J. S. Giwosky, the proprietor, in this building and equipment represents approximately $50,000.

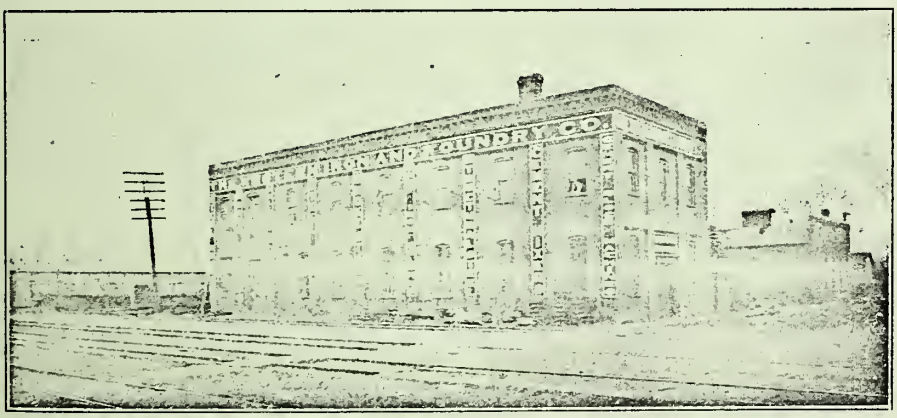
The Taxicab and Auto Baggage Company





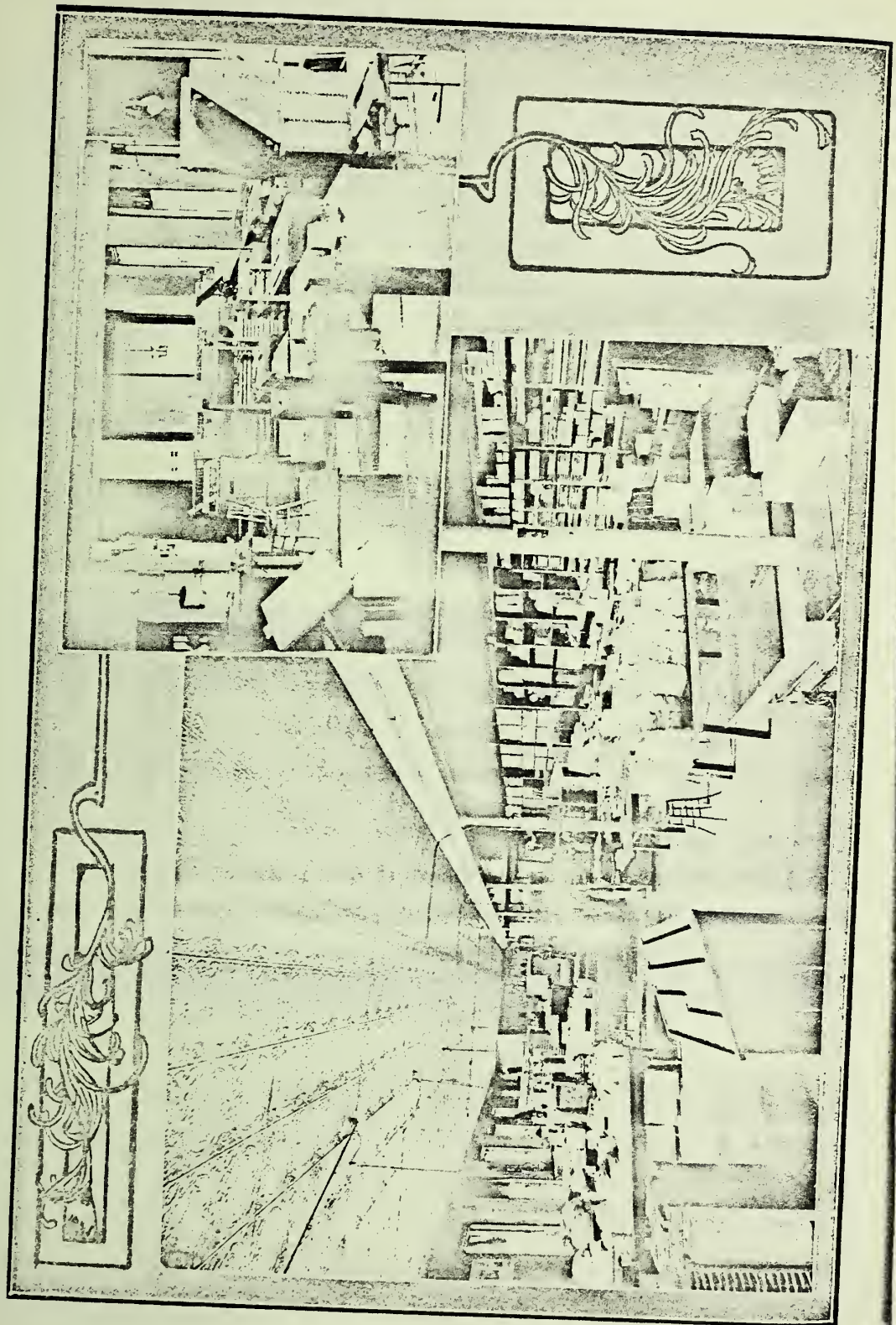


While this concern was somewhat recently established in Wichita, it has made distinct success, thus showing that residents of the peerless princess are clearly alive to modern methods of travel and transportation. Stands are maintained at the Eaton and Hamilton hotels, while the livery and carriage rooms are located at 231 South Topeka Avenue. The company of which G. R. Hickok is manager, owns several luxurious taxicabs and pneumaric-tired baggage trucks; also three handsome touring cars. All of these machines are kept busy most of the time. The taxis are run on the meter rate basis, which for one or two persons is 30c for the first half mile, and 10 cents for each additional quarter mile. Their rate between the depots and any hotel is the same as hack fare—25c for each person. The motor trucks handle the draying for the Crawford theatre, and the view gives a fair idea of the immense loads they carry.



The Western Iron and Foundry Company

The Western Iron & Foundry Company was established in 1891 and has enjoyed a very good business since that time. The company is equipped to manufacture structural and architectural iron for buildings and structures, and does a general foundry, machine and boiler business. It employs in the neighborhood of from fifty to sixty men the year round and ships material to all points in western and southern Kansas, throughout Oklahoma, New Mexico and Texas. The company is incorporated for $50,000.00, composed of the following officers: J. F. Warren, president; Henry Anthony, manager; F. J. Anthony, vice president; J. Q. Warren, secretary and treasurer.

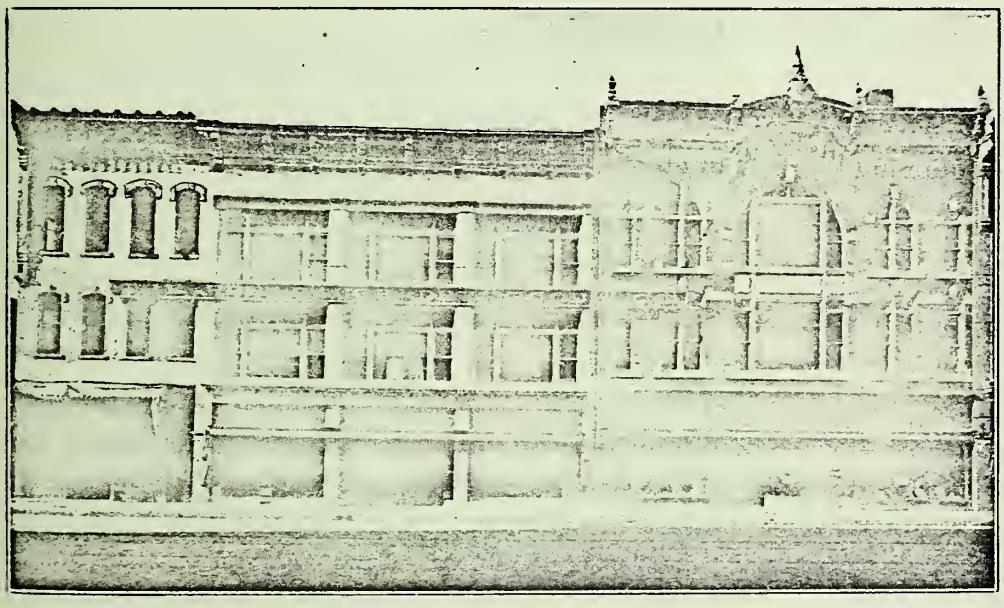


The McCormick Press

From the view-point of typographical art—one of the most important features necessary to the success of any publication—it has been said that the Kansas Magazine will compare favorably with any of the older eastern periodicals. It is issued from the McCormick Press, interior views of which are shown on another page.

This institution was started in Wichita ten years ago, in a room over the Kansas Laundry on Market street, at which time its entire equipment could have been easliy carried in one dray, consisting as it did of two job presses and just sufficient type to carry on a line of commercial printing.

Mr. A. G. McCormick, the proprietor is a practical printer of long experience, and combining his knowledge of the craft with energy and business acumen, the McCormick Press has grown with each succeeding year until now the plant is worth at least $25,000. The composing, bindery and press rooms occupy a floor space 50 by 150 feet and still there is hardly enough room to accomodate the demands of the business. It is now equipped with the most modern machinery used in the printing business, including a monotype, roughing machine, Meihle presses, etc.

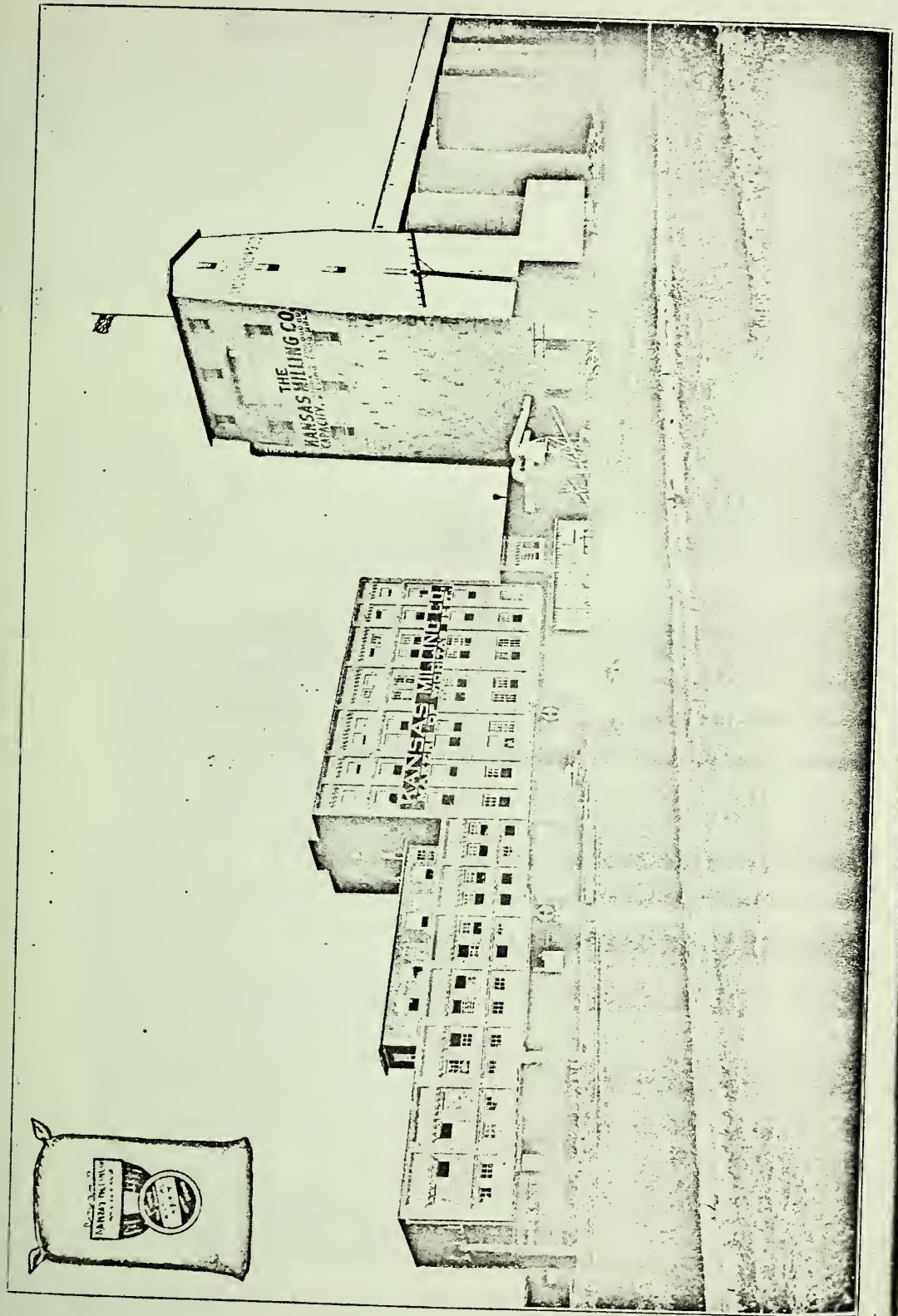


Rorabaugh Dry Goods Company

This is one of the largest mercantile institutions in Kansas. It was established in 1901 with $50,000 capital, which was increased in 1906 to $75,000, and in 1910 to $100,000. It now occupies three entire floors each 100x140 feet, and two floors 25x140, making a total floor space of approximately 50,000 square feet. The company has 150 employees, four delivery wagons and two 4-wheel specials.

It is a general department store and the officers are actively engaged in the business. They are A. O. Rorabaugh, president; W. B. Buck, vice president; and H. H. Heimple, secretary-treasurer.

The company also has large stores at Hutchinson and Emporia, Kansas, and transact a total business aggregating $1,250,000 per annum, which is the largest of its character under one management in the state.


THE
KANSAS MILLING CO.
KANSAS MILLING CO.

Kansas Milling Company

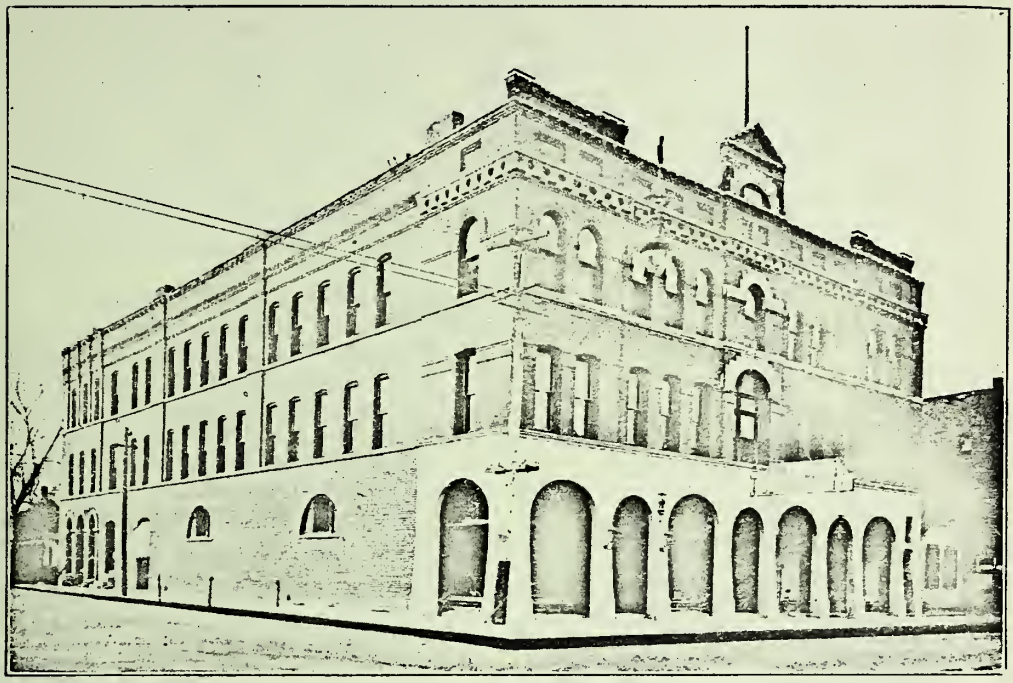
This plant was completed early in the spring of 1907 at a cost of about $250,000. It is the largest flour mill in Kansas, the daily capacity being 1,500 barrels; wheat storage 300,000 bushels. Their leading brand is "WICHITA'S BEST," "The Perfect Flour." The mill is operated continually 24 hours each day, and the products are sold in about half of the states in the Union and in many foreign countries, including Great Britain, Holland, Germany, Norway, Finland, Turkey and the West Indies.

The weekly pay-roll of this concern amounts to $1,000, and the wheat required about 6000 bushels per day, or 1,800,000 bushels per year. Their city business is handled by a three ton Packard motor truck, said to be the largest in the city.



The Johnston & Larimer Wholesale Dry Goods Co.

Kansas Gas & Electric Company



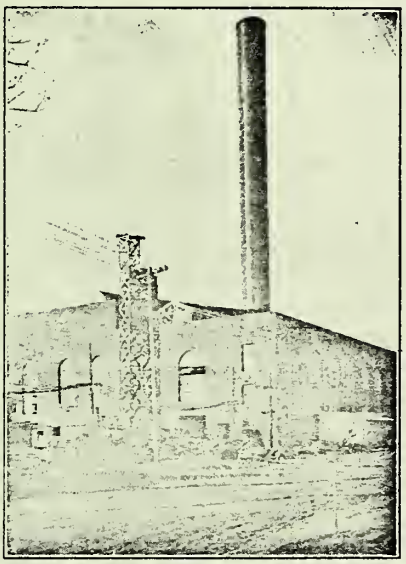


Wichita's public utilities are as good as can be found in any city of similar size in America, and one of the most important of these is the Kansas Gas & Electric Company which takes its supply from the pipe lines coming from the abundant natural gas fields of southeastern Kansas, furnishing the same to domestic consumers at the rate of about 27c per thousand cubic feet, with a very reasonable manufacturers' rate.

The new power house of this company is now rapidly nearing completion at a cost of $750,000, and the contemplated improvements in the City of Wichita for the year 1911 will amount to more than half a million additional.

A new unit was somewhat recently installed in the old plant with a capacity of 1000 horse-power, but was found greatly inadequate to the rapidly growing demands. Three units are being placed in the new plant which will have 11,000 horse-power, and should be ample for the needs of Wichita for many years to come.

Improvements made in this city by the Kansas Gas & Electric Company during the year 1910 amounted to more than $500,000, including a new transmission line to Valley Center and Sedgwick, for the purpose of furnishing power to the Arkansas Valley Interurban railway. The Kansas Gas & Electric company has secured a franchise in Sedgwick, and one is now before the council in Valley Center for supplying those towns with light and power. The company furnishes power for the Wichita Street Railway company, and during the past year installed a splendid new street lighting system all over Wichita.

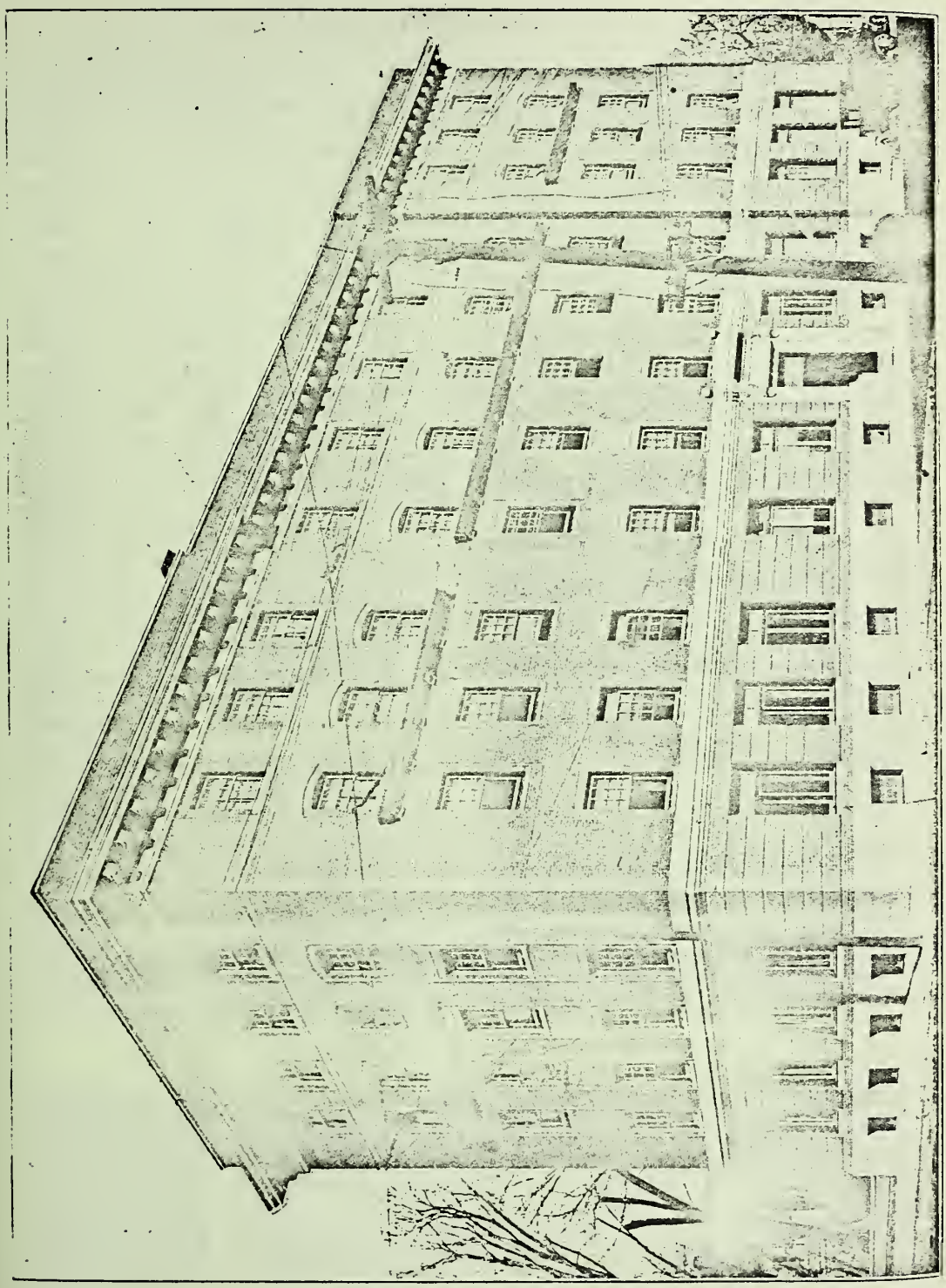




The Fourth National Bank

Wichita's financial institutions will compare favorably with those of many larger western cities. One of the oldest and largest of these is the Fourth National Bank at the corner of Market and Douglas, with a capital of $200,000 and surplus amounting to $205,000. The officers and directors of this bank are recognized as men who do things, and their names and the institution they represent stands for progress in this city.

The officers are ex-Mayor B. F. McLean, president; H. E. Case, vice president; V. H. Branch, cashier and G. G. Tucker, assistant cashier. The last statement of this bank showed resources amounting to $2,915,406.80, with individual deposits amounting to more than a million and a half.



The Commercial Club

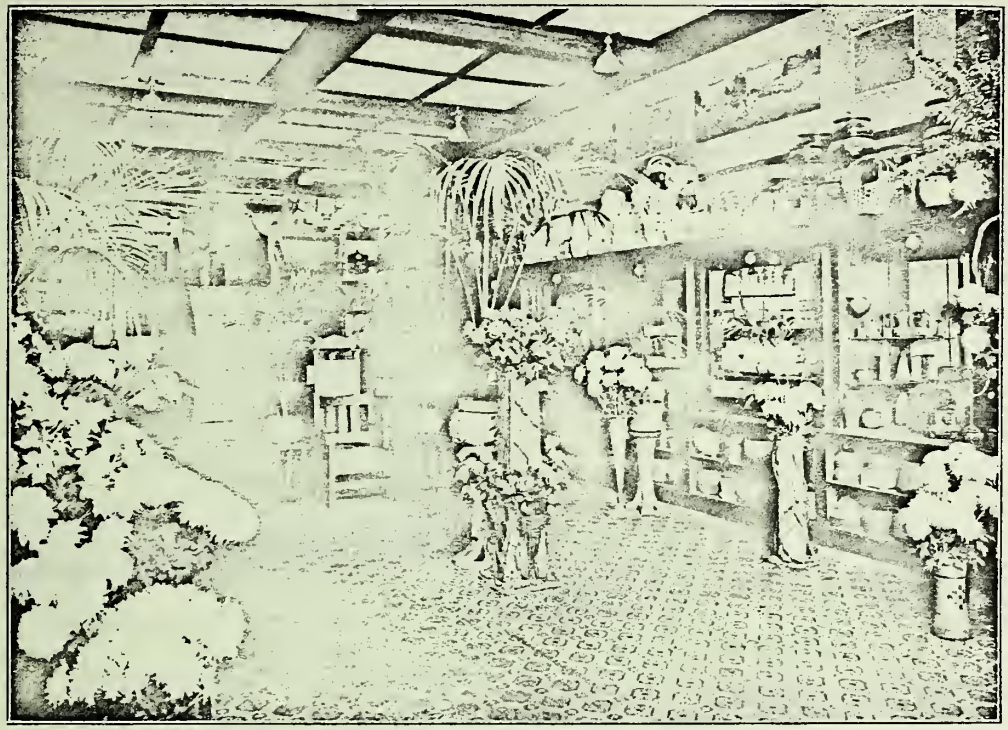
The Wichita Commercial Club had its origin in the Coronado Club in 1897. A few Wichita business men met at the home of J. H. Black to talk over the need for such an organization. There were present at that meeting Charles Aylesbury, Charles G. Cohn, J. E. Howard, Abe Wright and several others. These gentlemen arrived at the conclusion that a meeting of the business men of the city should be called, and invitations were issued to meet at the Coronado Club rooms—which at this time was a social organization with club rooms in the Sedgwick block, corner First and Market. At this meeting directors were elected, who later selected as their president Chas. G. Cohn, and the Coronado Club went out of existence and merged with the Commercial Club. Mr. Cohn served as president ten years. His successors in office were O. P. Taylor for one year, Frank C. Woods for one year, Chas. H. Smyth for two years, and the present incumbent, Mr. C. H. Southward. His associates are F. A. Amsden, vice president; B. F. McLean, treasurer; and Ralph L. Millison, secretary.

The Wichita Commercial Club has done much in making "Wichita Win," chief among which was bringing to this city the Watson Milling Company and The Kansas Milling Company, two of the largest concerns of their kind in Kansas. It also brought about the opening of the abandoned Whitaker packing plant by the John Cudahy Packing Company; it made possible the great shops of the Orient Railway company, costing $1,250,000 and employing 2,700 men, besides aiding materially Mr. Stillwell's project. Besides this, it has encouraged and helped the Interurban and the proposed extension of the Midland Valley from Arkansas City to McPherson; it has pushed the Peerless Phrophets Jubilee that brings so many people to Wichita once a year, and it has organized a trade trip proposition that does much to advertise Wichita.

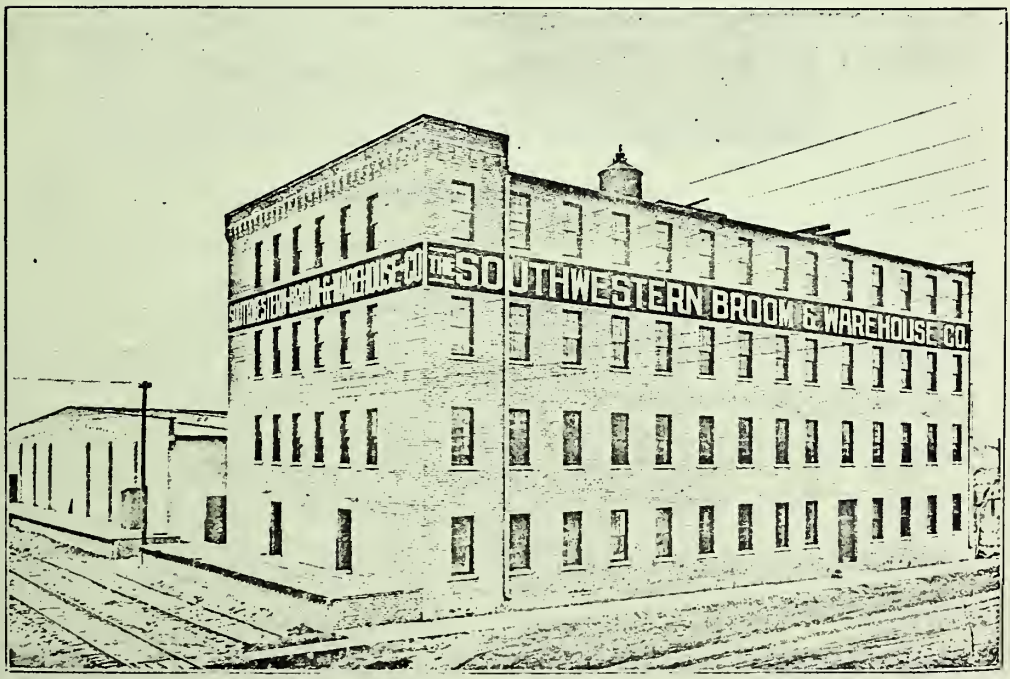
The latest and crowning accomplishment of the Commercial Club was the completion of a $100,000 club house at the corner of Market and First streets with furnishings costing $30,000 additional. The building shown on another page, is 150x140 feet, five stories and basement, and is an everlasting credit to Wichita. On the first floor are the ladies' reception room, office and parlor, ladies' private dining room and the rest room; on the second floor, five private dining rooms and kitchen, while the third floor is occupied by the billiard room, card rooms and Director's room. The fourth and fifth floors contain 36 sleeping rooms, all furnished and equipped in the most modern and up-to-date manner having telephones, hot and cold water, private bath, etc. These are occupied by members of the club.

The formal opening of the Club in its new quarters occurred February 2, at which time almost the entire membership of 400, together with as many more invited guests, admired the handsome structure and enjoyed the music and festivities of the occasion.





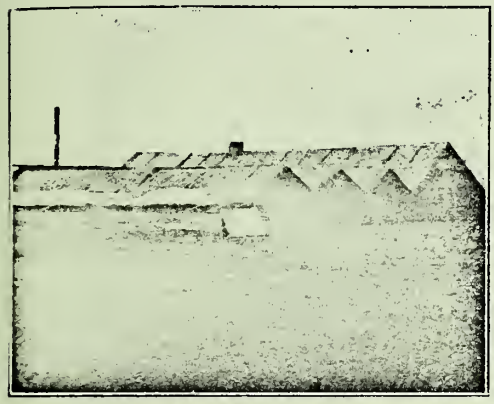
Down-town Office of Chas. P. Mueller, Florist



Largest Manufacturers of Brooms in the World

Chas. P. Mueller, Florist

This concern was established in 1886 by the present owners, and it has enjoyed a steady and substantial growth ever since the relapse fron the famous Wichita boom. It started with one employe at $7 per week. It now has 21 people on its pay-roll with a salary list of more than $300 per week. Six and a half acres of ground is owned by the company at the corner of Hydraulic and Ninth streets, and the greenhouses cover 50,000 square feet, all under glass. A wholesale and retail business is carried on with the latter store located at 145 North Main street. The retail establishment is one of the handsomest and most up-to-date in the west, and illustrations of both store and plant elsewhere in this number indicate that it is quite an important institution. A conservatory is run in connection with the store, which is in charge of F. W. Mueller, while E. J. Mueller has charge of the greenhouse.



Mueller Greenhouse in 1886



Mueller Greenhouses in 1911

Wichita Has Done and is Doing:

Protected its park system and residence section by the construction of a costly concrete dam and river embankments.

Extending its boulevard system along the banks of the rivers.

Assisting in the making of excellent wagon roads leading into the city from every direction and making sand roads disappear.

Spending a million dollars a year in paving and street improvements.

Putting nearly half a million dollars into drainage and sanitary sewers.

Erecting $6,000,000 worth of buildings.

Built the greatest convention hall in the state.

Building the finest High School building in the state.

Building $525,000 worth of church edifices.

Increasing its bank clearings millions of dollars annually.

Increasing its building permits $2,000,000 a year.

Gaining in bank deposits $1,000,000 a year.



The Kansas Sanitarium



Group of Kansas Sanitarium Nurses

The Kansas Sanitarium

This is one of the sixty sanitariums of the Seventh Day Adventists which are conducted in England, Denmark, Germany, Norway, Switzerland, and some of the other foreign countries, and all of which are under the direction of A. G. Daniels, D. D., of Washington, D. C.

The Wichita branch is under the capable management of T. S. Dock, who has had sixteen years experience as a professional nurse, having graduated from the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Dr. A. B. Dunn, of Chicago, a graduate of George Washington University, is physician in charge.

The Kansas Sanitarium is ideally situated on the border of the western limits of Wichita, about three miles from the heart of the city, and as the photograph shown on another page would indicate, the surroundings are exceptionally inviting. It will accommodate fifty persons conveniently and a group picture of the institution's corps of expert nurses is proof that these patients have the best of care and attention.

The building has its own electric light and water systems, private laundry and ample equipment for fire protection.



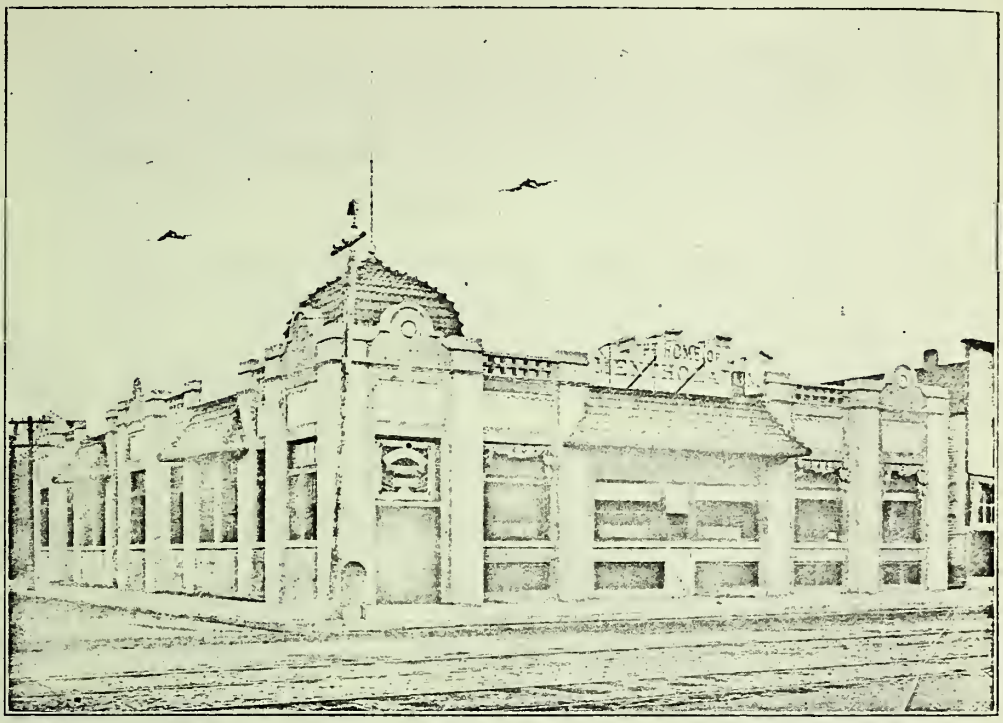
The Ponca Tent & Awning Company

One of Wichita's new manufacturing concerns which promises to become quite a factor in the industrial importance of the city is the Ponca Tent & Awning Company, located at 800 West Douglas Avenue.

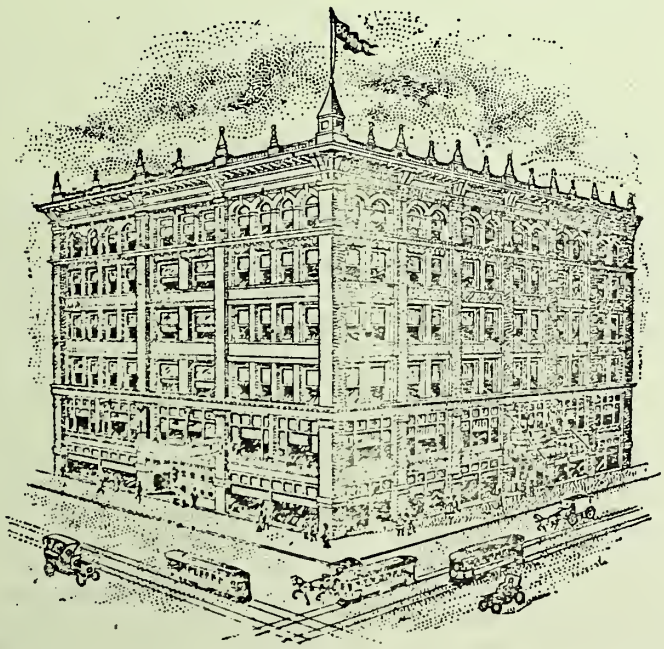
This concern occupies a handsome brick building 75x100 feet which is used exclusively by them for the manufacture of all kinds of canvas goods, requiring the services of a large force of employees. Their trade-mark, the Ponca Indian tepee, is becoming well known throughout Wichita's trade territory, and from the manner in which the company is pushing its business it is safe to predict that the word "Ponca" will soon be known as applying only to this tent and awning factory and its products.

The officers and directors of the company recently came to Wichita from Ponca, Oklahoma. The former are A. A. Stratford, president; A. E. Stratford, vice president and L. C. Newcomb, secretary and treasurer.

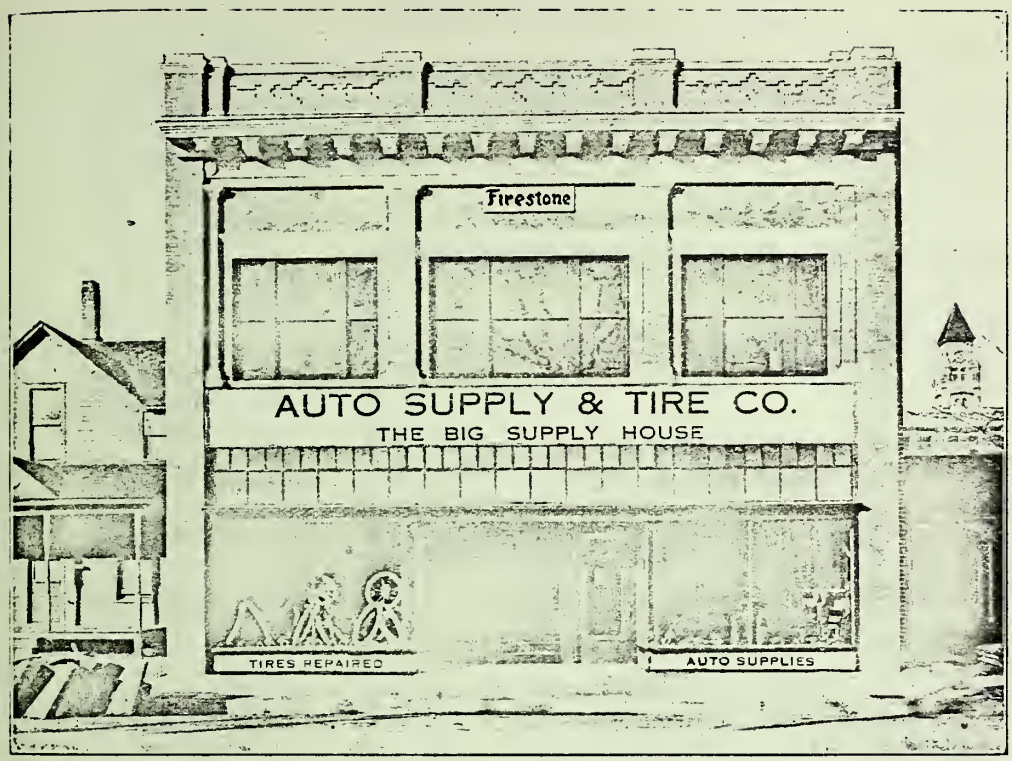
The photograph on this page gives a very good idea of the size of the plant, which is the largest of the kind in the state of Kansas.



Home of Mentholatum



The Boston Store



Auto Supply & Tire Company

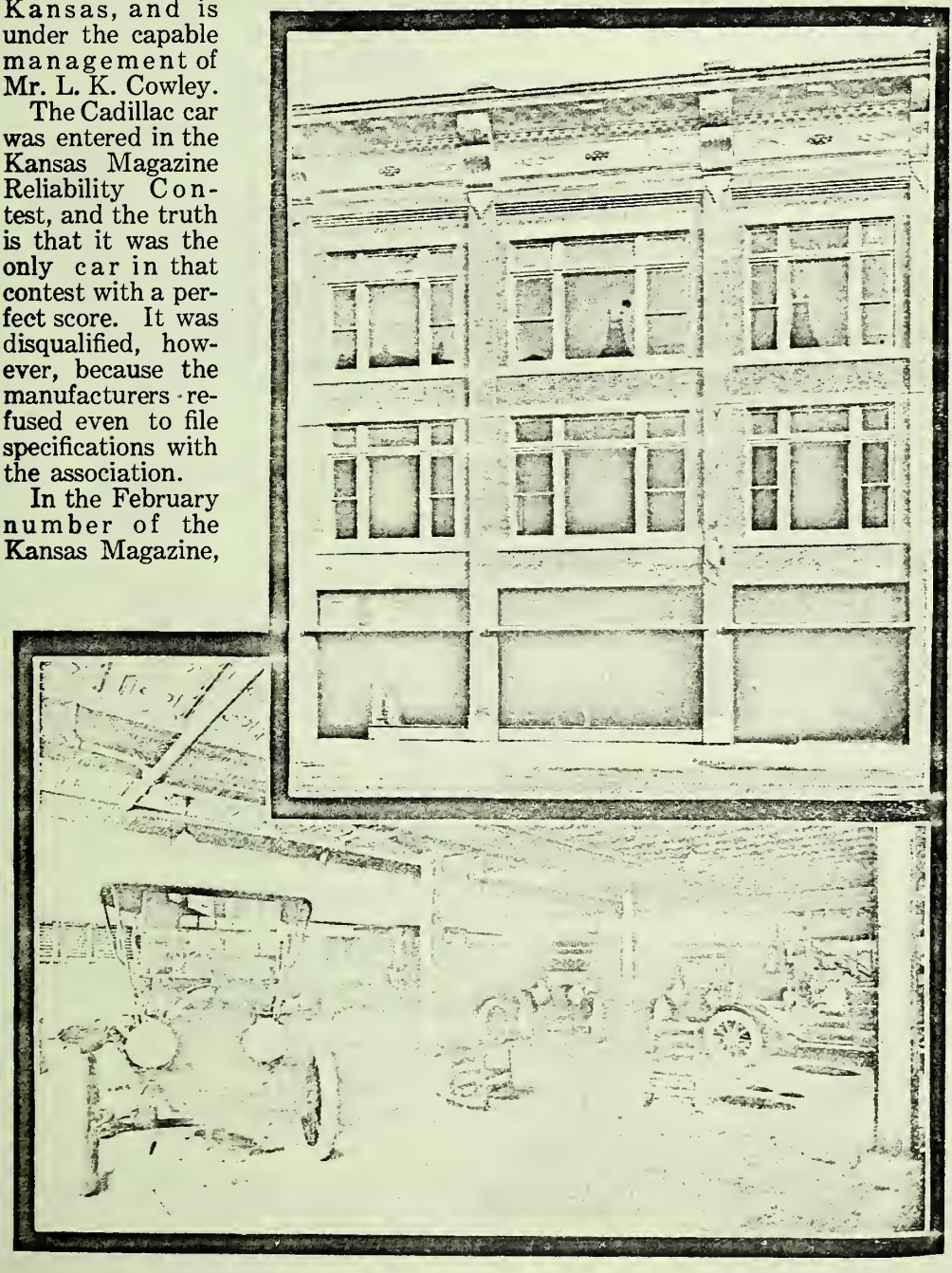
Wichita has the reputation of being the greatest automobile city in the southwest, as there are more than 1000 licensed cars here, or approximately twenty to each 1000 of the population. There is a reason for this when it is considered that the Peerless Princess has the finest drives and boulevards in Kansas, and the country roads leading out in every direction are as good as can be found anywhere. There is little wonder, then, that the city should support not only splendid garages, auto show and sales rooms, but also modern, well-stocked supply houses. Among the latter, one deserving of special mention is the Auto Supply & Tire Co., jobbers and retailers of Firestone tires and auto accessories at 227-229 South Lawrence avenue, established by Messrs. C. A. Hagberg and O. E. Johnson. The Company was formerly located at 143 North Market Street, having made a very modest beginning in the old quarters less than three years ago. Their new house, shown above, is one of the biggest of its kind in Kansas, and has a floor space 40x140, well stocked with everything for the automobile. A general jobbing business is conducted by the firm and a corps of salesmen are kept on the road throughout Southern Kansas and Northern Oklahoma. Aside from this, a tire repair shop is maintained by the Company.

Cadillac Service Station

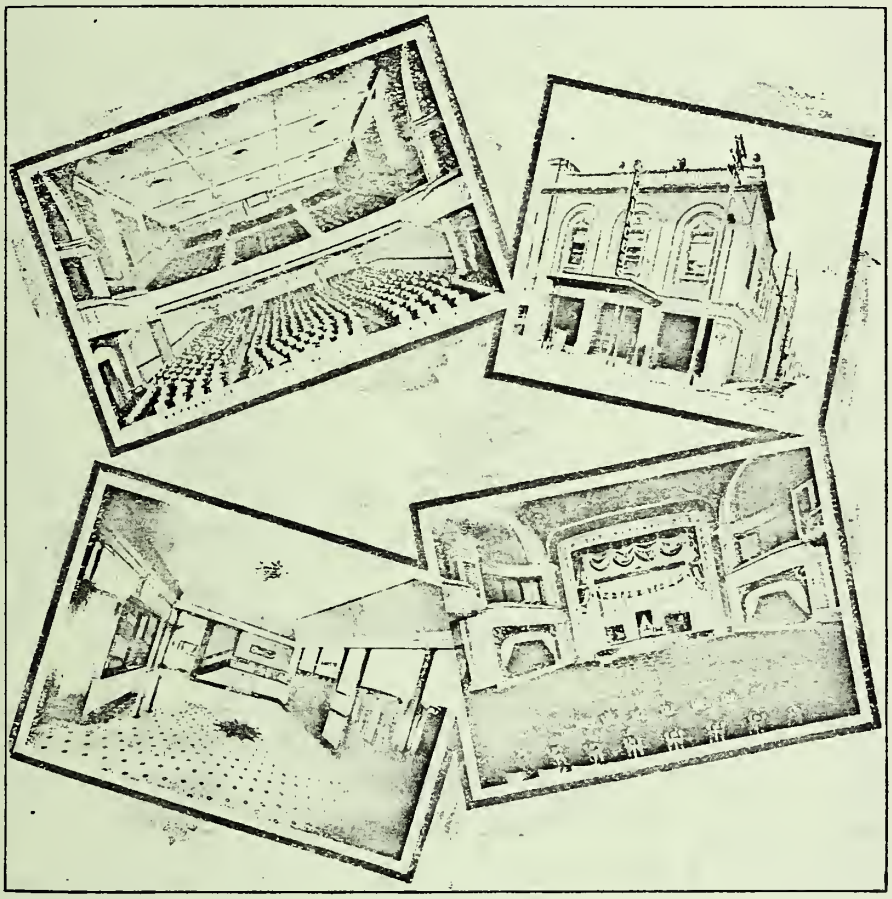
The Cadillac car is well represented in Wichita, as there are more than half a hundred of them in use in the city. Its garage and salesroom is also one of the largest and best equipped in Kansas, and is under the capable management of Mr. L. K. Cowley.

The Cadillac car was entered in the Kansas Magazine Reliability Contest, and the truth is that it was the only car in that contest with a perfect score. It was disqualified, however, because the manufacturers refused even to file specifications with the association.

In the February number of the Kansas Magazine, Editor F. Dumont Smith tells a hair-raising story about beating a train from Wichita to Hutchinson in a motor car. This race over country roads averaged

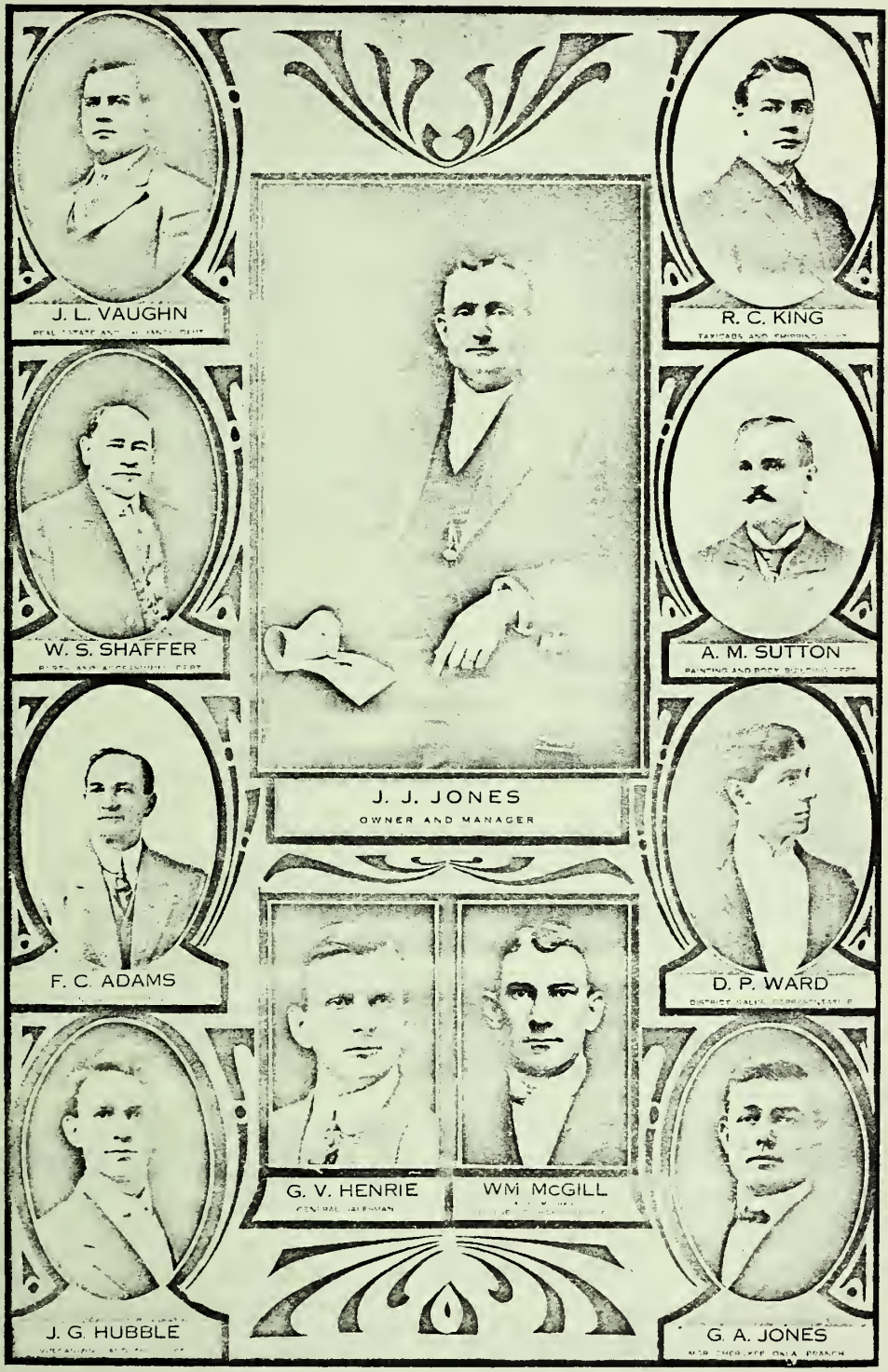


forty miles an hour, and the car was a 30 Cadillac stock that had been run 600 miles, started on the spur of the moment, without any cleaning up, and it came back the same night. It might be added that this car was driven by Mr. Cowley, who is an expert machinician and driver.



PRINCESS THEATRE, 115 S. LAWRENCE
HIGH CLASS VAUDEVILLE

L. M. MILLER, MANAGER SEATING CAPACITY, 1000


J. L. VAUGHN
R. C. KING
W. S. SHAFFER
A. M. SUTTON
J. J. JONES
OWNER AND MANAGER
F. C. ADAMS
D. P. WARD
G. V. HENRIE
WM McGILL
J. G. HUBBLE
G. A. JONES



The Jones Auto Exchange

The development of the Automoblie industry from a wee business in infantile pinafores to full grown stature with long trousers has marked a most intensely interesting epoch in the commercial world—and Kansas, with its wide stretches of magnificent level roads in taking to its heart this annihilator of space—the Automobile.

J. J. Jones, of Wichita, Kansas, has built for himself a remarkably clean-cut, complete and satisfying automobile business, known as The Jones Auto Exchange, which is a credit not only to its builder and The Ford Motor Company, but to Wichita and the State of Kansas. Its growth has been builded upon such enduring principles of honor and squareness that a brief history of the business cannot fail to interest the people of the Southwest.

Then

Mr. Jones began his automobile career in 1903 with the purchase of a curved dash Oldsmobile for $400, paying $100 in cash and giving hostage to fortune for the $300 balance. In 1905, he bought his first car-load of machines and opened a garage on the West Side. In 1906 he took on the agency for Ford cars. In 1907 he removed his salesrooms to 122 North Market, maintaining in connection a repair shop at 230 North Market—but always in mind, he had a picture of a mature business—a perfect Automobile Plant and foremost in that picture was always the Ford Car, because to his thinking, it met the needs of all manner of men.

And Now.

In August 1910, Mr. Jones took possession of his new location at 118-120 North Topeka—a three-story brick building 50x140 feet, designed and erected particularly for the home of the Famous Ford Car.

The front of the Jones Garage is of buff brick, plain, solid and substantial—the only striking feature being an electric sign, designed by the owner, which is being copied by several eastern garages. There it is plain as day [even at night] "Jones—Ford" and underneath a rapidly revolving automobile wheel. It's a beauty.

The Salesrooms

A wholesale and retail sale and show room occupies a large part of the first floor, comprising about 5000 feet, and as The Jones Auto Exchange is distributer for the Ford Motor Company for southern Kansas and northern Oklahoma—some 500 Ford cars are disposed of annually from this salesroom.

A complete automobile accessory and repair stock is carried on first floor and is open day and night for the convenience of the motoring wayfarer. There is also a station from which taxicab service is furnished any hour out of the 24. The general offices are on the ground floor, and a reading room is maintained for employees.

Second and third floor departments are reached by elevator.

Re-Building and Painting Dept.

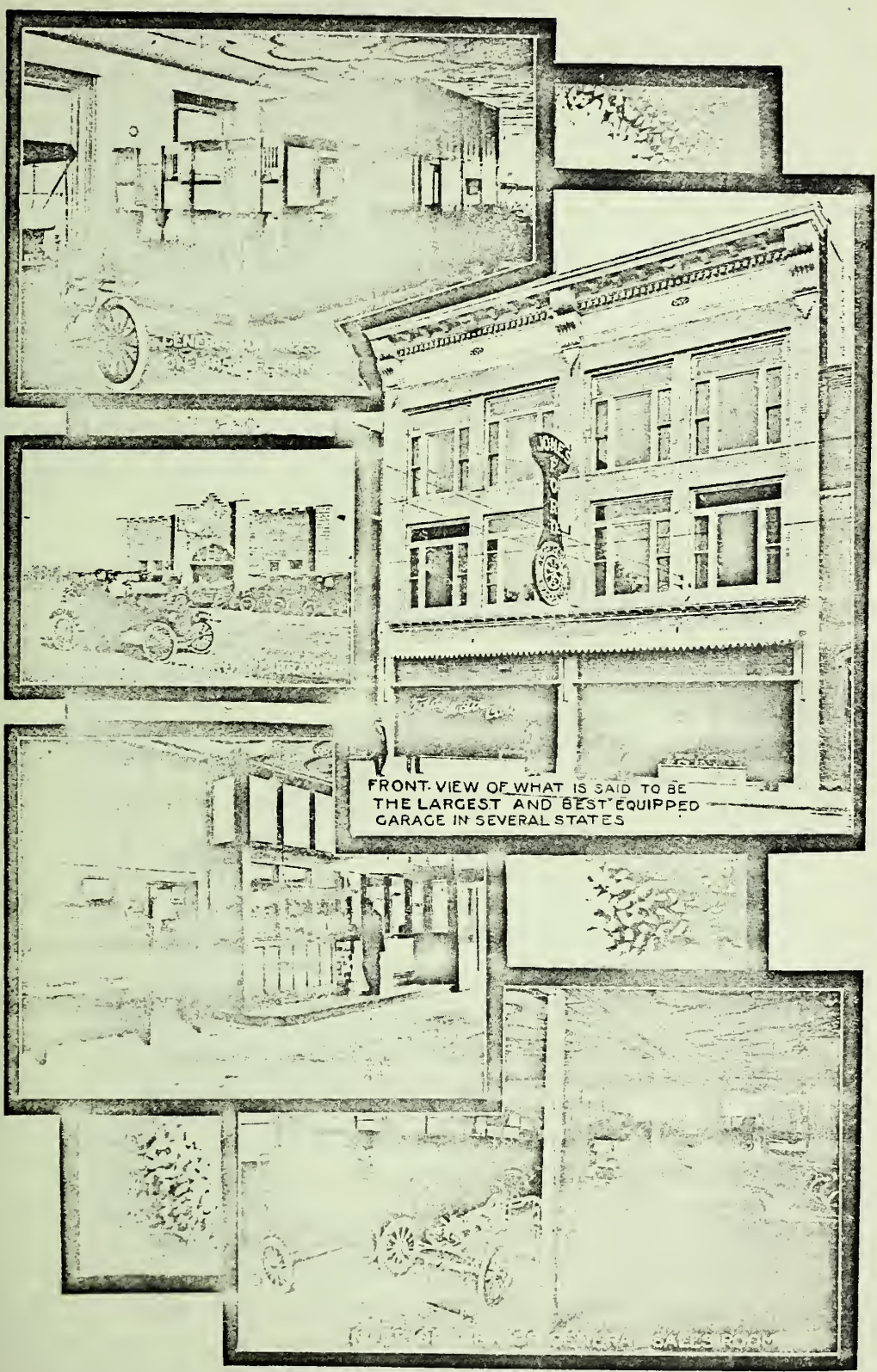
A long felt need of this section is being met in this second floor department, where all makes of cars are painted and refurnished—where a smashed up or delapidated automobile body may be made a thing of beauty—rebuilt into the latest torpedo design, or neatly repaired as best suits its owner, at a minimum cost. Expense is not spared in keeping competent men at the helm here.

Vulcanizing and Retreading Dept.

One of the heaviest items of expense in automobile maintenance is that of tires and much of this expense can be eliminated by promptly placing tires and tubes in the hands of experts in case of defect or accident. The Jones Auto Exchange has the latest improved machinery in this department with an expert in charge. This is a new department in which Mr. Jones takes particular interest.

Repair Shop

The entire third floor is equipped by a thoroughly equipped automobile repair shop. The best and latest



FRONT VIEW OF WHAT IS SAID TO BE
THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED
GARAGE IN SEVERAL STATES

mechanical appliances are in use, and above all—here, if any where, you will find men who know. They treat a sick motor with the certainty and science of born knowledge and experience. There are no boys; they are all skilled mechanics who stay with Jones year in and year out.

Every business has its policy—recognized, or not; and the policy of The Auto Exchange is one of liberality. No "penny wise and pound foolish" methods are employed—every convenience is had for office or work-shop; there's free air and gasoline at the curb; patrons are given the benefit of the doubt; employees are encouraged and treated like men—and the result is a harmonious, wholesome, g r o w i n g business which will some day reach a height—but that's prophesying. Just a word about

The Man Behind

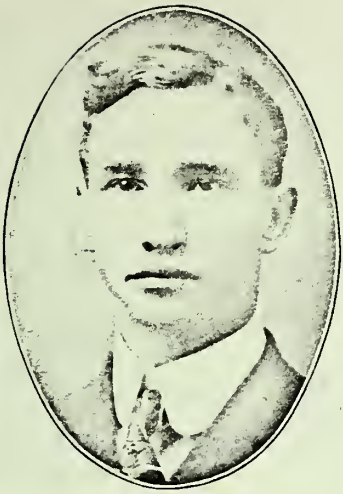
Given a man's achievements and it is easy to trace back from effect to cause. So it is that the business which J. J. Jones has evolved from his thinking reflects the man himself. He is a man of heart and brain—with remarkably clear foresight, wide comprehension and pleasing personality. Perhaps the key-note of his character may be found in the fact that he unquestionably has the love, respect and loyalty of every man in his employ. He belongs to that class of business men who make for decency and squareness in the business world, and the advancing century will lavishly bestow upon him the success he deserves.



Geo. Innes & Company Department Store



H. Pelton, Pres. and Gen'l. Mgr.



H. E. Lee, Vice-Pres.

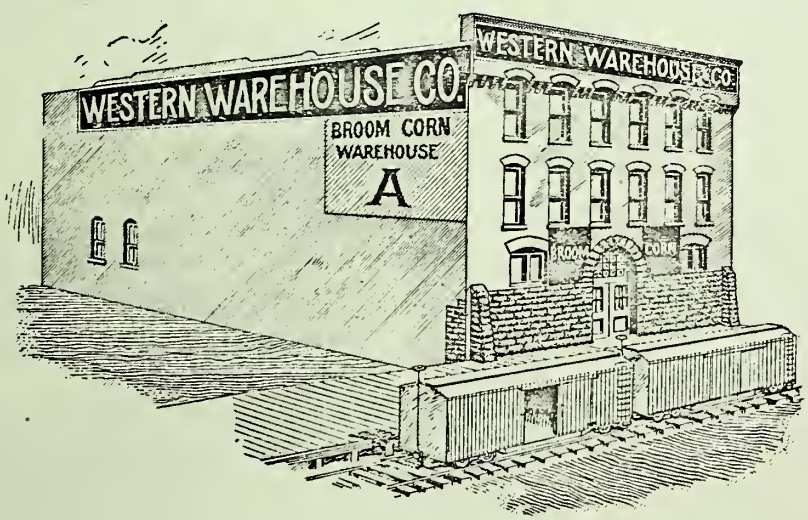


I. L. Rasmussen, Sec'y-Treas.

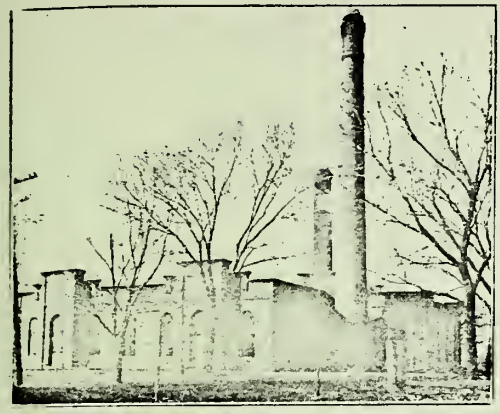
Western Warehouse Company

THIS is one of Wichita's largest wholesale institutions; its place of business being located at the corner of Third and Santa Fe avenue, where they occupy three floors, each eighty by one hundred and forty feet in dimensions. This is a Kansas corporation and bears the distinction of being one of the most important mail order and exclusive broom corn dealers in the United States.

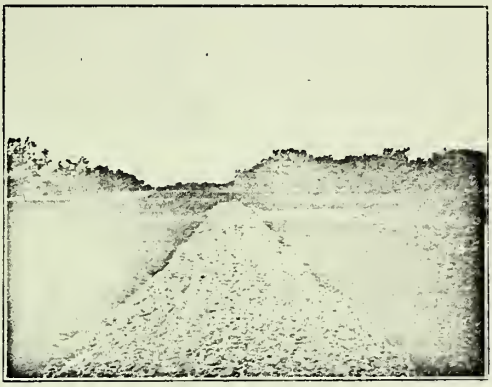
The Western Warehouse Company was organized and established in Wichita three years ago and now takes rank among her leading business enterprises and is perhaps one of the fastest growing and most successful concerns for its age in the country. They export large amounts of broom corn to Canada, Mexico, Cuba and Australia, and purchase large quantities from Argentine, Austria Hungary and Russia, sending out representatives direct from Wichita.



Wichita Water Company



View of Wichita Water Company's new pumping station and power plant; recently finished. One of the most complete in the Western World.



Scene on Company's Island containing well system; looking west from Pumping Station.

Capacity of Pumps 20,000,000 gallons per day.

Type of Pumping Engines

Gaskill, Prescott, Wood, Laidlaw-Dunn-Gordon Compound, Condensing, Triple Expansion.

Source of Supply

Cylinders sunk forty feet beneath the bed of Big Arkansas River. Steam pressure forces sand out of these cylinders until only a deep body of gravel remains surrounding same. The water flowing to cylinders through this natural filter affords one of the purest and safest supplies in the world.

The water through a system of air pumps, is syphoned from these cylinders into a large cement reservoir, where it is thoroughly aerated before passing into the city mains.

As a further protection bacteriological examinations, are made by the Company's chemist, at certain intervals.

Four separate discharge mains, 10, 12, and two 16 inches in diameter, lead from the Pumping Station to various parts of the system.

More than one mile of the frontage of the Big Arkansas river has been acquired through different purchases by the Company in order to protect its water supply.

In addition to other improvements over thirty miles of pipe was laid during the year 1910.

In Wichita You Will Find

Erected two ten-story office buildings, the first in the State.

The Greatest Broomcorn Market in the world.

The best grain and stock market in Kansas.

The second largest distributing point for threshing machines in the world.

The second largest distributing point for agricultural implements in the United States.

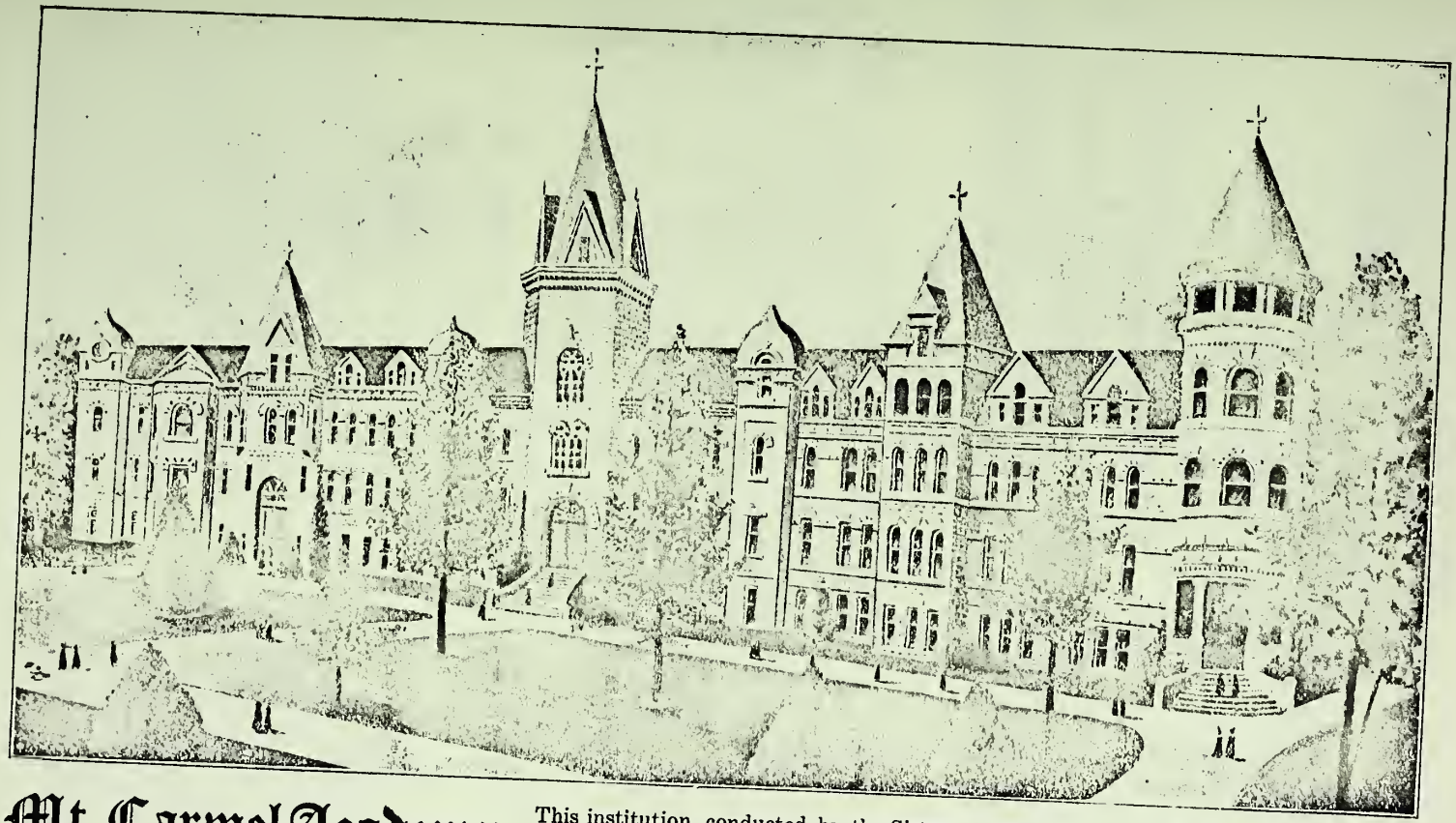
The home of more dry goods jobbing houses than any town in the State.

The center of the richest and largest agricultural section in the country.

The meat packing center of the great Southwest.

As fine a climate as is to be found anywhere in this latitude.

A larger percentage of home-owners than can be found in any city of its size in the country.

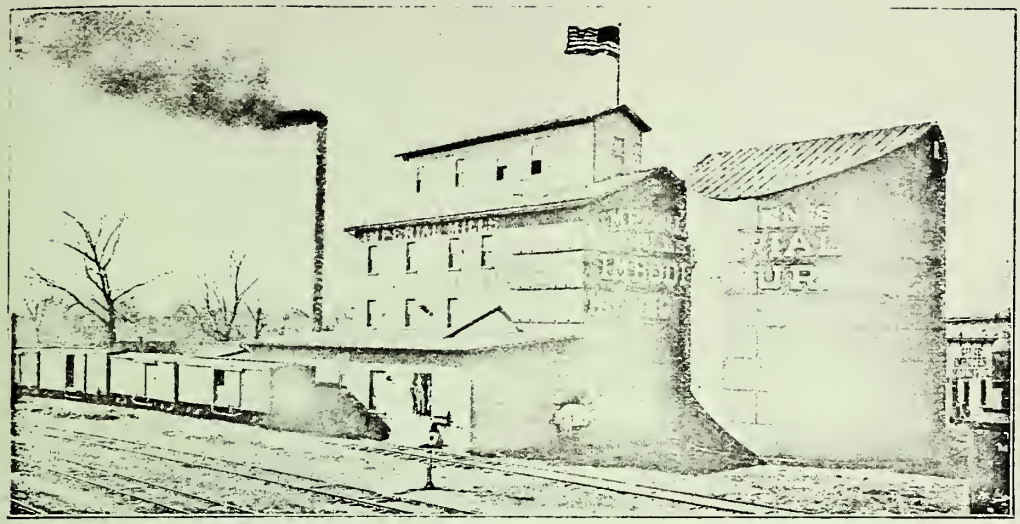


Mt. Carmel Academy

This institution, conducted by the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M., is now in its twenty-third year of actual educational work, and has justly earned the reputation of being one of the most thoroughly equipped and successful educational institutions in the West.

The buildings are commodious and well ventilated and furnished with all modern improvements, and have an ideal location just outside the city limits, surrounded by forty acres of picturesque ground. The Academy contains nine fully equipped departments of study, viz: Academic, Commercial, Preparatory and Primary, Conservatory of Music, Art and Elocution, Sewing and Domestic Science.

The Sisters of Charity, being especially devoted to the instruction of youth, spare no effort to give pupils a thorough education of mind and heart, and to help them develop healthy bodies, womanly characters and gracious manners. There are now nearly two hundred girl pupils in the institution.

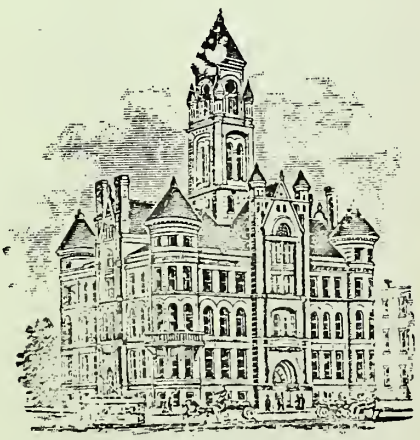


Imboden Milling Company

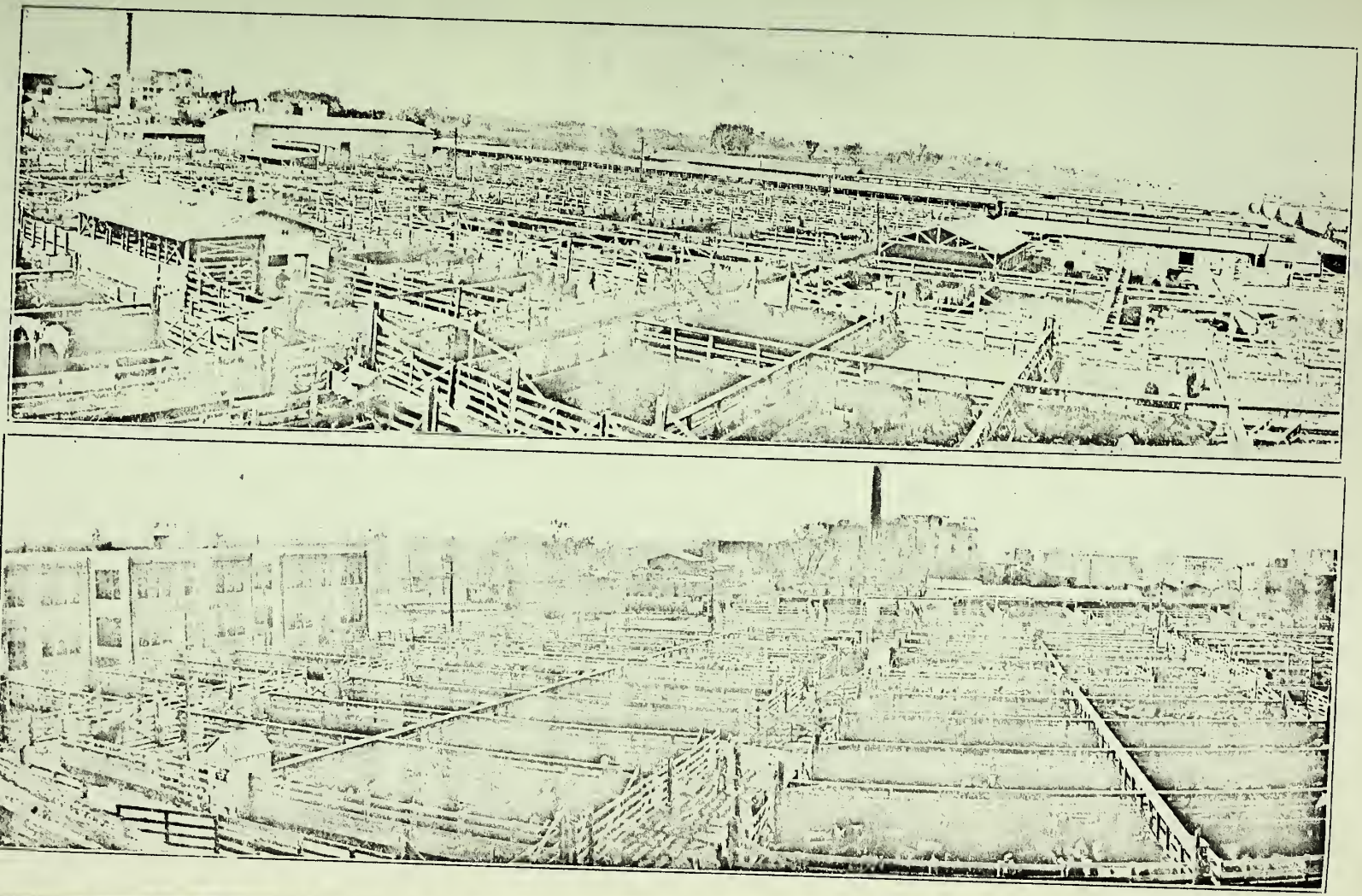
Hiram Imboden established this mill in 1874, there being associated with him at the time three other gentlemen, all from Illinois, but Mr. Imdoben is the only one who has continued in the business up to this time. New mills were erected in 1897, and incorporated in 1904. Their leading brands of flour are "Imperial" and its duplicate—"Imboden's Best," and their trade extends from New York to Mexico. Mr. Imboden is himself a practical miller and has always attended personally to buying the wheat for the mill. He knows what it is to make good flour, and knows how to produce the product. J. H. Reynolds is Secretary and Assistant Manager of the Company and has been associated with Mr. Imboden a quarter of a century. One of the proud boasts of the Company is that it has patrons on its books who have been continuous customers for more than twenty years.



Court House



City Hall



Wichita Union Stock Yards Company

Officers

C. H. Brooks, president, Wichita; J. A. McNaughton, vice president, South Omaha, Neb.;Wallace P. Bache, secretary-treasurer, Wichita; G. B. Albright, general manager, Wichita; H. E. Newlin, traffic manager, Wichita.

Capacity

Cattle 8000 head; hogs, 10,000 head.

Yearly Receipts by Railroads

Year	*Cattle*	*Hogs*	*Sheep*	*H.&M.*	*Cars*
1893	48776	52481	978	501	2071
1894	27321	42818	4697	1377	1512
1895	25639	57381	2052	453	1624
1896	11687	75165	16608	137	1430
1897	17334	160935	8101	478	2417
1898	15356	224925	10618	271	3336
1899	22570	180398	8786	212	3045
1900	20303	263143	16554	501	4250
1901	21686	299120	1658	1873	4722
1902	26788	166140	5133	844	3173
1903	27574	241470	12257	1836	4268
1904	21801	285503	2659	2897	4564
1905	36043	269660	6895	1481	4804
1906	40038	278048	7038	2126	4970
1907	87657	413436	7005	1646	8211
1908	98680	710282	11465	2426	11818
1909	173393	728088	21047	3049	14083
1910	193050	529988	29740	3088	12915
Total	916696	4978981	173331	25186	93213

Largest Receipts in One Day

Cattle	Nov. 8, 1909	4041
Hogs	Jan. 20, 1909	7186
Sheep	Nov. 22, 1910	4378
Horses and Mules	Aug. 1, 1910	241
Cars	Nov. 8, 1909	193

Without a doubt Wichita's greatest industry lies in her Union Stock Yards and the two great packing houses of John Cudahy and Jacob Dold. Together these plants employ more men, pay more wages, and handle more business than any other industry in the city or in the State of Kansas.

An army of 1,300 men earn their living in the two packing plants, and how many others are supported by these institutions is hard to say. A conservative estimate, however, would be at least 4000 persons, and the weekly pay roll of the Stock Yards' interests will reach approximately $30,000, nearly every penny of which is spent in Wichita, or nearly a million and a half annually.

In order to keep pace with the enormous growth of its business the Union Stock Yards Company has been compelled to build acres of new pens and sheds each year. The average annual budget for new improvements at the Stock Yards amounts to $50,000, most of which has been going for additional yardage.

At the beginning of 1911, Wichita can boast of one of the best equipped stock yards to be found in the United States. Ninety per cent of the yardage has been built in the last four years, after the most modern methods of drainage and sanitation. The entire twenty odd acres of pens are paved with brick, and each pen is furnished with individual watering and feeding troughs. During the year 1910, owing to the increased number of southern cattle being marketed here, it has been necessary for the Stock Yards Company to expend many thousands of dollars for the improvement and enlargement of the quarantine division of the sheds. At this time more than a thousand head of quarantine cattle can be easily cared for at the yards.

One of the finest exchange buildings to be found anywhere in the country was finished during the early part of last year. In this building are located the offices of nearly a score of commission firms, a national bank, the Stock Yard Company's offices. The Wichita Terminal Railway Company, and branch offices of the packing houses.

The accompanying table of figures accurately tell the wonderful growth of the Wichita live stock market during the past seventeen years. These figures are taken from the records of the Union Stock Yards Company, and are absolutely authentic. They show that the total amount of business handled by the yards has increased more than 700 per cent from the years 1893 to 1910 inclusive.

No other market in the United States can show such a large per centage of business increase in a like period.

The most remarkable growth appears in the hog trade. In 1893, the average yearly crop of hogs at the Wichita market was 80,000; for the year 1909, 751,000 hogs were yarded and sold mostly in Wichita. The increase in these sixteen years is just 925 per cent.

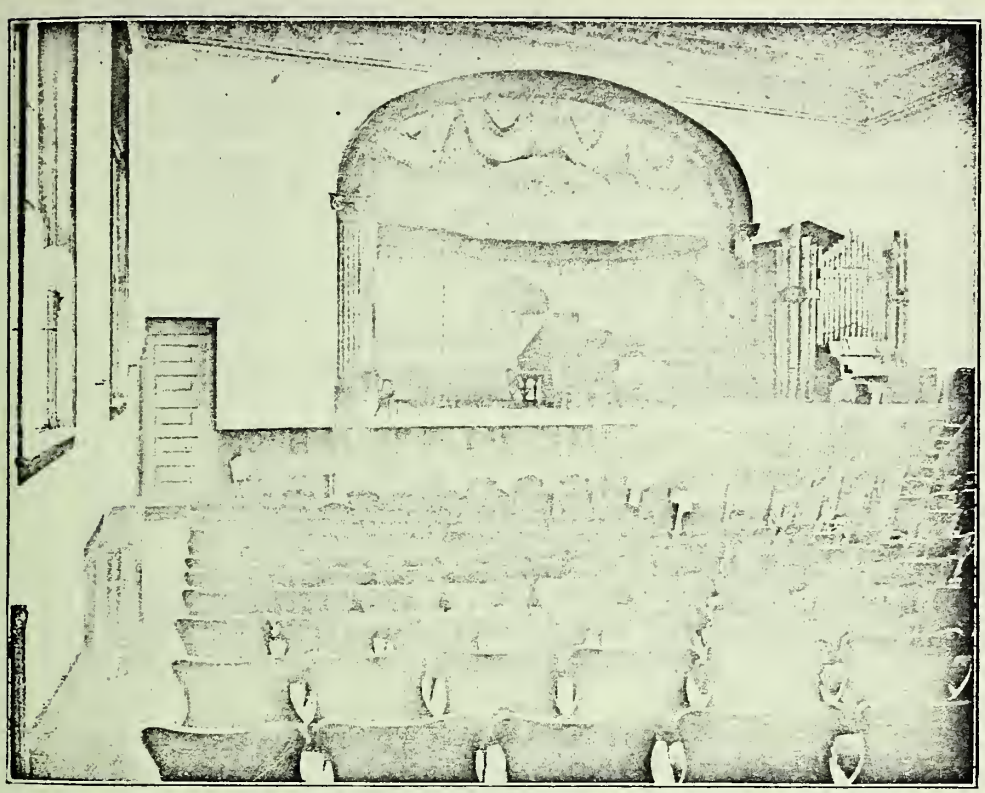
Cattle receipts did not materially increase over the first year, which was 55,758, until the year 1907, when the receipts aggregated 95,666. In 1910, the receipts of cattle amounted to 208,241 head, showing an increase of about 400 per cent for the 17 years.

These figures are somewhat remarkable when it is considered that the greater portion of the increased supply of hogs and cattle was consumed by the Wichita packing houses; and it may be said the live stock market in Wichita is merely a reflection of the increased activities of the Wichita packers, together with the improved facilities of the Union Stock Yards Company for handling the stock, and their very reasonable charges for same. When the Wichita market was first established, nearly half of the hogs received were shipped on to other markets, and that for want of buyers here. Last year less than one-seventh of the total receipts went past this market. Sixteen years ago barely one-fifth of the total cattle receipts were consumed here. Last year nearly one-half of the supply was used by the Wichita packers.



The Hydro Carbon Company

Wichita can boast leadership in one industry, that of having the largest and best equipped factory in the United States for the manufacturer of gasoline lamps. This concern was established in Wichita in 1901, incorporated in 1907, and at the beginning of 1911 its capital and surplus was $120,000. All the lights made by the institution are manufactured under the "Coleman Patents," and its straight territory comprises practically all of the United States. They maintain a branch sales house at Toledo, Ohio, but all the manufacturing is done in Wichita, where their pay-roll amounts approximately to $1000 per week.



The Wichita College of Music

This College was organized and established in Wichita in 1906, by Theodore Lindberg, the well-known violin artist and teacher. The first building used for studio purposes was a residence at 351 North Topeka avenue, which was later purchased and is at present used by Mr. and Mr. Lindberg as their home. The building erected at 217-219 North Lawrence avenue by R. J. Donahue, is one of the most modern buildings in the state devoted exclusively to music and art. The Wichita College of Music occupies the entire building, which contains Philharmony Hall, which has a seating capacity of more than 700 people, with complete stage equipment, pipe organ, opera chairs, etc., as shown in the picture elsewhere in this number.

The Wichita College of Music has more than $75,000 invested in buildings and equipment, and a notable auxiliary is the Philharmony orchestra of 35 pieces, under the capable leadership of President Lindberg.

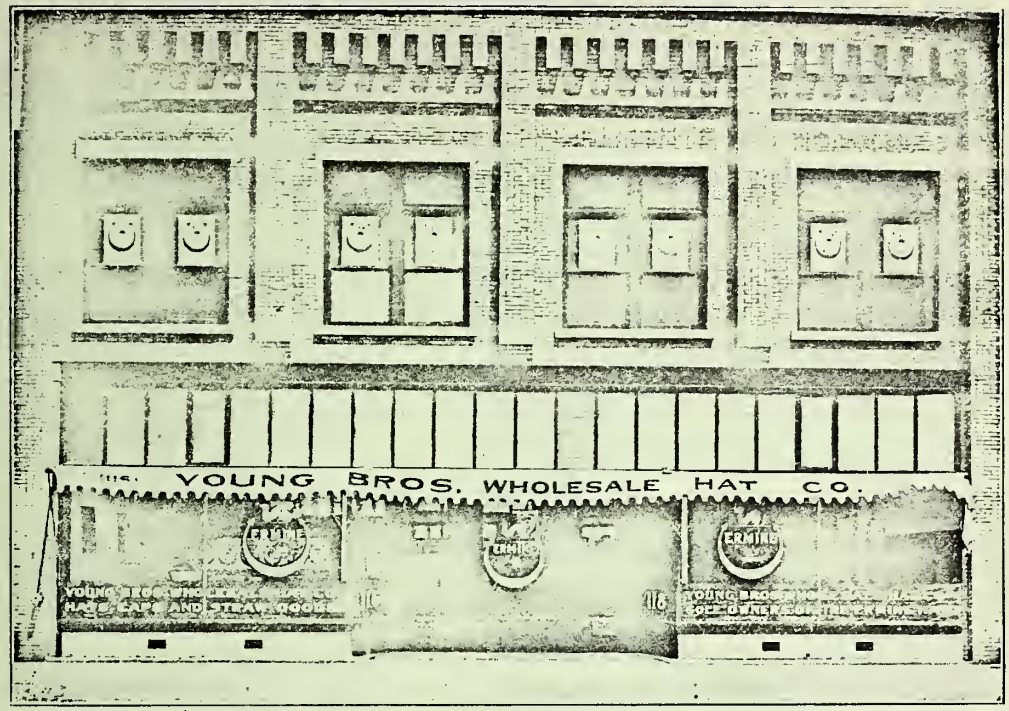
Wichita Has Done and is Doing:

Gaining in population at the rate of 5,000 a year.

Building an extensive Interurban Railway system.

Building the finest modern car shops in the West.

Building a paper mill at a cost of $500,000.



Young Brothers' Wholesale Hat Company

116-118 South Emporia Ave.

The home of the Ermine Hat—the most widely advertised and best known hat in the Southwest—a hat that is now sold by good merchants all over this section of country. The firm carries everything in hats, caps and straw goods, and by offering the same goods as sold by eastern houses and by making the same prices as others make, the firm has built up a fine business. The nearness to their trade and their system of "filling mail orders on sight" have been factors in their success.

In Wichita You Will Find

The tallest blocks in Kansas.

The finest concrete arch bridge in the State of Kansas.

Commodious City, County and Federal buildings.

The center of the best apple-growing section in the West.

The most extensive and beautiful public parks in the state.

The largest single college building west of the Mississippi river.

The most extensive distributing point in the West for motor cars.

An excellent sanitary and storm water sewer system, insuring good health to its residents.

The most popular convention city in the state.

Five big flour mills with a capacity of 4,300 barrels of flour a day.

City water that is as pure as can be found anywhere, by actual test.

One of the fine distributing houses of the largest wholesale hardware company in the world.

The home of 190 jobbing houses that handle more goods than are sold by all the jobbing houses of the state.

Headquarters for lumber dealers of the Southwest, where $10,000,000 worth of lumber is bought and sold yearly.

Twice Told Tales

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

HE FOUND IT

A well known Indiana man,
One dark night last week,
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
[He found it.]

John Welch by curiosity
[Dispatches state] was goaded;
He squinted in his old shotgun
To see if it was loaded.
[It was].

A man in Macon stopped to watch
A patent cigar clipper;
He wondered if his finger was
Not quicker than the nipper.
[It wasn't.]

A Maine man read that human eyes
Of hypnotism were full;
He went to see if it would work
Upon an angry bull.
[It wouldn't.]

San Francisco Bulletin.

PRESIDENT TUCKER'S LETTER

President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth College tells the following story on himself: Some years ago he passed several weeks in a Maine country town. The next season he received a letter from his boarding mistress asking him to return. In reply he stated he should be glad to pass another summer vacation with her but should require some changes.

"First," said the college president, "your maid Mary is persona non grata. Secondly, I think the sanitary conditions would be improved about your house if the pigsty could be moved a little farther from the house."

President Tucker was reassured when he received the following in reply: "Mary has went. We hain't had no hogs since you were here last summer. Be sure and come."

ENGLISH KNIGHTS AND IRISH KNIGHTS

It was evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most causual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man who was lolling in front of a Broadway hotel on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, me dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?" After lighting his cigar, he continued: "Bah Jove, this is a remarkable city. This is me first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a deucid stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of imporance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, me dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep, rich borgue:

"Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, tonight, and every damn night—Michael Murphy!"

A bashful young lady, who was entering the society of the town with some difficulty was instructed by an older sister to avoid stiff, set phrases, and to conduct herself in a natural homelike manner. This lesson was given just before a dinner to which the sisters were invited. It was the hostess' first real function, and in spite of all efforts there was an awkward pause in the conversation as the host carved the fowl. Turning to the bashful one he asked, "Which piece do you prefer?" She looked appealing at her sister a moment, and then remembered her instructions. "If you please," she said bravely, "I'll take the caboose."

Little boy Thoughtful watched the calf getting its supper. "I don't see," he commented, "how that small calf can hold a whole cowful of milk."

When the horny-handed son of the West met the Harvard senior on the campus, the latter looked the freshman over thoroughly. "H'm," he said at length, as he indicated the toil-hardened hands of the stranger, "I get my living with my head."

"Yes?" drawled the Westerner, with some show of interest, "So does a woodpecker."

A ten-year-old child, who was a junior member of the Christian church, came home from a union meeting in a most indignant frame of mind. "The minister asked all the children that were Christians to please rise," she cried, "and what do you think? All those pesky little Methodists stood up!"

Some weeks ago two little girls of six and seven years old heard a party of older people discussing skeletons. The six-year-old lass listened intently to the conversation, when the elder girl, with an air of superior knowledge, said abruptly:

"You don't know what a skeleton is, and I do."

"So do I" sharply replyed the younger. "I do know! I know for certain, I do!"

"Well, now, what is it?" the elder wanted to know.

"Why, its bones with the people off; that's what it is!"

A HUBBY'S HOBBY

A gentleman formerly attached to the American Embassy at London tells how an old country sexton in a certain English town, in showing visitors around the churchyard, used to stop at one tombstone and say:

"This 'ere is the tomb of 'Enry 'Opper an' 'is eleven woives."

"Eleven!" exclaimed a tourist, on one occasion. "Dear me! That's rather a lot, isn't it?"

Whereupon the sexton, looking gravely at his questioner, replied:

"Well, mum, yer see, it war an 'obby of 'is'n".—*Harper's*

"Poor Dick" he was called at the club. Although sometimes a trifle the worse for a late supper, Dick never forgot to be true to his perfect breeding. On one occasion, after a most determined effort to enter a house he believed to be his own, he was met by the scantily attired master of the mansion with information as to his whereabouts in not over polite language, and the added news that the householder had a sick wife and child upstairs who had been disturbed.

Dick made abject apologies, and departed, but his own quarters seemed to elude him, and again the same irate householder was brought to the door.

"Didn't I tell you that this was my house?" cried the indignant man; "and don't you remember that my wife and child are ill?"

"I remember perfectly." Dick answered, sobered for the moment, "and I merely returned sir, to ask how they were getting along?"

A woman who was seriously ill awoke one night to find the nurse sitting at the foot of the bed smoking a cigarette and reading a novel. Greatly startled, the patient raised herself up in bed and cried out: "What in the world are you doing, nurse?" To which the nurse replied: "Good gracious! I thought you were dead!"



Rafael Navas

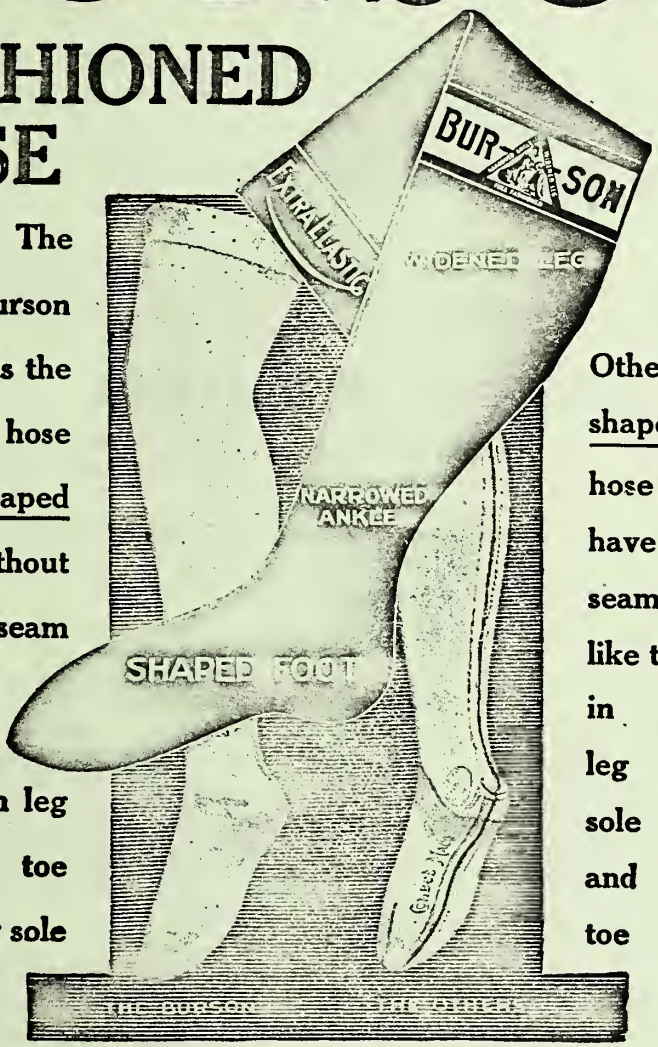
Pianist and Teacher

¶ By reason of his personal gifts, his thorough European training, his winning personality and enthusiasms for all things connected with art, Rafael Navas has become in the three short years of his residence in Kansas one of the leading factors in the development of music in the State. ¶ Mr. Navas, unlike most musicians, is a man of wide interests and culture. A graduate of the University of Madrid he soon acquired the analytical spirit of the true student which he carried into his musical studies, thereby getting full benefit from the opportunities he had of working with the most celebrated masters. ¶ His musical education began at an early age; at fifteen he graduated in the Royal Conservatory of Madrid obtaining a government purse that enabled him to pursue his studies in Paris where he obtained the first prize in the National Conservatory. ¶ From Paris Mr. Navas went to other musical centers of Europe in search of the instruction to be gained from specialists. After several years of public life there on the Concert platform he undertook a tour in America where he has appeared with some of the leading orchestras always with marked success. ¶ As a teacher Mr. Navas has had over ten years experience during which period he has produced pupils of extraordinary ability. ¶ Since his arrival in Wichita he has counted in his class some of the better known teachers of the State, who, being progressive, have sought to avail themselves of the opportunity at their door. ¶ At present Mr. Navas is director of the Institute of Musical Art of Wichita, a school devoted exclusively to advanced piano methods in which uniformity of method prevails from the beginners to the advanced class, a feature not to be found elsewhere.

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Liste and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita

APPENDICITIS THE FEAR OF OUR DAYS CURED

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Gall Stones. Nervous Troubles, Asthma. Female Diseases. Eczema. Rheumatism, etc., in short, all kinds of diseases of mankind are successfully treated

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

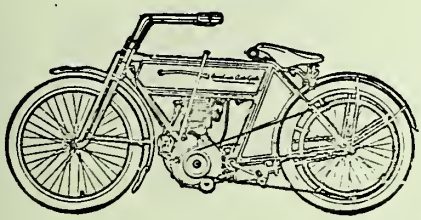
Do not suffer or let any in your family suffer. Should the best medical physicians have tried in vain to cure you, or you are afraid, have hope and apply the wonderful Psychic Methods of healing successfully practiced by

PROF. K. FEIGE

Consultation Free. Write for Information. Call Phone 4021

Office, 409-11 Security Building OKLAHOMA CITY

EXCELSIOR



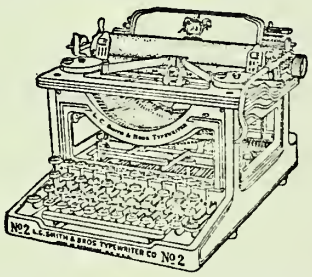
AUTOCYCLES and SUPPLIES

CENTRAL CYCLE & SUPPLY CO.

135 N. Market St. Wichita, Kansas

After Severest Tests

Unanimously Adopted



L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER

The DuPont Powder Company's jury of five mechanical engineers, who tested all leading typewriters, decided unanimously in favor of the L. C. Smith Bros. The DuPonts immediately standardized with this machine, buying five hundred and twenty-one on a single order.

You can benefit by the decision of these experts.

Send for our "DuPont" Booklet.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

You will Feed Your Family PRIMEL Every Day



---When you know how Pure, Helpful and Nourishing it is

It has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain, for Kansas people and others.

Many cereal foods are made from hulls, useless as a food, without nourishment or flavor and expense. Primel being made of the whole grain, retains all the life and strength-giving qualities which the human body must have to make up for the daily wear and waste in grown-ups and to fill out the growing boys and girls.

There is more muscle and brain in an ounce of Primel than any other cereal, therefore, it is the cheapest.

Sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent packages at your grocer. If he will not supply you, we sell direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

New Girard Manufacturing Co.

Girard, Kansas

There is an 8-ounce SAMPLE PACKAGE waiting for You

Enough for a good taste all around, ("five dishes.") That is the best way for you to judge Primel, then you will know its goodness, its pleasing and appetizing taste and its wholesomeness. Send 10 cents, which is to cover the postage only, your name and address on the coupon and your grocer's name.

COUPON

For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me the trial package of Primel, "enough for five dishes."

Name.....

Address.....

Grocer's Name.....



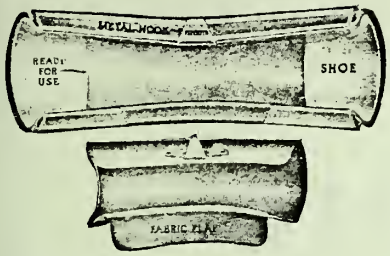
POLAR BEAR FLOUR IS KING

The New Era Milling Company

ARKANSAS CITY KANSAS


KANSAS
MAGAZINE
Topeka Free Public Library
JULY 15¢

TEST HAGSTROM BLOWOUT PATCH
FOR REST



THAT'S why some of the highest grade automobile manufacturers are adopting the Hagstrom Blowout Patch for their emergency tire equipment of their 1911 cars.

EXTRA tires are no longer a necessity. The up-to-date motorist knows he can place as much confidence in a pair of **Hagstrom** patches as in a new tire, to get home in case he should happen to have a blowout or a puncture. The merits of the Hagstrom Blowout Patch is known the world over.

This Non-Conductive Porcelain Guard Feature Alone Worth the Price of the Plug

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE

Here is the new Spark Plug that every Motorist will eventually use.

Hagstrom Plug has the unique feature of an internal cavity, which is practically closed at the bottom by the porcelain disc held in position by a metal sleeve. An additional feature found in no other plug with internal cavity is that the spark from the electrode points reach the fresh gas in the cylinder assuring maximum power from each explosion. Made in all sizes. List price $1.50 each. Quantity prices furnished on request.



Manufactured by
HAGSTROM BROS. MFG. COMPANY, INC.
EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND WORKS, LINDSBORG, KANSAS

SMOKY VALLEY
ROLLER MILLS
Water Power
GOLDEN PATENT
FLOUR
ESTATE OF
THEO. TEICHGRAEBER
LINDSBORG, KANSAS.

49 lbs GOLDEN PATENT FLOUR

A Reputation Means Safety

When buying flour the wise baker will choose a flour with an earned reputation—one that has stood the test of the most critical bakers

The "Has-made-good" flour is better than "Just-as-good" flour

Buy a sack and be convinced

Smoky Valley Roller Mills
LINDSBORG, KANSAS

WHY NOT

Spend the Winter in

Florida and Cuba

and avoid the rigors of the Northern Climate?

It is a short and comfortable trip over the

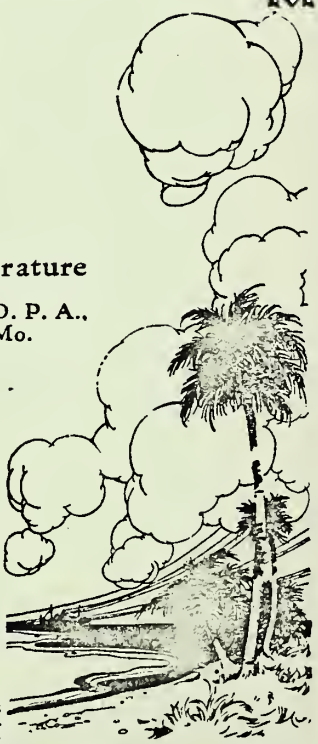
FRISCO LINES

and not expensive

Let us furnish you rates and descriptive literature

F. E. CLARK, D. P. A.
Wichita, Kansas

J. C. LOVRIEN, D. P. A.,
Kansas City, Mo.



There is a Young Lady in Your County Soliciting Subscriptions for The Kansas Magazine

She will be the official representative from her county in the Grand Educational Tour which will be conducted by the Kansas Magazine Company next August. There will be one representative, and only one, from each county in Kansas.

The itinerary of the Grand Tour will be from Wichita to New Orleans; from New Orleans to New York by Ocean voyage: from New York to Albany, New York via Hudson River; from Albany to Boston; from Boston to New York; from New York to Washington D. C.; from Washington to Chicago; from Chicago Wichita via Kansas City. Extended stops will be made in New York, Boston and Washington.

Any courtesies shown the young ladies in their soliciting campaign will be greatly appreciated by

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE CO.

Publisher's Announcement

With the September number we shall begin a series of articles dealing with railroad life, from the human standpoint.

The story will begin with the right-of-way, railroad building, the old and new ideas. Other articles will deal with the life of the engineer, the conductor, the switchman, the train dispatcher, the agent, the traffic man, There will be no "brass collars" in the stories. It will be the daily life of the men who run the railroad, their hardships, perils, duties, and responsibilities.

The series now in preparation, will be the work of several hands under the general direction of the Editor.

It is the first time that a comprehensive picture of railroad life in all its phases has ever been attempted and we feel sure you will find it interesting. Of all industrial employments, none are as full of excitement and danger, none entail such responsibilities, none are so closely connected with the needs of modern society.

We all use the railroads, we are all interested in everything about a railroad. From the village boy who goes every day to "see the train come in," to the big man of affairs, whose business depends upon railroad service, every one finds in the operation of railways, a profound and striving interest. We intend to tell you all about it, how it is done and the kind of men who do it.

The articles will run through twelve numbers, beginning with the September issue, and will be profusely illustrated.

TO OUR READERS

¶ We were forced to postpone our articles on sub-irrigation until the August issue, as it was impossible for us to get certain data and cuts without which we could not prepare exhaustive articles, and fully illustrate them. It is our intention to give the public a rare treat on this subject by the articles we propose to publish.

Electrical Appliances

It's a real pleasure to cook with Electric Appliances. They are quick, reliable and always ready. A dainty breakfast can be quickly prepared with the Electric Coffee Percolator and Electric Toaster. When unexpected company comes, the Electric Chafing Dish eliminates embarrassing delays and accidents with the impromptu luncheon.

Our new display room contains everything electrical and we invite you to call and see our appliances demonstrated.

Ready When You Turn the Switch

Kansas Gas & Electric Co.

239 So. Main

Do You Like Flowers?

You can have them with little trouble if you will write, telegraph or telephone your needs to us Prices are reasonable and we ship anywhere

W. H. Culp & Co., Florists

Wichita, Kansas

Red Mineral Springs Water Co.

"Wapello" Water

Eddyville, Iowa

Southwestern Station

110 S. Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

◈Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electricity◈

MRS. KEITH

Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors

Hair Goods of Every Description

Phone 2824 157 N. Main St. WICHITA, KANSAS

Business Education

The Finest Business College Quarters in the Great Southwest

We have a cool place to study, above the dirt and heat of the street. A good breeze and fresh air. Excellent light and ventilation. **Good elevator.**



THE HOME of the MILLER BUSINESS COLLEGE
Butts Building, Wichita, Kansas

To win a *place* in the Commercial World, you *must* be a trained **man.** We teach you to be an *Expert Accountant, Stenographer,* or *Court Reporter.* We train you to be a *high salaried man.*

Call or Address

MILLER BUSINESS COLLEGE

J. J. Miller.

Missouri Pacific New Trains and Through Sleepers

Effective Sunday, June 18th, 1911

For Colorado

Train No. 403 leaves Wichita 3:00 p. m., with Chair Car, Sleeper and Diner.
Train No. 401 leaves Wichita 10:05 p. m., with Chair Car and Sleeper and Diner.

For Kansas City

New Day Train No. 420 leaves Wichita 9:00 a. m., arrives Kansas City 5:30 p. m.
Return Train 421 leaves Kansas City at 1:10 p. m., arrives Wichita 9:55 p. m.

For St. Louis

Train 410 leaves Wichita 2:20 p. m., arrives St. Louis 7:30 a. m.
Return Train leaves St. Louis at 8:10 p. m., arrives Wichita 1:10 p. m.

For Coffeyville, Little Rock, Hot Springs

Train No. 721 leaves Wichita 8:10 a. m., with Standard Sleeper.
Train returning from Hot Springs, Little Rock and Coffeyville arrives Wichita 7:15 p. m.

To Our Subscribers

WE wish to announce that inasmuch as we did not get the May and June numbers of the Magazine to our readers, we will extend the time of every subscriber two months. By doing this, every subscriber will get the entire twelve copies for which they paid.

BEGINNING with the August issue we will have some very strong and unusually interesting articles. One on "Equal Suffrage," and the first of three articles on "Sub-Irrigation." Send in your subscription at once, that you may not miss the Magazines that will contain these up-to-date articles.

The Kansas Magazine

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1911

A Scene in Ireland		*Frontispiece*
The South of Ireland Illustrations from Photographs	*F. Dumont Smith*	3
The Day-Dream (Verse)	*Mabel Hillyer Eastman*	8
Legislative Freaks and Freak Legislation Illnstrations by Parsons	*Z. Y. Hopkins*	9
Love—and You (Verse)	*A. B. Leigh*	14
The First Church in Wichita Illustration from Photograph	*Ed. Walter*	15
A Sailor's Tale of the South Pacific (Story)	*James Fraser*	16
As Ye Sow, So Shall Ye Reap (Story)	*T. A. Mc Neal*	23
"The Eternal Feminine" (Story)	*Josephine Weatherly*	38
Solace (Verse)	*Mabel Hillyer Eastman*	40
Tales of a Pullman Ark (Story)	*Margaret Hill McCarter*	41
The Past is Ours, Dear (Verse)		50
The Passing of '67		51
Back to the Land (Siory)	*William Alfred Corey*	53
The Pioneer (Verse)		54
The Dreamers (Story)	*Chester Porter Bissell*	55
The Point Winner (Story)		63
A New Kansas History		68
To a Violet (Verse)	*June Edna Bellman*	68
Prickly Pears	*Mack Cretcher*	69
Here and There	*The Editor*	70
Book Reviews		72
Twice Told Tales		74

¶ Yearly subscriptions $1.50. Single copy 15c. We will not accept questionable advertising and we will thank our readers to furnish proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. Advertising rates on application. Forms close on tenth day of month prior to date of issue. New York office, 350 Broadway; James Ridge, Manager. W. W. Reed, Chicago Representative; Room 45, La Salle St. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted.

Entered at the Wichita postoffice as second class mail matter.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD, President
W. Y. MORGAN, Vice President
CHAS. L. DAVIDSON, 2nd Vice-Pres
D. A. GEIL, Secretary-Treasurer
F. DUMONT SMITH, Editor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
The Kansas Magazine Co.
403-4-5 Beacon Building
WICHITA, KANSAS

Exclusive Features

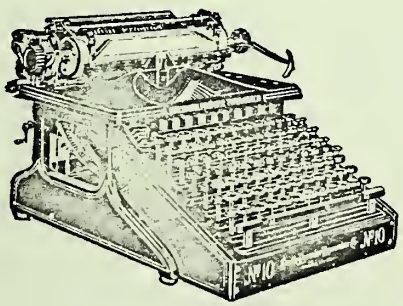
of the New Model 10 Visible

Smith Premier

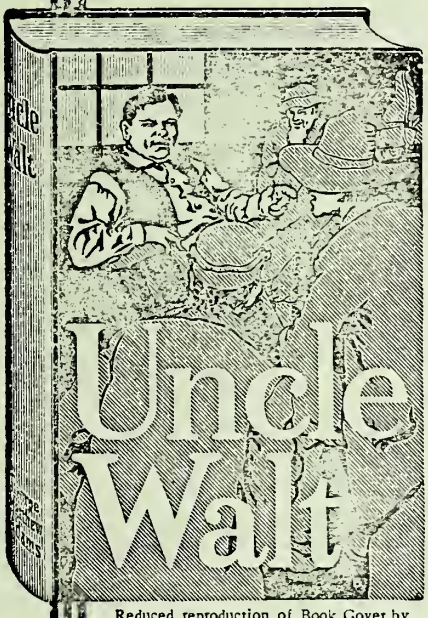
The only front stroke machine having a complete, straight-line keyboard, a removable platen, interchangeable carriages, a gear-driven carriage and easy erasing facilities, every operation controlled from the keyboard, a decimal tabulator and column finder.

These features are so necessary that other typewriters will eventually come to them. Why not get the machine that has them *now*—the Smith Premier?

Write for information. THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
714 Deleware St., Kansas City, Mo.



The Greatest Homeopathic Gloom Chaser of the Century



Reduced reproduction of Book Cover by Will Bradley, in 3 colors, 12mo. cloth

"Uncle Walt"

"The Poet Laureate of the American Democracy"
—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE "Uncle Walt" book, for which a nation has been waiting for months and months, is ready. This is the first and only volume containing any of the original, inimitable Prose-Poems of Walt Mason in book form. Not for a hundred years has there arisen among us one whose "right-from-the-soil" lyre songs are so representative of the spirit of democracy — and each one done up in tin foil smile capsules, sugar-coated, and wholly according to the Pure Food Laws vouched for by one Wiley. In the next twelve-month the home without its "Uncle Walt" book will be a home in gloom indeed.

What Fra Elbertus Says:

"Walt shows you things in right proportion, corrects your perspective, and lends a right focus. His prose rhymes exercise your liver by making you laugh. Walt is full of wise saws, modern instances and prunes, and his wit burbles and gurgles like a Kansas creek where the bullheads gambol."

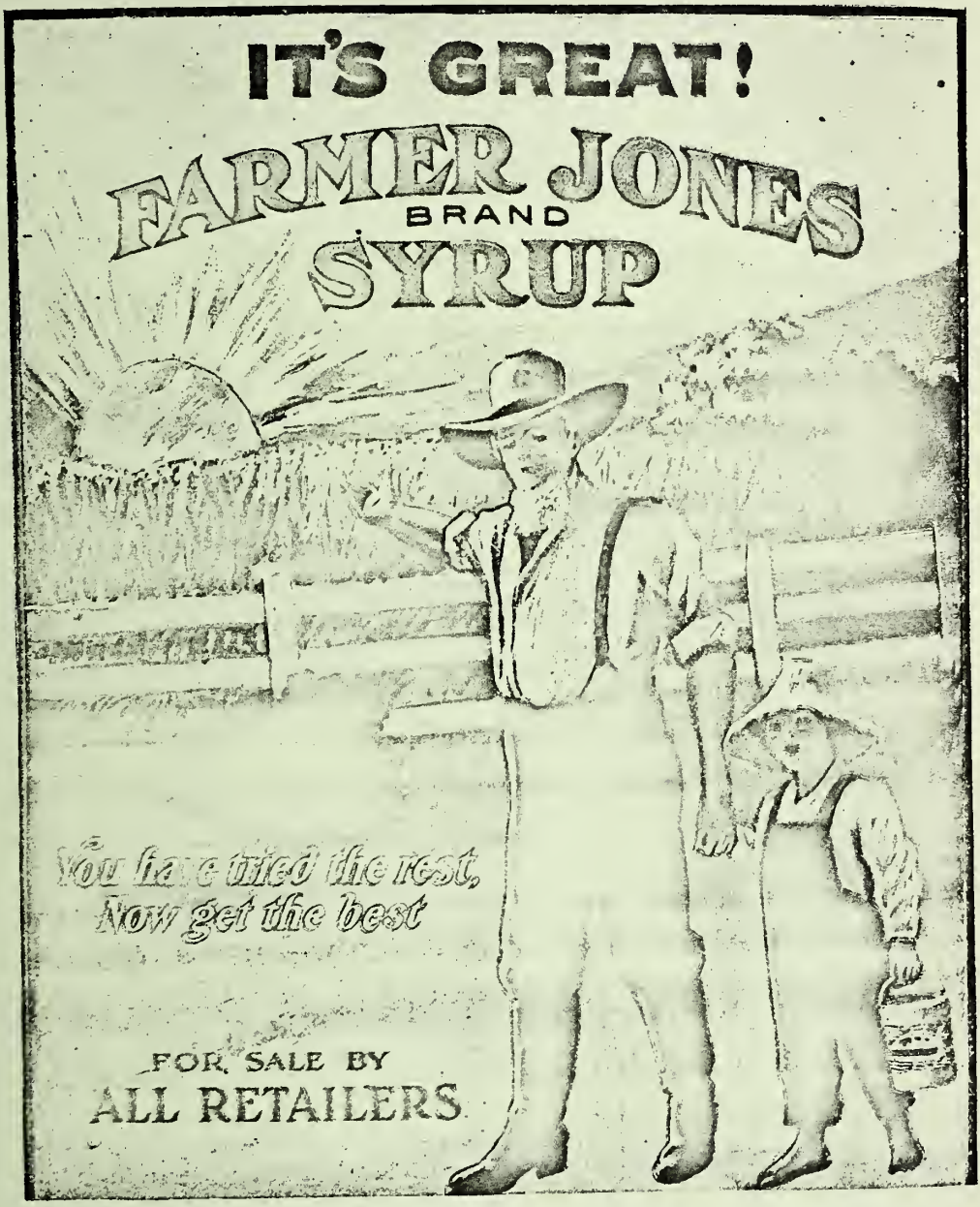
How to Earn Long Life and a Happy Hereafter

Ten million people a day read "Uncle Walt" as he sings his quaint prose rhymes in the press of the country. If you have never known him, know him now. See the nearest book seller without fail. Ask for the beautiful "Uncle Walt" book containing nearly 200 of Walt's most famous rhymes.

This book is a beautiful work, with cover in several colors by Will Bradley, frontispiece by the famous McCutcheon, and illustrated by William Stevens. The body is printed on high grade paper, deckle-edge and gilt top — 200 pages of humor, pathos, and side-widening what not. *Price, $1.25 net.*

If your book seller does not have "Uncle Walt," send check or money order to the address below, and it will be delivered to you, carriage prepaid, by the quickest transportation.

George Matthew Adams, Publisher
Peoples Gas Building **CHICAGO**



THE FORT SCOTT SORGHUM SYRUP CO. FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

VOLUME V JULY, 1911 NUMBER 5

KANSAS MAGAZINE

The South of Ireland

By F. Dumont Smith

IN common thought, Ireland is one country. We speak of Ireland and the Irish as we would speak of France and the French, yet nothing could be farther from the truth. Ireland, south of Liffey, that is south of Dublin, is as alien from Ulster and Londonderry as it is from England. It is different, not simply in dialect and religion, but it is different in race thought, physical appearance, in customs and habits, and this ineradicable difference accounts for much of the unhappy history of Ireland. For Ireland has always been Ireland the Unlucky.

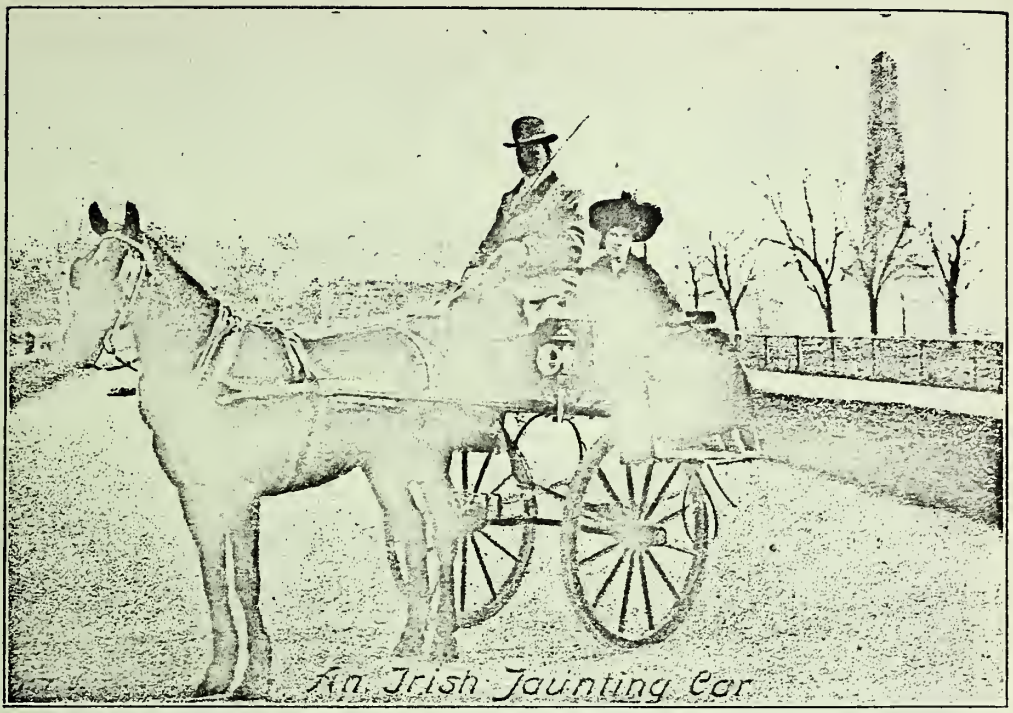
At every crisis in her fortunes, when a turn of the card would help, it has turned wrong. If ever even wind and weather could help or hurt Ireland, it always veered against her.

On the other hand England has always been lucky since she was England. When the Spanish Armada with its vast fleet threatened to co-operate with the veteran army of the Duke of Parma and the combined force to descend on England, almost helpless on land, the defeat of that great armament and its utter destruction was as much due to hostile winds and currents and to the fury of the sea as it was to the valor and seamanship of English sailors. But when the great fleet of the French General Hoche, filled with twenty thousand French veterans prepared to descend on Ireland in 1796, when England was nearly helpless there, and the Irish patriots were fully prepared to co-operate with the French and make Ireland once more an independent nation, hostile storms dispersed Hoche's fleet, scattered it to the four winds, so far that it never regathered and the abortive uprising, unsustained, brought nothing but ruin and shameful death to Irish patriots.

Another instance: To most of us "Brian Boru" is a myth, a thing of song and legend, not always respectful, and yet "Brian Boru," "Brian of the Tributes" (for that is the meaning of it,) was the first and last King of United Ireland. Before his time it was ruled by a dozen chieftains, petty kinglets, "Lords rich in some dozen paltry villages, strong in some hundred spearmen, great only in that strange spell—a name."

Each was fighting for his own land. The Danes held Dublin and Waterford, ravaged the coasts at will, and played off one clan against another as the English did later.

In 996 Brian subdued the last of his rivals, and fairly held the Kingship of all Ireland. Malachy, King of the South, was forced to submit and Brian took tribute from every province of Ireland. It is recorded that when he held court at Kinkora, Connaught sent 800 cows and 800 hogs; Uster 300 cows, as many hogs and "300 loads of iron;"



Leinster 300 cows, 300 hogs and as many loads of iron; Ossory Desmond and the smaller territories in proportion. The Danes of Dublin sent 150 pipes of wine, (doubtless spoil from France) and the Danes of Limerick 365 pipes of red wine.

Well was he named "Brian of the Tributes," the highest type of sovereignty in effect in that day—taxation. For fourteen years he reigned undisputed over United Ireland, marching his forces from one end of the island to the other, exercising a wise and undivided control over the many tribes and clans, and more than once entered the capitol of the Danes of Dublin and forced tham to pay tribute and give hostages.

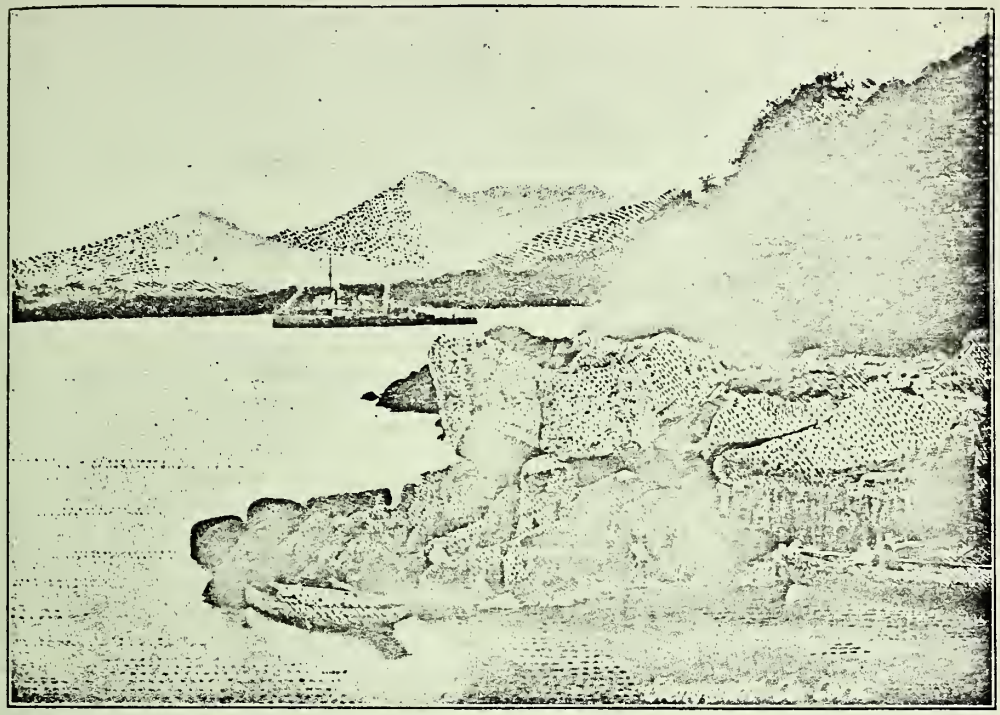
He had a son, Morrogh, a gallant warrior, who had himself a son, and the race of Brian Boru bade fair to lift Ireland into the rank of great kingdoms.

The unity of Ireland was established, the hereditary principle, the descent of the crown by blood was fairly recognized; all that was needed was one or two generations of successful monarchs, governing well and wisely, to have put Ireland where England then was, and France became, only long after. But it was not to be.

For nearly two hundred years the Danes had been a sore thorn in Ireland's side. Holding first one seaport and then another, gradually settling and intermarrying with the Irish, they had acquired a foothold, more or less precarious but always held. When necessary they fought, and when compelled they submitted and paid tribute.

Their kinsmen held the Isle of Man, the Orkneys, and all Northwest Scotland. Another kinsman, Rollo, had made good his footing in France and laid the foundations of Normandy, and last of all Sweyne had conquered England and left it to his son Canute.

Stimulated by these successes the Danes in 1014 made a final effort to conquer Ireland. From Denmark, Orkney Man and Normandy they gathered, the best fighting men of the world as it then was. Their "long ships" manned with the fierce red-haired fighting men, who had ravaged every coast of Europe from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, swarmed to the



last great spoil of all—the Island of the Saints.

Brian on his part, forewarned, had not been idle. His former rival, Malachy, one time King of the South, loyally supported him, and all Ireland marched under his banners save Ulster which alone held aloof.

On the field of Clontarf, "The Meadow of Bulls," a few miles from Dublin, the great battle was fought on the Friday before Easter, the day when all the altars of Christendom were shrouded in mourning for the death of the Saviour. The Heathen oracles had told the Pagan Northmen that they should fight that day, and Brian was too gallant a warrior to refuse the challenge. According to the ancient chronicles, there were about twenty thousand men on a side, of whom more than three thousand of each wore armor, an unprecedented number for that day and country.

The Irish won, and the Danes fled to their ships. But in the moment of victory, a Danish warrior discovered Brian in his tent, too old to fight, (he was then eighty-six) praying before the crucifix for the victory of the Irish, and slew him, to be himself killed a moment later. Brian's son and heir, Morrogh, was killed and his grandson perished by the side of his father.

So that in the very moment of Ireland's triumph, her first and last great victory under one banner, her own, her first and last king and all his race perished. Said I not that she is Ireland the Unlucky? If one scion of Brian had survived there might have been a chance for United Ireland, for a native kingdom, though the hereditary principle of kingship was not yet thoroughly established. If Morrogh, a worthy successor of Brian, had survived, all might have been well. Even the grandson, son of Morrogh, might have been accepted. But the age-long fate of Ireland decreed otherwise. None of the royal blood remained, naught but petty chieftains each aspiring to the crown, but without claim of right or force of character to seize and hold it.

The Danes never again made head in Ireland. From the field of Clontarf they retired to their ships, their coast-

wise cities, soon to leave Ireland forever, but they had done their fatal work. With the death of Brain and the failure of his line, Ireland became once more the spoil of petty feuds of endless wars between the clans, so that when Strongbow and the English came, it was easy to play off one tribe against another, to foster tribal feuds and tribal warfare, to divide and conquer.

It would take too long here to chronicle the wretched history of English intrigue and Irish treachery from Richard Strongbow to Cromwell, that ended in the final conquest of Ireland and left her prostrate, but some matters must be noted to understand Ireland.

In the Seventeenth Century a great man raised his head in the North of Ireland, Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, educated at the English Court, fully aware of the power of England. The long course of English tyranny and unbridled corruption in his native Province of Ulster at length drove him to revolt. For a time it seemed that Ireland might once more unite under a single leader, but it was too late. Internal jealousies, the long existing tribal feuds forbade it. Tyrone at last surrendered to Elizabeth, not knowing that she had been three months dead and succeeded by the half imbecile James.

A treaty was made with the Irish Princes, guaranteeing their ancient privileges and freedom of worship. The ink was hardly dry on the treaty before it was broken by the English. To subdue Ulster they had made it a desert. The Lord Lieutenant Mountjoy boasted, just before Tyrone's surrender, that he had found a thousand corpses in twenty miles, the result of starvation; that there remained not an acre of corn in three counties that had not been destroyed by his dragoons. Its populace was practically exterminated.

For a year there was peace, of a kind. "They made a desert and called it peace." James, weak, vacillating, treacherous, was afraid to keep faith with the Irish Catholics because of the growing power of Puritanism in England. Tyrone convinced of English treachery, fled to Rome where he died of a broken heart a year later, and James resolved to quiet Ulster in a new way. The "pacification of Ulster" became the dream of a mind half imbecile and wholly fanatic. Practically all of Ulster was confiscated on one charge and another and granted to English settlers. Various proprietors, some of them English trade guids, of London, (from one of which comes Londonderry) received grants running from a thousand to a hundred thousand acres.

The native proprietors were wholly patricated and Ulster became by this "pacification," in effect an English province, wholly Protestant, wholly alien to the rest of Ireland.

To understand just what this means in a country, let us suppose that the Administration in Washington should conceive that Kansas was too much this or that, that it should be subdued and a check put on it, and having power to do so, should confiscate the Eastern third of Kansas, drive out its present inhabitants, dispossess its owners and settle in their place Southern Democrats and Catholics at that. And suppose that to clinch the matter it should be ordered that no one except a Catholic should hold office in Kansas; that no Protestant should be allowed to sit on a jury, be heard as a witness in Court, inherit property or hold land, be qualified as guardian or executor, sit in the Legislature, or hold any office whatever. That no one should be allowed to attend any church save the Catholic and that every Protestant minister should be outlawed, and if he held services, fined for the first offense, imprisoned for the second and executed if he was found guilty of worshipping God in his own way the third time.

All this and much more was done in the case of Ulster and the rest of Ireland. No Catholic could hold office, be a witness in court, sit on a jury, inherit property, be guardian or executor, sit on the bench or serve in the Army or Navy. No child could be lawfully educated except in a Protestant school. A child by abjuring the Catholic religion could take from the Catholic parents all their property and turn them out of doors, and some of them did. These are just a few of the things

that the ingenuity of a band of English adventurers, bent on gain, devised to rob the Irish of their patrimony.

Much of Ireland outside of Ulster, in one way and another, by fines and proscription, passed from the ancient proprietors to absentee English owners. Ireland was loot for the English and well they looted it.

After its settlement by the English, Ulster was fostered and protected, and in effect Protestant Ulster and the absentee English governed Ireland. And so the North of Ireland flourished and the South of Ireland sunk into abject poverty and nearly perished.

Doubtless the English were more thrifty, but they owned their land. That makes a difference. South of the Liffey if a farmer was thrifty and improved his land, he found his rent raised because of the improvements. To farm well, to improve his holding, was to see his rent increased because of his thrift. Of course this system of "rack renting" led to the ruination of the land. In the end it killed itself. When Irish rents under this system had so far declined that English landlords felt the pinch, the Land Act came in, abolished rack rent, gave the tenant a chance to purchase on the basis of so many year's rental, and the English Government loaned him the money at four per cent, or, rather, turned the money over to the landlord and gave the tenant a long time to work it out, with the assurance, however, that when he improves the land the improvement will be his. Under this system and the arbitration of rentals by an unbiased Court, South Ireland is slowly recovering. There is more thrift, better farming, better homes. But the English Government still takes a kindly interest in the Irish peasant. The English-owned railroads in Ireland see to it that Danish butter can be laid down in London cheaper than the Irish product. Irish weaving, lace making, every sort of handicraft is discouraged by the English Government and holds its own only by virtue of the charity of a few broad-minded and wealthy English men and women, who are maintaining trade schools and marketing their product.

Maybe the Irish are unthrifty. I notice that when they get a chance in this country they seem to hold their own. There is no good reason why they should be thrifty at home. There is hardly any reason why they should be patriotic even, for they have no country. An Irish Parliament could not do worse for Ireland than the English governing body had done. I hope to see the experiment tried.

Much has been written about Irish "rebellions." A singular word in this connection, for one should never lose sight of the fact that the whole Government of Ireland by England has been forced on the Irish by overwhelming power. When England started out to conquer Ireland, she had absolutely no excuse but greed. She had not even the shadowy claim to a crown that bottomed the Hundred Years War with France, a war that nearly ruined the two countries. She had no trade to protect as she did when she conquered India. She did not colonize Ireland as she did America. She was not resisting aggression as she was in the Napoleonic wars. It was simple greed, lust of land, more feifs and vassals for her robber barons. And whenever the Irish in some forlorn desperate attempt to recover their own, "rebelled," our sympathies should always be on the side of those who were fighting for their own land, for that which had been theirs before the English ever had a name or any thing like a civilization.

For it must be remembered that Irish history, Irish culture, religion and literature go back hundreds of years before the "land of tin" had a written language or a semblance of civilization. I cannot go far in that direction for it would take too long. But it is quite true that both England and Scotland were Christianized from Ireland. That Ireland had a literature rich in every form that antedates every country in North-west Europe. That her bards, priests and scholars were cherished at home and known abroad when England was peopled by savages, without religion save of the basest form, without literature or culture of any sort.

All of this by way of an introduction to a short trip through this same South

of Ireland. Will you go with me? Are you now fairly sympathetic with this pathetic, beautiful, melancholy, interesting country and its people? If you are come with me. If you are not, stay at home.

For it happened that on a day in London with two weeks to spare before we sailed for home, there was a debate—Scotland or Ireland, which?

F. voted for Ireland. You married men know what followed. I got the time tables and meekly began looking up the "Rocky Road to Dubin."

(To be Continued)

The Day-Dream

I wonder if the tiny wren still shultles through the rift
In that old trellis on the porch, where honeysuckles lift
Their golden-throated censers: If the little home she planned,
Still clings beneath the eaves as when we watched it, hand in hand.

I wonder if the sagging fence still glows with that strange fire
Of roses, riotous and red; and tangled pink sweet-briar—
If prim white holly-hocks still stand, modest maids and sweet,
Disdaining flaunting poppy-lips, uplifted at their feet?

The Aliens in the homestead—I wonder if they go
Along the paths we loved of old—I wonder if they know
The song our maple sang us when the night was calm and deep,
And all the happy stars above, seemed set to guard our sleep!

I wonder if the Old House dreams, and longs for laugh and call,
Which once rang joyously and clear, from battered roof and wall;
If, dozing 'neath its checkered shade, it lists (in vain, in vain)
For one dear foot-fall that it loved, and ne'er shall hear again!

All hushed and gone forever! Yet, while the long years go
Through their slow swinging cycles of snow and bloom and snow,
I know the lonely Spirit of the Old-time Homestead stands
And calls its Lost, with loving voice, and outstretched, pleading hands!

Mabel Hillyer Eastman.

Legislative Freaks and Freak Legislation

By Z. Y. Hopkins

THERE be a flock of scientific sharks who have it all doped out and demonstrated that we are each of us crazy, at least on one subject. Their dope and demonstration, however, satisfies only the scientific sharks aforesaid as to the dementia of most of us. Perhaps it is because we are so fortunate as to escape an environment that uncovers our own peculiar and individual hullucinations.

Our American scheme of government though, enables the scientific sharks to catch "with the goods on him," many a man who for years has pursued the even tenor of his way, normal socially, politically and morally, without discovery by either his family or his friends that he has a "bug." If you don't think this is so, just look over a few sessions of average State Legislatures carefully. If it were not for the fact that the scientific theory that all men are crazy on some subject antedates the establishment of American Legislatures, the thought would be forced that the theory was born, perchance, in observation of a Legislature in action.

Occasionally a whole Legislature will show signs of insanity on one subject, but it is ordinarily the rule that, the individual members exhibit hallucinations, each of a different sort. Generally speaking, the bodies collectively are as sane as the whole body of the people, however freakish may be the legislative reputation collectively.

A sure shot for the development of an obsession, bordering on if not reaching insanity, in the average American citizen is his election as a member of the Legislature. In the observation of this writer it never fails. Of course some men who are chosen as legislators develop worse cases than others. Some of them regain their balance quickly. Most of them get over it in one term at a State capitol and when they come back, sentenced to a second term, show mighty good sense. But few of them, almighty few of them, are without a "bug" when they begin their legislative experience.

Occasionally there may be a man who has not said to himself, in the recesses of his private life, "We ought to have a law." If there be such men, they do not get elected to the Legislature. The sort



that get elected are those who have been thinking for some time that "we ought to have a law." They have been thinking it so steadily that it becomes a hobby. Then the hobby becomes a passion. Remember what Pope says:

"The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still"

Why, only the other day the writer saw



a member of the House at Topeka rowing to beat the band with all the members of a standing committee because they were about to chloroform one of his bills, his particular "bug bill." It had something to do with railroad stockyards. The members of the committee took turns in showing him that we already "have a law." They even showed that the present law is effective when applied. It did no good. His hobby had conquered his reason, and he abused his colleagues like pickpockets and charged that they were all in a conspiracy against him. Of course they were not. Instead they just did not happen to have the same kind of a "bug" that was disturbing their colleague.

The Kansas Legislature, which is just rounding out its work as these lines are written, has secured plenty of advertising as the result of the introduction of about the usual number of freak bills. Right now some of us may be thinking that it has developed more "bugs" than those that have preceded it. Not so. It averages up pretty well.

True, the present Legislature did start off with a rush and for a few days promised to beat all records in the freak direction. That was just during the period when bills were being introduced and the new members—and they were ninety of them in the House—were disclosing their hallucinations. But, as usual, the body was collectively sane, and the freak legislative proposals were sat upon.

For instance, there is our friend George Cones, daddy of the famous "skirt bill." Ordinarily Cones is sane and conservative. Down in Meade county, where he lives, Cones runs a bank and gets away with it in good shape. It's a safe wager, at ten to one, though, that his neighbors and constituents never even dreamed what he was loaded with when he started for Topeka early in January. But Cones brought his "bug" with him just the same. He was downright serious in his notion that never, never should a woman's skirt be so short as to fail to fall at lest four inches below the patella.

Cones was not alone in the freak class at Topeka this winter. Two or three of his colleagues were determined to regulate the moving picture shows and cut everything in the way of melodrama out of the films. Senator Reed was likewise on the job with his scheme to prohibit candidates for office from advertising their qualifications in the newspapers. And Reed, who thinks in a straight line on most subjects, even succeeded in getting his scheme through the Senate.

Senator Stannard sprung a scheme to

abolish the Constitution, or at least to abolish the courts as a co-ordinate branch of the Government for the construction of the Constitution. Senator Myers and Professor Dyche had their bill to declare the skunk a "game bird" and protect it as such.

Then there was Horace Greeley Kyle of Marion, with his plan to pay a bounty on jack-rabbit ears. Kyle got almost as much advertising out of his bill as did the editor of the Kansas Magazine, when as a member of the Senate, he launched his plan to cross the jack-rabbit with the Belgian hare and thereby produce thousands of tons annually on short grass prairies of the succulent and edible meat that the Belgian hare was in those days reputed to afford.

The editor of the "K. M." introduced his bill during the heighth of the Belgian hare fad and the introduction of the bill put his name in the headlines of newspapers all over the country. It was widely exploited and from Belgian hare enthusiasts all over the United States letters came pouring in to Topeka making inquiry as to the details of the plan.

Now the real truth is that the bill was introduced as a joke. But it was taken seriously. In fact it was taken so seriously that Professor L. L. Dyche of the State University studied the matter deeply and then in all seriousness wrote to the author of the bill, exploding the scheme. Professor Dyche explained that it wouldn't work at all because the jack-rabbit is a hare and the Belgian hare is a rabbit and you can't cross 'em.

Many of the pieces of proposed legislation that have made places in the freak class for their authors, thanks to the newspapers, had to do with animals or fowls, and were not without merit. Take the case of Steve Cave. Steve was sentenced to the Legislature from one of the short grass counties. Steve had a "bug", and while he journeyed to Topeka unheralded and unsung he was not long in riding into the newspaper headlines. Steve rode in on a prairie dog issue. His hobby was an idea that the State should poison all the prairie dogs in Western Kansas.

Then there was Senator Forney, back in "Pop" days. Forney introduced a bill in the Senate providing that all chickens should thereafter be branded on the leg, that the brands should be registered just as were cattle brands in the old free range days, and that the theft of a branded chicken should be a felony. The newspaper boys fell on the bill in a bunch, quick to grasp the possibilities for a story. One of them hurried in search of Senator Forney. The author of the bill was



absent from the Senate chamber but the reporter located the Senator's daughter who happened to be acting as her father's committee clerk.

"Why didn't your father include ducks in the provisions of his chicken-branding bill?" he inquired of the girl.

"Well, pa, he don't like ducks," was the answer.

Every now and then, something in the way of freak legislation creeps into the Session laws without its author being obsessed by a "bug," and quite by accident. An incident of this character occurred several years ago during

the service of John E. Hessin of Riley county in the Legislature..

In those days it was quite the fashion to do all sorts of things by special legislative enactment, change names, divorce unhappy and mismated couples, afford political relief to disfranchised residents of the State, and a dozen other things. The passage of this class of bills was ordinarily rather a perfunctory matter. Congress had not



yet passed the act restoring to citizenship Confederate soldiers who did not surrender with one of the great Southern armies. Several hundred of this class settled in Kansas following the war and lived here for years without enjoying the full rights and responsibilities of citizenship. It came to be the practice to afford these veterans political relief by special act of the Legislature. This particular winter, an omnibus was being formed of bills of this character and all the members were busy getting into the omnibus bills relieving all of the residents of their districts who were politically disqualified. Hessin did not like the practice very well and several times attempted with success to stop the proceeding. Finally, when name after name had been added, he rose and said in all seriousness:

"Well, if this thing is going to go on, I have a constituent who wants relief." His colleagues were eager to stop his protests, for be it known that John Hessin has a mighty sharp tongue in his head and is protestor when he gets at it. Unanimously, they consented and the presiding officer inquired the name of the constituent for whom Hessin wanted relief.

"Gee Whillikens," responded Hessin. It went in just that way and was passed. So it is that now and for all time there will stand in the Session laws of the sovereign State of Kansas an act for the political relief of "Gee Whillikins."

Before this story is complete, it is necessary to state that a legislator sometimes gets a freak reputation over things that do not happen. At some other times, a legislator may be a victim of a desire to befriend the ever busy newspaper reporter in search of copy. Even the writer has once or twice thought of a bill, the introduction of which would enable him to sell a few hundred words to some Eastern editor with well defined ideas, born of experience, as to what sort of news should come out of Kansas. A newspaper correspondent, with such a thought germinated, immediately starts out in search of a legislator who will stand still while the story is hung on him, unless it be near press time. In that case, the correspondent is more likely, if the story be a harmless one, to hang it onto some one and take a chance on squaring himself afterward.

An instance of the latter character happened at Topeka this winter. In the early days of the session a correspondent for one of the Kansas City papers sent in a short story stating that Senator Fred Robertson of Rawlins county would offer a bill making it a misdemeanor for any adult person to inform a child below the age of sixteen that "there is no Santa Claus." The story made a hit with the new editor when it reached Kansas City and it was

placed on the first page under what in newspaper parlance is termed a "top head." The correspondent up at Topeka felt pretty well when he saw the paper and was congratulating himself on a clever little feature story.

Robertson's feelings were otherwise. The blonde Senator from Rawlins, who is ordinarily as mild-mannered a villian as ever scuttled a Republican craft or cut the throat of an administration measure, promptly threw a fit when he saw his name embalmed in the headlines as the daddy of that Santa Claus bill. You see Robertson never knew until that very minute that he was scheduled to introduce the bill. And he never did introduce it.

During the 1905 session a group of correspondents at Topeka, representing most of the great Eastern daily newspapers got a Senator, "who shall be nameless," into a near difficulty in something the same way as the Kansas City correspondent involved himself with Senator Robertson. There had been more or less discussion of a trial marriage scheme then being exploited by an Englishman. The session was just beginning and the correspondents were hungry for copy. One of them suggested to the Senator that he consent to stand as the author of a trial marriage bill to be introduced in the Kansas Legislature. The Senator consented, it of course being understood that no such bill would be introduced and just incidentally it was also understood that the correspondents would not print the story in any paper published west of Chicago.

The story went out on the wires that night, and coming from Kansas it was of course published widely in the Eastern papers. In fact, the Eastern editors just ate it up. The next day they came back at their Topeka correspondents and ordered copies of the bill. The correspondents hunted up the Senator and insisted that he should draft a trial marriage bill for them, otherwise they would be convicted of "faking." The Senator was once more good natured and accommodating and drew the bill. Copies of it went East over the wires, in fact copies of that bill went all over the world. The Senator's wife happened to be in Paris just at that particular time and she read all about it in the French newspapers. She didn't know that it was all a joke. In fact the newspapers she read did not treat the matter as a joke. Instead they commented on the fact that the matter would hardly be treated seriously had it occurred anywhere else than in Kansas, but that Kansas was entitled to front rank as an experimenter with new ideas of all sorts and that



the workings of the trial marriage scheme in the Sunflower State would be watched with deepest interest by the people of the whole civilized world. You can set it down as a a fact too, that it was not very long before the Senator received an inquiry from his wife as to what under the shining sun had happened to him.

From these incidents the reader may gather that Dave Leahy is not the only Kansas newspaper writer who has put over a "fake" on the public through the news columns. It may also be gathered that the Legislature is not as freakish a

set of men as the reader has sometimes supposed. If the reader gets that notion he will be eminently correct.

Taken by and large, a Kansas Legislature is a pretty decent body of men, even if most of the members are crazy, each on his own hobby. But you have a "bug" yourself. If you think you have not, just get elected to the Legisture. Then your neighbor, to say nothing of your associates about the State house at Topeka, will find it out even if you never come to know it yourself.

Love--and You

Lily winds of the dreaming night—
  Vapors soft and fine.
Something coming from fragrant airs
  That touches me like wine.
You so white, so soft, so dim—
  Tempting face and arms—
Lips that touch in kisses sweet—
  Words that bind like charms.

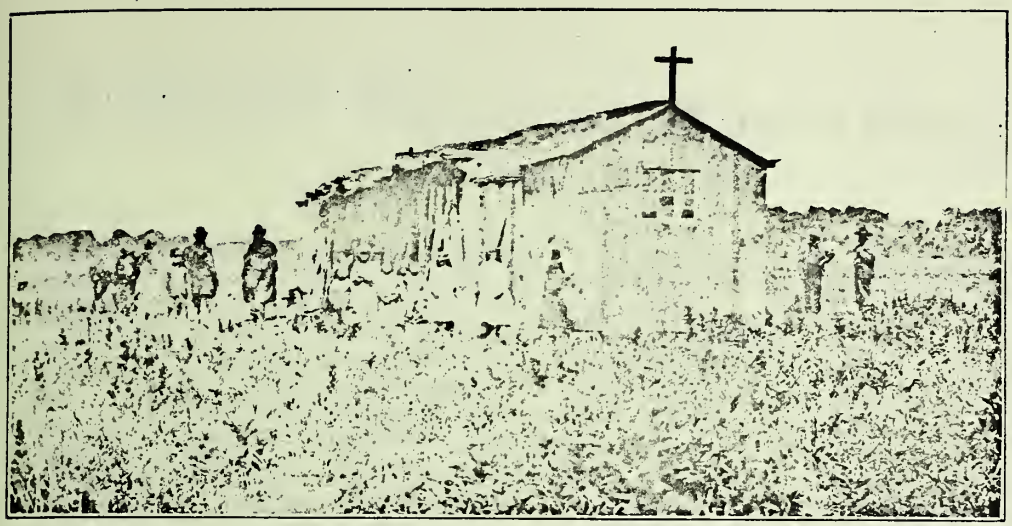
You—O love me here to-night;
  What to-morrow's hour?
See how soft the shadows press
  Quivering leaf and flower.
Hear how faint with love's excess
  Sings the drowsy lark;
Insect voices full of love
  Tremble through the dark.

You—O you so full of love;
  Warm and soft to touch;
Why should we love little love,
  Let our love be much.
All to fill the fragrant gloom—
  To the stars to rise—
Be in every song that floats
  To the purple skies.

You—Oh how I love you love.
  Is it all a thought?
Have I not your white hand held—
  On your passion wrought?
Have I not your lips drank dry—
  Kissed your soul asleep—
Held you while the envying winds
  Did about you weep?

What is love that only loves;
  Dares not drink its fill?
Hold the cup for me sweetheart,
  Let me drink until
All my senses in a maze
  Incense like arise;
Weave and tangle on your breast—
  Drown within your eyes.

A. B. Leigh.



The First Church in Wichita

By Ed. Walter

THE people of Wichita and all the old timers in this country will be interested in the accompanying photograph of the first church built in Wichita and the first building ever dedicated for religious worship in the city. This unique building, used also for school purposes, was built by the Episcopalians, in 1870, and Rev. J. H. Hunter was its first rector.

It stood one block North and two blocks East of where the present Court House stands, on what was then known as the Hilton Claim. The trees in the background of the picture were the natural timber growing along what was then known as Chisholm Creek. The picture was furnished to the writer by Mrs. Olive Foulke of Haven, Kansas, formerly Miss Sayles, whose parents located in Wichita in 1868. At the time this church was built there were just seven houses in Wichita.

At that time immense herds of Texas cattle crossed the river here at the "Old Ford" and loads of wheat hauled by farmers 60 to 75 miles crossed the river in the same way. Eventually one Black established a ferry at this point. There was than plenty of water in the Arkansas and this ferry was sought and used by settlers for many miles around.

D. S. Munger built the first hotel operated in the city, and it also contained the post office. Among these early families were the Abbotts, Giffords, Mungers, Cooks, Yales and Lewellens. Billy Matthewson, the celebrated scout, was perhaps the first settler.

Dr. E. B. Allen was the first Mayor of Wichita, and his brother, J. P. Allen, started the first drug store in the city. Fred Sower, now I believe of the Beacon force, was the first editor of the first paper published in Wichita, the "The Vidette."

It is a far cry, from this tiny place of worship made of hewn slabs, to the stately edifices that house the various sects of Wichita to-day. A far cry from that lonely prairie with its seven families to the present city, all within a single life-time, for some of those went to school in that little church are yet alive.

A Sailor's Tale of the South Pacific

By James Fraser

IN the early years of the last decade of the Nineteenth Century, I, Tom Bell, found myself free, and adrift in the city of Auckland, N. Z. A week or ten days previous to this I had arrived, not as a tourist, but as an able seaman on board the ship "Margaret Galbraith" from the port of Glasgow. After some more or less skillful strategy, I had succeeded in obtaining my discharge and the four months' wages that were due to me. My desire to leave the ship was not the result of any dissatisfaction with conditions on board, but merely the expression of a restless desire for change of environment and an insatiable craving for new scenes and experiences.

On the evening in question I strolled aimlessly into a bar on Queen Street to pour a libation at the shrine of Bacchus. The mythical god was not there in person, but I was quite satisfied with his deputy. She was young and fair, with deep blue eyes and golden hair quite appropriate to a goddess. I found her amiable, and both a willing and pleasing Ganymede. In fact, the amenities were so attractive that I was, without any noticeable difficulty, induced by another worshipper to repeat the sacrifice.

In the course of our oblations this fellow worshipper intimated to me that he was a kauri gum-digger, that he was in Auckland with the object of finding a partner and incidentally enjoying some relaxation from the monotony of his daily life.

His story of life on the gumfields, living in a tent, spending the day with spear and spade unearthing this valuable gum, and after supper, enjoying a pipe while scraping the gum clean and free from soil and foreign matter to render it marketable, seemed to offer a carefree and independent, therefore desirable vocation.

We made an agreement, and a few days later left Auckland by rail. We disembarked at a place named Helensville in Waitamata county and proceeded on foot to Munro's camp. My newly acquired partner's name was Dave Munro. An eight- by ten-foot tent was the principle feature of the camp. Cooking facilities were in the open air, the fire being built between two forked sticks driven into the ground, in which forks rested a horizontal stick ornamented with pieces of fencing wire, by courtesy called hooks, on one of which hung the kettle—in the vernacular of the camp—"the billy." We also had a contrivance known as a camp oven, in which to bake bread. It was of cast iron, and stood on three legs of about three inches high while the cover or lid was of such form that hot coals could be piled on the top of it without falling off. This device was a great success in the hands of an expert, but I never acquired the art of using it successfully.

Two months on the gumfields satisfied me. I was not built on the lines of a shovel handler, my work at sea involved pulling ropes and stretching upward so that I never could habitate or accustom myself to stooping down to dig holes. Moreover, I never was afflicted with that bacillus of diligence which exacts from its victim protracted and mechanical exertion.

We therefore agreed to wind up, procured a dray, and hauling our stock of gum to Helensville, sold it, divided our earnings, and returned to Auckland, Dave to find another partner and I "to see what would turn up," for which resignation to fate or fortune Dickens had supplied me with a precedent.

The conversation at the bars and other conventional resorts of gentlemen emulating the immortal Micawber, was about the marvellous prospects at the

newly discovered goldfields of Coolgardie in Western Australia, and half a score of times I was almost persuaded to set a course for Perth en route for that El Dorado.

Fortune (who is reputed to be blind, and in this instance established her reputation) guided me elsewhere, and I took a passage to Sidney, N. S. W. where the fickle jade forsook me.

Although I used every conceivable method except hard work (I'd had a surfeit of that at the gumfields) of earning a living, I at last accepted the inevitable and went back to rope hauling, taking my trick at the wheel, and on the lookout.

The vessel in which I shipped was a small trader bound for the New Hebrides. She was brigatine-rigged and carried eleven hands all told, *viz*: captain, mate, bo'sun, six A. B.s, cook and cabin boy. Her cargo consisted of merchandise, known as trade, with which to replenish the stock of the traders on the different islands. This merchandise was of a very low grade, *e. g.*: old muzzle-loading pistols, muskets, knives, tomahawks, gin, tobacco, cheap clocks, gaudy cotton print, etc., such things, in fact, as have been found to excite the admiration or envy of the native savages, who acquire them by bringing to the trader the produce of the island, for the most part dried cocoanut, or, as it is called, *copra*.

We cruised about from island to island, landing a fresh stock of trade and receiving the *copra* each trader had accumulated until we arrived at Kaewo (as I shall call the island because it is not its real name). There we found the trader, Dick the Kidnapper (the name was a reflection on his previous employment, in that branch of the slave trade known as blackbirding) so ill that it was necessary to take him on board, and as it was requisite that some one should be left in charge of the store on the island—the stock in which, during the Kidnapper's illness, had already been diminished by the looting habits of the savages—Captain Selwyn called for a volunteer from the crew.

No one seemed anxious to undertake the position, partly on account of the notoriously bad climate, but more particularly the uncertain temper of the natives who are (or were at that time) cannibals.

To encourage them the captain expiated thus: "Wages twelve pounds a month, commission on every ton of stuff you take in, every thing found, your choice of the prettiest girls in the West Pacific, beside a long sleep at night instead of watch and watch, and nothing to do but calculate how fast your pile is growing.

"What—no volunteers? What more can the heart o' sailor man desire?"

"A sailor takes his chance o' foundering and feeding the sharks, captain, but I want no cannibal feast for my funeral," replied one.

"The niggers will never trouble a man who handles 'em right, give 'em no grog and the toe of your boot when they're officious and they're quite harmless," asserted the captain.

"I'll make it fifteen quid a month lads. Now, who's first?"

I stepped forward then and said, "If you'll provide a good outfit o' firearms, I'll risk the billet, captain."

"Right," he said, "you're just the man for the berth, and you'll find it a snug crib. With luck, you'll be able to buy a trading craft of your own in a year or so."

The long boat was lowered forthwith, loaded with trade and after three or four trips the stock was completed, while on each return journey the *copra* the Kidnapper had collected was taken on board. By sunset all was finished.

For defense I was furnished with two magazine rifles, and one double barrelled express, while my predecessor had left a couple of Martini Henrys. The captain made me a present of a brace of Colt's revolvers and told me to take an ample supply of ammunition.

The natives appeared to be well pleased that the trading station was to be continued and assisted cheerfully in handling the cargo. The old chief Kahoora was especially cordial.

I knew it was a risk, but I was comparatively young and had acquired the habit of accepting the goods the gods provide and leaving to them the responsibility of arranging for the future.

They cannot always be trusted as the sequel will demonstrate.

The store building was substantially built of heavy slabs fitted with solid doors, and the windows protected with good strong shutters, the whole being fenced in with a palisade of stakes driven close together and bristling with barbed wire. A coat of lime wash made from coral gave the establishment a uniform appearance.

The site had been well chosen on a knoll that afforded a fine view of the beach with its fringe of tropical vegetation, and the bay beyond.

After my shipmates had shaken hands with me, some of them with impressive and silent gravity, others with good hearty wishes for my welfare, the captain, who was in a hurry to get away, told me he would ask the cruiser on the station to look in and visit me if he fell in with her at Mallicola or Espiritu Santo, and that he would return to complete his cargo as soon as he got round the remaining stations. The men having taken their places on the boat, with a cordial clasp of the hand and a warning to keep my weather eye on the niggers, he sprang into the stern sheets, seized the yoke lines saying—"Give way, lads."

I stood on the beach and watched the boat run alongside, the captain leaped up the ladder, the boat was hauled for'ard under the tackle falls, then hoisted up and swung inboard.

Slowly and thoughtfully I returned to the store and won't deny that I felt lonely. Darkness was falling and the stars were appearing. I stood on the veranda, my eyes turning instinctively to the brigantine—the last link between me and the outside world. The riding light was now hoisted in the forerigging and the bo'sun had piped all hands to supper so I lighted my pipe and paced to and fro on the veranda. My nerves were too unsettled to think of supper.

The night was perfect, the Southern stars hung lambent in the cloudless sky. The moon, high in the heavens, showed about half her disc, and gave light sufficient to cast in bold relief the outline of the mountain clothed in foliage behind the house. There was not a breath of air to break the silence by even the rustling of a leaf, as Kipling describes such a night—

> "The silence 'ung that 'eavy you were 'arf afraid to speak."

Suddenly I heard—Clank! Clank! Clank! as the pawls were raised and dropped by the ratchet wheel of the windlass. They were heaving short on board the brigantine.

Then the thin shrill voice of the chantyman floated o'er the water followed by the swell of the chorus, as all hands joined in singing a song to which I had helped to heave up many an anchor—

> "Then fare you well, my bonnie young gell,
> For we're bound for the Rio Grand."

and it sent the blood speeding through my veins.

I felt inclined to take the first canoe I could find on the beach, go on board and tell the captain that his store could go to the place where ice is more valuable than radium; that I was also bound for the Rio Grande.

My nerves were all to pieces. I remembered that there were three bottles of Scotch whisky in my medicine chest. I got a glass and spliced the main brace with a good stiff nip. I felt better, much better, measured another peg into the glass, added water with mathematical precision, and with that, and a comfortable chair returned to the veranda to enjoy my independence.

When I regained consciousness the Eastern sky was aflame with the warm tints of the rising sun. With a feeling approaching to despair I noticed that the brigantine had gone while I slept in the chair, and I was left to my own resources.

While I was preparing something for breakfast the chief Kahoora came in. He did not look quite so inoffensive as he did on the previous day, or at least I fancied he had adopted a haughty strut and an air of authority that had been lacking while the brigantine rode at anchor in the bay. After an attempt at salutation (in what is known as "Sandalwood" English) which I received as calmly as my resentment at his bearing would permit, he demanded a fig of 'bacca which I promptly informed

him would be forthcoming as soon as he brought in its equivalent in *copra*. He left, but soon returned with a bunch of bananas for which he demanded square-face (gin). That commodity I took pains to impress upon him could not be obtained except as a reward for a particularly active day's work performed by his people, and would be given only after the day's work was finished. He grunted his disappointment, likewise his disapproval of such an arrangement, but on realizing that there was no prospect of changing or modifying this mandate, he, with great difficulty and much gesture, led me to understand that he, and a number of others proposed to pay me a ceremonial visit later.

Shortly before noon with beat of drum and much grave ceremony the procession filed into the compound. There were only three men in the party, Kahoora, his lieutenant—a petty chief—and the drummer. Escorted by them were perhaps twenty young girls about seventeen or eighteen years old.

Kahoora stepped forward and intimated that it was the custom for the trader to take wifee, therefore he had brought these girls along for my inspection. He then lined them up in front of the veranda in a double row. I was overwhelmed with perplexity. I remembered that Captain Selwyn had mentioned "the choice of the prettiest girls in the West Pacific" as a special inducement when asking a volunteer to take the place of Dick the Kidnapper.

Among the girls was one who offered herself without the slightest embarrassment. She could not only talk "Sandalwood" but also Maori, and as I had picked up a little Maori in my visits to New Zealand, it simplified to some extent the problem of conversing. Another point in her favor was that she came from the Maori colony on the island of Efate, and had no relations on this island, though Kahoora claimed to be her guardian. It is a mistake to take a housekeeper on these islands who has many relatives in the vicinity for you can never keep them out of the house—they profess to believe that all your belongings are equally theirs.

After much misunderstanding and intricate explanation I managed to apprize Kahoora that I did not want any wifee but that I was willing to take Tuahine (the Maori girl) as my housekeeper. He could not see the distinction and maintained that the cost of a girl was just the same whether she was wanted as a housekeeper or a wife. This being agreed to, the important question of how much he was to receive from the store for the girl had to be discussed. We entered the store and he made up a bundle value about twenty-three shillings with which he declared himself satisfied, after much haggling.

On conclusion of the bargain Tuahine immediately set to work unpacking my clothes and the few books I had. She arranged them in the pieces of furniture previously used by the last incumbent, then proceeded to cook dinner, which she did like an experienced housewife. On inquiring where she had acquired these amazing accomplishments she told me she was for some time with the missionary's wife on the island of Aneityum and further astonished me by pleading with me to ask the missionary to marry us on his next visit—"allee samee white gell." An evasive answer was the only course to secure domestic peace so I took refuge in prevarication.

Next day the natives began to come in with *copra*, and though there were some disputes as to the rate of exchange the first day's trading ended in demonstrating to them that I had fixed my rate of barter and was not to be cajoled or moved therefrom.

Tuahine was a treasure, as a cook she was a prodigy, and so far as I tried her she was faithful in everything entrusted to her.

On the third day, after dinner, I took her into the store, showed her some women's ready made calico dresses, known as "Mother Hubbards," and told her to take a few of them. I asked her if she could wash. "Yes," she replied, "me washee allee samee missi," (missionary). "Alright," I said, "you keep yourself neat and clean, and we'll get along like a ship on an easy bowline." Shoes she got also but she had to be satisfied with men's socks, as the only

available stock was what I had for my own use.

She acted just like a child with a new toy. She went straight to the creek, had a bath and returned to prepare supper.

When the meal was ready she called me from the store, and after getting rid of two or three savages, and locking up for the night I went into the living room and found her dressed. She was as fresh, clean and dainty a little woman as ever charmed and made eyes at a susceptible bachelor. She wasn't black, not as dark as the average Portugese or Spaniard. Her complexion was a clear olive, and her features were regular, though the breadth across the cheek bones departed from the classic model, and was the only point clearly typical of her Maori descent. I feel convinced of the probability that there had been an European sailor on the paternal side of her ancestry, and that she was a reversion to that paternal type.

The table was set with much taste and neatness, on as snow-white a cloth as the most fastidious would demand. And the fish she caught and cooked would have tempted the appetite of the most blase epicure.

All was going on smoothly, the natives bringing in their produce in an almost continual procession from the village, I was doing a great trade. The *copra* house was filling up fast and I had tons of fresh cocoanuts broken up and drying in the sun.

All my forebodings and fears appeared to be chimeras, and I suspected that the fo'c's'le stories I had heard were promulgated for the purpose of conserving a sinecure.

After six weeks of Elysian happiness, returning one morning from my dip in the creek, I found Tuahine crouching in a corner and a savage standing over her with a loaded musket. I seized the musket and nearly broke the stock of it upon his head; he dropped to his knees but in a moment rose and fled. Tuahine pointed to the store. When I got there I found Mahaka, the petty chief, who had as villainous a visage as it was ever my misfortune to behold. Cupidity, treachery and cruelty were the distinguishing characteristics indicated by his ugly face, just as pirate is indicated by the skull and cross-bones on a black flag. I drove him with profanity and a tomahawk outside the palisade and promised him a skinful of lead if I ever got him inside again.

Tuahine told me that I had no sooner gone than these two miscreants, who had evidently been waiting my departure, in ambush, rushed in and took the key of the store by force, threatening that they would shoot her if she moved or made any noise, and while the one guarded her the other proceeded to pillage the store.

She warned me to be very careful and never to go outside without being armed in the future, that Mahaka would never cease planning revenge.

Trade went on however just as usual, nor was the incident referred to.

About a week after that I had closed the store early and gone off in a canoe to fish. Returning, just after sunset and before it was dark, I was surprised by a shower of arrows. They fell all round me and one stuck in the back of my hat just above my head. I could see no one, but thanks to Tuahine's warning I had a rifle and a revolver with me. Stepping behind a tree I awaited eventualities. Presently I heard a movement in the foliage and peering into the thicket descried two black figures lying flat on their stomachs. Hesitation was fatal. I fired. The twilight being bad for aiming, I missed, and the devils scampered off. I then made a bolt to a clump of bananas that offered better shelter. My movement drew the fire of several old muskets but that did not trouble me. I was satisfied that their weapons were more likely to hurt them than me. I was now just about forty yards from the palisade and preparing to make a run for it, when Mahaka and three companions appeared between me and refuge. I fired, one savage dropped, and like the echo of my piece, flash—flash—rang out the report of a rifle from inside the stokade. Mahaka and one of his companions fell, the other fled, and a voice I recognized called, "Run gatee! me makee open."

I ran, and as I passed inside Tuahine

closed the gate and made it secure. We kept watch until quite dark, then "All go whare (home), island man he no likee dark, plenty devil. Morning come—mate mate (kill), you—me." Having delivered herself of these consoling remarks she calmly set to preparing supper. Her forecast was correct. They never returned that night. At supper, Tuahine was as cool and precise as if nothing had happened, ate her supper and chatted as merrily as ever.

After supper we prepared for defense and made the most of the available resources. I was wakened next morning by a shower of shot and arrows rattling on the corrugated iron roof, their molded bullets of soft lead flattened themselves on the iron bark walls or glanced off the steep pitch of the roof.

With the first alarm Tuahine had jumped to her rifle and sprang like a kitten from window to window to reconoiter. We had closed all the heavy shutters on the previous night, they had been pierced with port holes for such an emergency. Through these we could see the savages moving round the high palisade, which was generously armored with barbed wire, while over all grew a thick creeper. They tried to set fire to this and burned most of the creeper, but the stakes were not dry enough in early morning to burn well; so they removed only the screen of creepers to their own disadvantage. We could now pick them off quite easily as they tried to scale the palisade. Their intention being to burn us out, they tried to do this by throwing flaming mats of grass at the house but these had no effect.

They had so much respect for our rifles that they kept pretty close under cover of the surrounding bush. But it kept us busy moving from window to window, for if one of them got in and built a fire against the wall we were lost. At last the sun had dried the fence so that they got a fire started there, and soon burned a breech, through which a number of them charged with a wild yell, carrying with them combustible material to set fire to the building.

They were starting a fire under the veranda, when Tuahine from the window called excitedly to me: "Big canoe comee!" I ran over and saw a large double canoe with eight oars a side pulling into the bay. The rowers were singing and they were so close that I could recognize the tune. It was "Pull for the shore, sailors, pull for the shore." In the stern sat a white man with a broad-brimmed straw hat and a white suit. Tuahine was all excitement, exclaiming, "Missi! missi!" and she was right. It was the missionary from Espiritu Santo come to pay the island a visit on his way to Mallicolo.

"Tuahine," I said gravely, "if we get out of this scrimmge alive, I'll marry you," and I meant it. She had charmed me from the first, and now, her courage and fidelity had completely won my heart as well as my entire respect. We fired a volley, more in order to advertise our plight than with hopes of injury to the savages.

The canoe's crew heard it, the singing stopped, the missionary stood up and appeared to be urging his rowers to their utmost effort to gain the beach. The savages had also seen and recognized the missionary, and to my surprise were sneaking off into the bush.

The missionary and his boys marched up to the compound without the slightest opposition just as Tuahine and I had managed with buckets of water to put out the fire.

I went forward with outstretched hand and told the missionary how much I appreciated his timely appearance and expressed my surprise at his great influence, which had so quickly dispersed that horde of naked fiends. I told him that it was a greater miracle to me than any recorded in the Gospels.

He shook hands with me, and reverently thanked God that he was in time to save a massacre and the hideous sequel of a cannibal feast.

Tuahine ran up to him and dropped at his feet. He raised her and patted her on the head kindly, but the look he gave me betokened anything but favor.

Tuahine hastened to tell him we wanted to get married at once, and that restored the benign expression to his face.

We went inside and the marriage ceremony was performed forthwith. I received the padre's blessing, and Tuahine her marriage certificate which

appeared to afford her infinite satisfaction.

Immediately thereafter Tuahine started to prepare the wedding feast, which the padre had graciously agreed to dignify with his presence.

He and I went out and sat on the undamaged end of the veranda while his boys repaired the damage done by the fire, which was slight. Aside from doctrine and dogma, he was a good sort, and once the ecclesiastical shell was broken I found a sympathetic human being and a gentleman.

I spoke to him of my suspicions in regard to Tuahine's descent, but he poohpoohed my hereditary theory as Darwinian humbug, but admitted it was possible when I called his attention to her features, more especially her hair, which was dark chestnut with flashes of gold and red; obviously distinct from that of either Maori or Papuan, while it displayed no visible difference from that of an European.

He made himself vastly agreeable and pleasant, and tried to persuade us to leave the island with him, but I would not leave my charge, and Tuahine would not leave without me.

That old sinner Kahoora had the impudence to come round shortly after the padre's arrival and try to make us believe that it was the hillmen who attacked us. He repudiated the dead savage lying in the compound as one of his tribe, and asserted with great emphasis that he was preparing to come to our assistance when "missi" arrived.

The padre talked very severely to him and he sneaked away protesting his innocence.

Next morning the missionary departed and left us to the uninterrupted enjoyment of our honeymoon, which lasted until the return of the brigantine two weeks afterwards.

Captain Selwyn was aflame with anger when he heard of the attack but congratulated us on our successful defense and escape. The safety of the property was by no means the least important source of the captain's gratification.

He rounded up Kahoora and gave that senile and crafty cannibal such a lesson in profanity as called forth my warmest admiration, however much it may have been wasted on the heathen chief.

The next year and a half was a period of prolonged beatitude. The charm of life on these islands of the South Pacific is indescribable, and may be realized only by experience. Compared with the busy life of the civilized world, it is the even tenor of a satisfying tranquility, in contrast to the nerve-racking strife of competition for the necessities of life.

Our repose and felicity was suddenly broken by another outbreak of the savages, and Tuahine was killed by a poisoned arrow. I escaped, but how it all happened is another story.

As Ye Sow, So Shall Ye Reap

By T. A. McNeal

CONSIDERING the fact that only one year before, the townsite of Paintersville was unbroken prairie, the inhabitants thereof in the spring of 1893 had reason for the manifest pride they took in what the editor of the Paintersville Bugle designated as the coming metropolis of the great Southwest. It is true that there was nothing about the town that would attract the eye of the artist. The unshaded streets were not yet free from the native sod. Most of the buildings had been hastily and cheaply constructed. The townsite was everywhere disfigured by unsightly piles of building material and mortar beds, but there was on every hand the sound of saw and hammer and trowel. The two frame hotels were crowded with guests and the late arrivals were informed that cots in the hall were the best they could get in the way of sleeping accomodations. At least a score of real estate agents were busy looking after newly arrived strangers who had, or were supposed to have, money to invest. Corner lots at Sixth and Main were selling at one thousand dollars already and the Bugle prophesied that within a month they could not be touched for less than two thousand each.

The founder of the town, its first mayor and most prominent citizen, was Wiley Painter, who had shrewdly concluded when the survey of the line for the new railroad was made that here would be the most favorable place within a distance of twenty miles or more to build a town. For Wiley knew the country like a book, having inspected every foot of it for many miles in either direction while looking after his cattle of the "W. P. Bar" brand. A keen-eyed, square-jawed man was Wiley Painter, who had made his own way since he was a lad of sixteen, taking his place among full grown men and asking no favors on account of his youth. He was proud of the fact that he had started without a dollar and now at the age of only thirty-five was the owner of three thousand cattle, reckoned to be worth a hundred thousand dollars. There was nothing saintly in Wiley's make-up. He was famed as a hard rider and a hard swearer who knew all about cattle on the range; who liked a game of poker, but never allowed it to interfere with his legitimate business; who could shoot as well as he could ride; never quarrelsome, but always willing to accomodate any person who was really hunting for trouble, and known as "a handy man" with either fist or gun; a bad man to have for an enemy, but a good one to have for a friend.

The founding of the town of Paintersville was partly the result of financial acumen and partly of ambition. Wiley Painter saw that there was money in turning land that cost him three or four dollars an acre into town lots that would sell at from one hundred to a thousand dollars per lot, and then it would be worth a good deal to found a town that might some time grow into a great city and immortalize his name. He was not an inordinately vain man, but this thing of being the founder and leading citizen of a town pleased him and he gave vent to his energy and executive ability and natural talents as a leader of men. No move was made in the town without consulting him. The Bugle gave him the title of "Hon." even before he was advanced to his first office, that of mayor, and announced in a ringing editorial that when the new State of Oklahoma was added to the galaxy of States as it was certain to be, the fitting man to elect as the first Governor of the giant young

commonwealth would be the "Hon. Wiley Painter, leading stockman and founder of the metropolis Paintersville."

That sort of adultation was not displeasing to him but he was possessed of too much shrewd practical sense to allow his head to be turned away from present business opportunities by the remote possibility of a political triumph. His work lay right ahead of him in the building up of the town of Paintersville; the gratification of political ambition would come later. There were a number of enterprises that he had in mind, but one of the first and most important was the founding of the First National Bank of Paintersville. Wiley was not a practical banker. His educational opportunities had been limited. A few terms of country school before he left home to shift for himself had not made him a finished scholar. As a cowboy and later as a ranchman with his cattle scattered about over many square miles of range, he had learned much of the practical rules of business, but such things as the keeping of accounts and double entry were to him unsolved mysteries. Nevertheless it was one of his ambitions to be the president of a great national bank. The details of the work of the bank could be left to assistants, but the bank would be known as the bank of Wiley Painter.

During the early days of Paintersville there came to the town a young man from Massachusetts. He registered at the Metropole as George Gayhart of Boston. Gayhart was a man slightly above the medium height with a steel gray eye and abundant wavy brown hair, slightly mixed with gray, although he was hardly past thirty years of age. There was nothing of what the West called "stuck-up" about Gayhart, but he had the easy manners of one who had had the advantages of a college training supplemented by considerable travel. It was evident also that he knew how to wear good clothes without giving offense even to the shirt-sleeved dwellers in the town. It may be noticed that it is not what a man wears that gives offense but his manner of wearing it. Some men wearing the same kind of clothes that George Gayhart wore when he struck the town of Paintersville would have been at once voted offensive dudes by the majority of the inhabitants and set down as tenderfeet who needed and must have a merited lesson that would drive them out of the town or force tham to a sudden and revolutionary change of raiment. In the case of Gayhart, it seemed to them to be the natural thing that he should wear well-fitted garments and have the easy manners of a cultured gentleman.

The next issue of the Bugle, after his arrival, announced that the coming metropolis was to be congratulated on the addition of a gentleman of education and ability in the person of Mr. George Gayhart, a graduate of Harvard and a native of Boston, who had become greatly interested in the promising future and great opportunities of Paintersville and had decided to locate permanently. For the present he had accepted a position as bookkeeper and general manager of the dry goods emporium of Blake & Co., already recognized as one of the leading mercantile houses of the new state of Oklahoma. Incidentally the Bugle also gave out the information that Mr. Gayhart was expecting to invest heavily in property in the town. Gayhart seemed to fit easily and naturally into his new position. He made no effort to ape the ways of the frontier either in dress or manner and at the same time there was no appearance of aloofness or reserve. He was simply natural and polite. He made acquaintances easily and remembered names well, faculties that counted for much among the inhabitants of the frontier town.

Wiley Painter was attracted to the quiet, polite and self-contained man from Boston from the beginning. He possessed the accomplishments that the mayor longed for, but had never had the opportunity to obtain. He was educated, but made no effort to impress the strong but uneducated leading citizen with his superior attainments. He was able to appear at ease in any kind of society; while the mayor was awkward and ill at ease except when among those of his own class. At the same time he showed a respect

for and deference to the opinions of the founder of the town that pleased that gentleman greatly. Wiley Painter was used to having his opinions deferred to by the men of his own class. He expected it of them. He knew that he was their equal in point of education and general information and their superior in point of will and the general qualities that go to make up the leader. He expected them to yield their opinions to his. He would have resented it if they had not; but here was a man who had had the advantage of a thorough training in the greatest University of the Western continent; who had traveled extensively and mingled with men of the highest culture; that such a man should defer to the opinions of a man whose education had been obtained, for the most part, in the saddle or in bargaining with commission men at the stock yards, was a subtle flattery that won the friendship of the rude but virile founder of the town of Paintersville. And the friendship of Wiley Painter was worth having. Once given it was hard to take away. He was either a warm friend, or a good hater. If he liked a man, he gave him his fullest confidence; and if he disliked him, he hated him, to use his own expression, "like h—l."

So it came about that Wiley Painter frequently consulted with Gayhart about all manner of things pertaining to the building of the town and more especially concerning the building of the residence of the mayor. Wiley had an ambition to have a residence that would match up in point of appearance with the residence of the moderately rich of the East. In the planning and building of the house the experience and cultivated taste of Gayhart were invaluable. It seemed to the mayor whose knowledge of architecture was confined, for the most part, to the crude and ugly structures found in frontier towns, that Gayhart knew all that was to be known in building of beauty, elegance and comfort, and he came to rely more and more on his knowledge, taste and judgment.

Three months after Gayhart took his place as bookkeeper and general manager of the business of Blake & Co. the mayor called him into his office. "George," said he, "I have made all the plans for the organization of the First National bank of Paintersville except the filling of the place of cashier. I want you to take that place and what capital you have you had better invest in the stock of the bank. I know what salary you are getting as bookkeeper and general manager for Blake & Co. Your salary as cashier will double that besides the profit you will make on your stock."

For a few minutes Gayhart did not reply. A curious look of apprehension almost of fear seemed to pass over his face. "Of course," he at last somewhat hesitatingly said, "I appreciate your confidence shown by this offer, but I might as well be frank with you. There is an impression around here that I am a man of means. It is a mistake. I have, all told, not to exceed a couple of thousand dollars and could not take more than that of the bank stock." "That is all right," replied the mayor. "Sorry that you havn't more money, but you are the man I want for cashier. There is no trouble about getting rid of the capital stock. There will have to be enough stockholders I believe to make up the board of directors, but most of the stock I will hold myself. I am not a banker. I know nothing about keeping books, but I know the fellers to whom it is safe to lend money. I will be the president of the concern and it will be known as my bank. I need you and I reckon that maybe you won't lose anything by being tied up with Wiley Painter."

Within a month all the necessary preliminaries had been arranged and the First National Bank of Paintersville was opened for business. The mayor gave a banquet in honor of the opening of the new financial institution; on which occasion numerous toasts were responded to by invited guests. The next issue of the Bugle exhausted its font of the biggest black-faced type it had in stock in setting up the headlines of the two-column article describing what the editor called "the feast of reason and flow of soul that characterized this most important and auspicious occasion."

Business in the new bank was brisk

from the first. Wiley Painter was known by every cattleman from the Brazos river in Texas to the Kansas line. His financial standing was above par and by the time the bank was ready to publish its first quarterly statement the individual deposits had already passed the quarter million mark. Gayhart seemed to fully justify the confidence that had been placed in him by Wiley Painter. He was attentive to his duties and had a grasp of every detail of the business of the bank that was remarkable.

Speaking of him, as in company with some of his fellow cattlemen he was taking a friendly libation at the Nickle-Plate saloon, the mayor said: "That man Gayhart is a wonder, gentlemen. Knows more than any man I ever met. I used to have a prejudice agin these college educated chaps, but Gayhart is an exception. A feller come in from the East the other day and was admirin' that shack of mine up there on Painter Avenue; said that 'for style and convenience *he* hadn't seen anything to beat it since leavin' New York and wanted to know where I got my idee.' Well, gentlemen, I want to say to you that Gayhart is entitled to most of the credit for that dwellin' place. I know a lot about ranges and brands and I sort of think that I can come as near tellin' the heft of a bunch of steers, large or small, as any man in Oklahoma or Texas, but when it comes to plannin' mansions and decidin' on different styles of Greek and Roman architecture I throw down my hand; but Gayhart is just as much at home in architecture and all the frills that go with the buildin' of a fine home as he is with the books over there in the bank."

The second quarter and the third of the bank's existence passed uneventfully. The business steadily increased. The deposits passed the half million mark and were climbing up toward three-quarters of a million. Wiley Painter, with his multiplied business interests, was a wonderfully busy man, but among all of his enterprises the bank was his favorite. He had a president's room fitted up with an elegance never before equaled in a frontier town. Here were held the perfunctory meetings of the directors who were supposed to keep watch over the business of the bank, but who as a matter of fact knew nothing about it. The only man who knew all the details of the business of the institution was George Gayhart. The directors deferred entirely to the judgment of the president and the president had implicit confidence in the ability and integrity of the cashier.

An hour or two after the afternoon passenger train from the North had pulled into the depot at Paintersville, one day in the early fall, the mayor stood at his window in the bank when suddenly his face lit up with a glow of interest, and he exclaimed, "By ——, isn't she a stunner?" Gayhart looked up from the discount ledger to ask, "Who is a stunner?" "Well," said the mayor, "I suppose, Gayhart, that an old bach like you wouldn't be interested, but the most striking looking female just passed here that I ever saw. Say, if she stops long in this town and doesn't cause trouble, then Wiley Painter is no judge of the power of female charms. Wonder who the dickens she is, anyway."

"Couldn't say," answered Gayhart indifferently as he resumed the study of the figures of the ledger, "probably some vegetable widow looking for a good investment for the alimony she recently collected."

"Well, if that's a good guess it won't be many moons until she has a chance to get another man on her string. If Mrs. Painter didn't have me so well saddle broke that she can make me either single foot or lope whenever she says the word, it might need a curb bit to hold me if that woman should ever try to coax me to leave the range. Look out, George, if that woman stays in the town a week she is liable to rope you and put her brand on you in spite of your struggles."

The mayor did not notice the uneasy, apprehensive look that came into the face of Gayhart as he went on with his idle banter; the same look that came over it when the first mention was made to him about taking the position of cashier; but after the bank had been closed for the day Gayhart sat at his

desk for a long time with his head bowed, and his face between his hands. At last with a strong effort of the will he straightened up and exclaimed impatiently: "What a foolish notion! There is no reason to suppose that it can be she. The world is full of striking looking women. There are not so many women who know how to dress well who come this far West, but that one who does will attract attention. I haven't even seen this woman, and simply because Wiley Painter calls her stunning I am jumping at the conclusion that it must be she. I need a bracer for my nerves."

That night a light was seen in Gayhart's room till well on toward morning and a belated guest of the hotel who came in as the clock struck three, as he passed the cashier's room heard him walking the floor. The next morning as Gayhart took his place at the cashier's window his face had the haggard look of a man who had spent a sleepless night wrestling with a secret trouble.

With a strong effort of will Gayhart concentrated his attention on the business of the day. A customer for whom he had cashed a check stepped back from the window and Gayhart stood face to face with the woman who had attracted the attention of Wiley Painter the day before. In an instant a grayish palor spread over his face. Beads of cold sweat stood out on his forehead and his hands shook as with the palsy. Notwithstanding the evident agitation on the part of Gayhart there was apparently no agitation on the part of the woman who stood in front of the window.

Wiley Painter had reason for saying that she was a stunning woman. Of medium height and perfect figure, she understood the art of dressing so as to show both to the best possible advantage. She was of the brunette type; her features perfect in their regularity; her jet black eyes marvelous in their power of changing expression, capable of apparently melting into tenderness or flashing like two polished daggers when stirred by wrath. They were curtained by eye-lashes of extraordinary length and surmounted by eyebrows perfectly arched. Her hair was a lustrous black and lay about the shapely head in slightly waving masses. Only the mouth about which there was something cruel and cynical marred the remarkable beauty of the woman who stood unmoved and even smiling slightly before the cashier's window.

It was a moment before Gayhart recovered himself sufficiently to speak, and then in a low suppressed tone of voice he said: "Blanch Weston, is it possible that you are here?"

"Why, yes," replied the woman, "and considering the fact that I have traveled two thousand miles to visit your town, you do not seem to be as overcome with joy and appreciation as I had expected."

"I was so greatly surprised," said Gayhart controlling himself with an effort. "You will have to excuse me now. I am very busy. You are stopping at the Metropole, I suppose? I will call and see you after four o'clock this afternoon."

"Very well," said the woman; the slight parting of the lips, as she spoke, showing the two rows of perfectly formed and pure white teeth.

As she turned to go out of the bank she met Wiley Painter at the door. He raised his hat and stepped aside to let her pass out, but turned to gaze after her as she walked down the street. As he entered the bank he greeted Gayhart in a loud, cheery voice.:

"Well George, we have the stunner as a customer already I see. Did she want to deposit a hundred thousand in government bonds, or borrow ten thousand without security? If it was the last it was a good thing for the bank that I wasn't the acting cashier, because she would have hypnotized me with the first look and I would have said: 'Just help yourself, madam, to whatever you want.' But say, Gayhart old man, you don't appear to be looking well. What's the trouble? Off your feed? For a man who has just been talkin' to the finest lookin' female that ever lit in the Territory of Oklahoma you are lookin' as if you enjoyed the privilege less than any man I ever saw."

"I have not been feeling altogether well for several days," answered Gay-

hart. "Guess the bill of fare over at the Metropole doesn't agree with me altogether."

"You're workin' too hard, Gayhart," said the mayor emphatically. "You have had to shoulder nearly the whole of this business and it's been a little too much for you. You'll have to get some other man to take your place for a month and you can take off the saddle and bridle and run loose for a few weeks. It's goin' to be pretty hard to get along without you, but we'll manage it somehow."

"You are certainly very kind, Mr. Painter," said Gayhart, "but I think that I will be all right in a day or two and won't need to take any extended vacation."

The mayor passed on into his room and Gayhart seemed to become absorbed in the business of the bank, but the teller observed that the hands of the cashier trembled and that he paused frequently to wipe the sweat from his forehead, although the thermometer in the bank marked 68 degrees. At a quarter after four Gayhart put on his hat and with a parting admonition to the assistant cashier to see that the vault was locked, he walked over to the hotel and was shown to the room of Blanch Weston. He entered and closing the door behind him again stood facing the woman whose presence in the bank that morning had so greatly agitated him. Without preliminaries or delay he plunged into the subject that had been weighing on his mind all the day.

"How did you find out that I was here, and why did you come?" asked he.

"Well," answered the woman, showing again just a little of her white teeth, "you know that in these days of railroads and telegraphs and telephones it is pretty hard for one to lose himself. I have had a tracer out after you for some time and located you three or four months ago. As for the reason for my coming, I find that my bank account is getting small. I need some more money."

"I gave you all I had and you promised that you would trouble me no more," replied he.

"I think perhaps I did make some such agreement at one time, but I had not figured at that time on how much it takes to live. A lady cannot dress respectfully on less than fifteen thousand dollars per year, and with hotel and traveling expenses you can see that thirty thousand dollars doesn't last long."

"How much money do you want now? asked Gayhart as he nervously fumbled with his watch chain.

"Oh, my immediate demands are moderate. Five thousand dollars will supply my needs for the present."

"Five thousand dollars," gasped Gayhart, "I cannot possibly raise five thousand dollars. I had almost no money when I came here. I have speculated some in buying and selling lots and have saved something out of my salary, but the utmost that I could raise would be four thousand dollars."

"Don't say that it is impossible, remarked the woman, again showing the line of white teeth. "To a man like you, George Gayhart, nothing is really impossible. The bank over there is full of money, as I am informed, and you are in full control. This loud talking mayor, whose name appears as president of the bank, trusts everything to you. You can command all the money you want and I must have five thousand dollars. Your reputation is away up in this community and of course I would regret being compelled to say anything that might shatter it."

Again the gray pallor crept over the face of Gayhart and the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. "My God," he exclained, "is it possible that as beautiful a face and form as yours can be the covering of an utterly heartless devil?"

"Now, George, those are harsh and ugly words to apply to a lady for whom you used to profess the most devoted love and admiratiom. Of course, it is really my duty to inform the trusting people of this community what sort of man is handling their money. If they knew that a forger was the cashier of the First National Bank of Paintersville, it is quite possible that there might be something doing among the directors of that institution, but the ties of old friendship are still strong with me and I

am loath to do anything that will injure your prospects."

"Blanch Weston, you know that for the one great misstep of my life you, and you alone, are responsible. I was mad with infatuation for you. You made me believe that you loved me. You had expensive tastes, which I was fool enough to try to gratify. I let you have everything that I was able to earn outside of what was necessary to pay for my board and clothes, but it was not sufficient to supply you. You knew that I was the confidential clerk of William Winters, an old man of moderate fortune, who entrusted the management of his business to me. When he made his will I wrote it. It was his intention to leave me a legacy of three thousand dollars. It was at your suggestion and because I was urged on by my blind infatuation for you that I altered the terms of that will after it had been executed and witnessed, so that it read that I was to receive thirty thousand instead of three. The other heirs contested the will, but they were unable to break it. They did, however, compel me to commit perjury at the trial to sustain the forgery that I had committed. I committed the crime for you. I gave you practically every dollar of the proceeds of my wrong, and then you threw me aside to bestow your false smiles on another man. And now that I have come out to this new territory to start anew and have built up a reputation for honesty and acquired the confidence of the president of the bank to the extent that he trusts me with everything, you would come here and ruin me."

"My dear George," said the woman in a mocking tone of voice, "I am surprised that you seem to have no more sense of gratitude. Here I am, the only person, according to your own statement, who holds the information in her possession that would send you to the penitentiary, and yet allowing you to go on deceiving the general public into believeing that you are an honest man, just because I am too tenderhearted to tell what I know. Of course, when you come to think it over you could hardly expect that I would tie myself up for life to a man who I knew was liable at any time to be prosecuted for both forgery and perjury and leave me the disgraced wife of a convict. Really, George, you are quite unreasonable. All I am asking is that you supply my moderate want of cash, in return for which my lips will be forever sealed in regard to your former crimes."

"But I tell you that I cannot get the five thousand dollars for you," said Gayhart pacing the floor.

"Of course, then," said Blanch Weston as there came into her eyes the cruel glitter of steel, "I will have to do my duty and tell what I know. There are some of the other heirs of old man Winters who would be pleased to see you in a striped suit and before I leave here I will present a few interesting proofs of your crime to the president of the bank. I suppose that we might as well close this interview."

"In the name of mercy, Blanche," said Gayhart as his face worked with agony, "you couldn't be cruel enough to do that. I will raise the five thousand dollars somehow. You know that my old mother still lives in Boston. She comes of the Puritan stock, proud of the fact that no member of her family and no one of her ancestors was ever convicted of crime. My God, woman, it will kill her."

"No doubt," answered the woman, the cold glitter still in her eye. "I thought that you would be reasonable when you had time to think over the entire situation. I will expect the five thousand dollars to-morrow; in currency mind you; no checks or drafts that may be dishonored."

"I will bring the currency after bank closing hours to-morrow," said Gayhart as he turned to leave the room.

That night the man who occupied the room next to that of the cashier wakened far on in the night and heard again the footfalls as the tortured man paced the floor as he had done all the night before.

The next morning when Gayhart came to the bank the teller was startled at his changed appearance. He seemed to have grown ten years older since the day before. His face was drawn and furrowed with lines of care and his hand trembled so that he could hardly sign a draft that the assistant had filled

out and presented for his signature. In an hour or two he put on his hat and walking over to the Nickle Plate, called for the best whisky the barkeeper had in stock. When the bottle and glass were set before him he poured out a tumblerful and drank it feverishly. The barkeeper, who was not a man given to the expression of surprise, looked at Gayhart in evident astonishment, but said nothing until after his customer had left the saloon, then he turned to a resident who was leaning against the bar and said: "Did y' notice thatdrink of whisky that Gayhart took? Say, he poured out enough to take a bath in and turned it down as if it was water and he hadn't had a drink since the flood. That's the first drink of liqour I ever saw Gayhart take. Fact is that he hardly ever touches it. Looks as if his nerves wuz upset. Somethin' is worryin' him."

"I noticed," said the loafer, "that he didn't make any inquiries as to whether any other gentlemen present wuz feelin' thirsty. Durn a man, I say, that has no sort uv sociability about him an' kin stand up an' drink alone when he could see by glancin' round the room that there are other gents with their tongues hangin' out an' their tonsils wrinkled fur want uv proper irrigation."

"It is rather tough, Bill," said the barkeeper as he wiped the top of the bar with his towel. "If it wasn't that you hev about all the blackboard filled now with the record uv the drinks that y' never paid fur I would be tempted to let y' hev one more drink."

At noon Gayhart told the assistant cashier and bookkeeper and teller to go to lunch, that he didn't care for any himself. When they had gone he examined a number of notes which he took from the vault, scanned the signature of one of them carefully and wrote it a few times on a piece of paper. It was a plain signature, easy to counterfeit. He then filled out a note for five thousand dollars; he hesitated for a few minutes and then signed it with the name of the man whose signature he had just been copying. Going to the drawer he took up a bundle of currency and counted off bills to the amount of five thousand dollars which he placed in his inside pocket and placed the forged note among the paper held by the bank. When the bookkeeper called attention to the note, Gayhart explained to him that it had been sent in by mail and that he would send the maker the currency by express that afternoon.

The next morning when Wiley Painter came into the bank he said: "That stunner didn't seem to take to this burg. I notice that she left on last night's train. Maybe it's just as well. Somebody would have sure been troubled if she had staid here. Half the men in town would have been breaking their necks to get a chance to make her acquaintance and half the women would have been crazy jealous. But, say man," said the mayor as he looked at Gayhart, "you are lookin' worse than you did yesterday. You simply will have to quit and take a vacation."

"No," said Gayhart wearily, "I appreciate your kindness, Mr. Painter, but the fact is that the work is piling up here so that I can't leave it. If I were to take a vacation I would worry so much about things here in the bank that I would get no rest out of it."

"Well," said the mayor, "if you won't go I reckon there's no way to make you without firin' you, but you will have to let up on the work or kill yourself. Learn to take it easy." And with this parting bit of advice the president went back into his room.

Three months of worry for Gayhart passed and another forged note was among the paper of the bank, for Blanche Weston had sent insistent word that she was again out of funds and must have more. Gayhart's hair was iron gray now. His shoulders were stooped and his eye lacked lustre, but he was at his post every day and remained until his assistants had all gone home in the evening. Wiley Painter watched him with increased solicitude and urged him to take a vacation until he perceived that his urging seemed to add only to the worry and irritation of the cashier. Speaking of it to some of the members of the Southwestern Cattle Association the mayor said: "That man Gayhart beats anything I ever saw. I have seen a good many men

who would stick to business pretty well, but never saw his equal in my life. He is going to kill himself I guess, but I simply can't get him to take a rest."

Several times since the first forgery the United States bank examiner had made an examination and most favorable report of the condition of the First National Bank of Paintersville. He had scanned the forged notes hastily, but without suspecting that there was anything wrong. While the examination was going on the close observer might have noticed that Gayhart was struggling with strong but repressed excitement and that he seemed to breathe easier when the examiner was gone; but all his associates in the bank noted was that he seemed to have a more and more feverish anxiety for work and that he kept a closer and closer scrutiny of the affairs of the bank.

* * * * * *

Among the followers of that youthful fiend, "Billie the Kid," who seemed to murder not so much for the sake of gain or the desire to gratify his vengeance as from an unnatural lust for killing, was one Henry Browning. A lean sinewy man with the suggestion of the panther in his movements was Browning. The skin was drawn tight over the bones of his evil, unsmiling face. His eyes were a light gray in color and had a peculiar whitish line about the pupil that is sometimes seen in the eye of a horse of peculiarly vicious disposition. It was the cold gray eye of a man who would kill a fellow man with as little compunction as he would have killed a snake. When the gang of Billie the Kid was broken up by the death of the leader, Browning wandered eastward in search of congenial employment.

In Custer City, one of the frontier towns not far from Paintersville, the tough element had been having their own way for some time. They had ridden in from the range and after filling up on the villianous liquor for sale in the town had started trouble by riding their horses into the business houses and wound up by killing both the mayor and the city marshal. There was a general protest from the inhabitants who objected to being killed even in sport. An indignation meeting was held and resolutions adopted to the effect that there must be a change.

About this time Browning came that way. He heard that the town wanted a man for marshal who was a killer and persuaded the city authorities to give him the job of maintaining the peace at a salary of $150.00 per month. He was also to have an assistant of his own choosing at a salary of $100.00 per month. The salaries seemed to the authorities a trifle elevated for a town of two thousand inhabitants, but it was necessary to do something or surrender the town to the mounted ruffians. It was not long until Browning demonstrated that he was the man they had been looking for. He provided himself and his deputy with sawed-off guns which were heavily loaded with buckshot and then waited for the advent of the bad men who had sent in word that they were coming to kill the new marshal and shoot up the town. They did come, but were considerably surprised on riding into town to find the new marshal waiting for them and still more surprised when he suddenly without warning opened up with both barrels of his gun. The bad men turned and fled in a panic, leaving one of their number dead and two wounded on the street.

From that time on almost sepulchral quiet reigned in the town. One experience was all the men cared for. Browning managed to get the word to them that they might come to town without their guns, but if one of them came in carrying a sixshooter or Winchester that he would be killed on sight. For a year the lean sinister man with the panther-like tread ruled the frontier rown. There were no more outbreaks of bad men; no more riding of horses into business buildings; but there began to be strange hold-ups in the streets of the town at night.

Browning insisted that he had kept watch for the foot-pads, but had not been able to catch one of them. There were certain disquieting rumors that people did not speak of above their breath and then only when they were absolutely certain that they could whisper in confidence. A prominent

cattleman who had sold a couple of car loads of steers was waylaid and forced to give up three thousand dollars and than told to get out of town on pain of death. When he got far enough away to feel safe he insisted that the masked man who robbed him was the size and build and had the same panther-like movement that had been noted in the case of Henry Browning. But this talk was not scattered about in the town, for the fear of Browning pervaded the place and those who had thoughts on the subject of the robbery kept the same to themselves.

A few days after he had been relieved of his cash the cattleman came into the bank at Paintersville. He was an old acquaintance of the mayor and the conversation turned naturally on the subject of the robbery. He gave a history of the career of the marshal of Custer as he had learned it, described in detail his one adventure, and wound up with the declaration of a most positive opinion that Browning was the man who robbed him. "Browning," he said "is ready to undertake any sort of crime. He is the coolest and most desperate criminal in my opinion that I ever saw. Half the people in Custer believe that he is a highwayman and murderer, but they are afraid of their lives. There is not a man in the town who dares to voice his sentiments now, but some time Browning will be exposed and either shot or hanged."

Gayhart listened to the story of the ranchman with intense interest and that evening after the closing of the bank he sat for a long time at his desk absorbed in thought. For a week his manner was more than usually abstracted and the teller observed that he made many figures on scraps of paper which he afterward carefully burned.

Some ten days after the visit of the ranchman who had been robbed, Gayhart came into the room of the president of the bank and said that he had finally concluded to take a lay off of a few days, possibly a week.

"Glad of it, Gayhart," said the president heartily. "Better make it at least a month while you are about it. The boys can get along for that time without you, I reckon, and you need the rest."

"Thanks," said Gayhart, but I think that a rest of a week will be enough."

The next day Gayhart quietly registered at the Custer House, the leading hotel of Custer City. That night he sent word to Browning that he would like to see him on important business. Browning had visited Paintersville once or twice since his appointment as marshal of Custer and had once seen the cashier of the First National. Gayhart, on the other hand, had closely observed the lean, sinewy, panther-like man as he had walked quietly about the streets of Paintersville. At the appointed hour Browning appeared at the Custer House and was shown up to Gayhart's room. As he entered Gayjart rose and came forward to shake hands.

"City Marshal Browning, I believe," he said. "My name is Gayhart; I am the cashier of the First National Bank of Paintersville." He paused as if he rather expected some reply, but the city marshal simply nodded his head slightly and waived with the look in his eyes of a man who trusted no one and proposed to give no confidences. "Mr. Browning," continued Gayhart after a slight pause, "I am going to be perfectly frank with you and what you may say to me here will be held in the strictest confidence. I have investigated your history until I am reasonably familiar with it. You came here from New Mexico. There is no particular use for me to recall the part of your life spent in that territory. You are getting a fairly good salary here, but it is a dangerous business. There are a number of men riding the range here who want only a fair opportunity to kill you and some of these times they will get it. Why not pull off a job that will make you a large amount of easy money and then quit this place and go where you can be safe?"

For a full minute Browning did not reply. His cold gray eyes seemed to be looking through Gayhart. He was evidently suspicious and yet attracted by the proposition. Finally he spoke: "What sort of a deal are you trying to give me, Mr. Gayhart? Do you want

to get me into some sort of a play that will land me in the pen? If you do I might as well tell you that you are looking in the wrong place for a sucker."

"Nothing is further from my mind," answered Gayhart. Nobody is here to hear what you say. Nothing you might say to me and nothing I might say to you can get either of us into trouble. If either one were to repeat any damaging statements against the other, the other would deny that he had ever made any such statements and that would just about end it. I have a proposition to make to you by which you can take in at least twenty-five thousand dollars without any risk and with very little trouble. Do you want to consider it? It will involve the commission of what the law calls a crime and if you don't care to hear anything further about it I will close right here and nothing more will ever be heard about this conversation."

Again the cold gray eyes of Browning were fixed intently on Gayhart, but finally he said, "Go ahead. What is your proposition? If it strikes me as a good thing I'm in on it."

"The proposition," said Gayhart looking steadily at Browning, "is that you rob a bank. Arrangements will be made so that the job will be easy. There will be no danger of resistance. The money will be placed within easy reach and the amount will be not less than twenty-five thousand dollars."

Browning shifted a little on his chair and Gayhart saw come into his eyes an evil light that made him shudder. There was in the look a mixture of greed, ferocity, cunning and suspicion. "Where is the job to be pulled off?" he asked, "and how is it to be done?"

"The bank to be robbed," answered Gayhart, "is the First National Bank of Paintersville. I am the cashier. I have full control of the funds of the bank. Wiley Painter, the president, leaves all the details to me. I am the only officer about the bank besides himself that carries a gun. The assistant cashier and teller can be easily taken care of. There is only one man about the bank who would give any trouble and that is Wiley Painter himself. On the tenth of next month he will leave for Chicago to be gone ten days. On the twelfth of the month there is to be a cattle round-up five miles from Paintersville, and practically all the men and horses of the town will be absent on that round-up. You had better bring along two or three assistants; one of them to hold your horses, two besides yourself to cover with your guns the teller, assistant cashier and myself. The money will be stacked up on the counter within easy reach. You can carry it away in grain sacks or something of that kind. When the job is completed and you are safely out of town I will, of course, give the alarm, but before the officers can be notified and pursuit organized you can be safely out of reach."

"But how am I to know," said Browning, "that this is not a job put up to catch me and either kill me or land me in the penitentiary for the next twenty years?"

"You can come to Paintersville yourself," said Gayhart, "and find out whether or not the statements I have made you about the absence of the president of the bank and the date of the cattle round-up are true. If they are then the rest of the program is easy."

Browning arose and walked two or three times across the room with his quick, panther-like tread, then turning suddenly on Gayhart said, "It is a go. I will find out if what you tell me is the truth and if it is the job will be done. I haven't asked you why you want your own bank robbed, that is your business, not mine, but I want to say this to you, Mr. Gayhart: If there is any d——d treachery about this you will die. I might go too, but you would sure go. Don't forget that," and turning he left the room.

When Browning had gone, Gayhart loosened his collar as if suffering for air. He arose and strode back and forth across the room muttering to himself: "It is the only way, the only way. I cannot stand the constant suspense that is always with me now. Sooner or later the forgery of the notes will be discovered and then the penitentiary for me. I will destroy the notes. The robbery of the bank will explain the shortage in the cash and no one will

know. But God help me; how hard is the way of the transgressor? Better a thousand times better, to be the lowest paid laborer on the street with the knowledge that you can look any man in the face than to have gotten money by crime. But it is too late to turn. I cannot face the disgrace of discovery."

It was far on in the night when Gayhart at last sank into a troubled sleep. An hour later he sprang up with a cry of horror. He was wet with sweat and panting with terror. "What a horrible, horrible dream," he muttered to himself. ."I thought that I had been tried and convicted and taken to the penitenitary and was walking lock step with a murderer and when I saw his face it was Browning."

* * * * * * *

During the early days of the following month, Browning was seen on the streets of Paintersville. That evening he met and talked for an hour with Gayhart at his room in the hotel. As he rose to go he said: "All right, we will be here on the twelfth. I think it is all on the square—what you have told me, but don't play any tricks with me, Gayhart, or you will be a dead man."

On the 10th of May, Wiley Painter packed his suit case and bidding Gayhart good-by started for Chicago, saying as he left: "Gayhart, old man, you are looking mighty peeked. Take my advice, cut loose and go fishing. Of course, you are pretty near the whole thing here, which is all the more reason why we can't afford to lose you entirely, which is what we will do if you don't break away."

"Well, Mr. Painter," answered Gayhart, "by the time you have returned I hope to have matters arranged so that I *can* take a vacation."

"All right, Gayhart, I hope you will. I would hate like the ——— to see you get down on your back on account of work and worry. Well, so long."

As Gayhart saw the train pulling from the station he breathed a sigh of relief, but all that day and the next he was evidently laboring under a strong but suppressed excitement. The morning of the twelfth dawned with the clouds hanging low all around the horizon, and by seven o'clock a cold, drizzling rain had commenced to fall. A hundred horses were saddled ready for the round-up that was to take place that day on Brush creek flats, five miles from Paintersville, but the captain of the round-up waited.

"Durn the measley weather," he exclaimed as he came to the door of the livery barn and looked out into the falling rain. "Unless it lets up there won't be any round-up this day. If these here rains keep up the grangers and the blue stem air goin' to take this country sure. Dog my cats if it isn't comin' harder and harder."

Other men wearing leather leggins and some with their pants held in place with broad pistol belts gathered about the leader and mingled their adverse opinions of the weather with his. "Might as well unsaddle, I reckon, Cap?" said one.

"No, don't unsaddle now; this may let up in an hour or two, and if it does it will be all right for cuttin' out by noon."

At nine o'clock when Gayhart went over to open the bank, the rain had apparently settled down to a steady pour. The face of the cashier was the color of chalk. He trembled like an aspen as he unlocked the vault and opened the burglar-proof safe that held the bank's currency. Nervously he counted out twenty-six thousand dollars and placed it on the counter. He had just finished this work when the door of the bank opened and Wiley Painter entered. A look of awful horror settled on the face of the Gayhart.

"Well, old man," cried the mayor, "I had the luck to meet some parties at Wichita that I had expected to meet in Chicago. So we fixed that business all up without going any further and jumped on the train and came back. But say, man you are sick. You had better go and lay down."

"No," said Gayhart, and his voice trembled as he spoke, "just a sick headache, I think. I guess I will be all right in an hour or two."

"Well, you had better take my advice and lay down," said the mayor as he passed into his own room.

"Merciful Heaven," gasped Gayhart under his breath, if Browning comes now everything is lost."

A moment later three masked men entered the bank. They were wearing the broad brimmed hats and yellow oilcloth coats common to the range in stormy weather. Gayhart knew that the leader of the three was Browning. It so happened that both the teller and the assistant cashier had stepped out of the bank just before the three masked men came in, but either or both were liable to return at any moment. An awful fear gripped at the heart of the cashier. He tried to speak a warning, but the words died in his throat.

"Throw up your hands," came in gruff, low tones from behind the mask of Browning, and mechanically Gayhart put up his hands above his head.

Just then the form of Wiley Painter appeared in the door between the president's room and the counting room of the bank. The next instant he jumped back and grasped his revolver which lay on his desk, but Browning had seen him and believed that he had been betrayed by Gayhart.

"Take that, you ——— treacherous ——— ———," said Browning as he pulled the trigger of his weapon.

The room was filled with the roar of the huge "45" and with a groan Gayhart staggered backward and fell to the floor. As he fell the revolver of Wiley Painter barked from the door of the president's room and the bullet grazed the cheek of Browning.

"Get out of here quick and onto your horses," yelled Browning to his assistants. "The game is up. That d——d cashier betrayed us and hell will break loose outside in a minute."

In a panic the other two crowded through the door, Browning following but turning to send a parting shot at Wiley Painter who had jumped to the side of the fallen cashier. Perhaps the mask or the powder smoke in the room affected Browning's aim, for his shot went wild. The sound of the shots in the bank had aroused the town and by the time Browning and his two companions had got to their horses which were being held by the fourth nam of Browning's party, an impromptu duel was on between the city marshal and the holder of the robber's horses, which was rather more dangerous to innocent bystanders than to the participants.

"Get on your horses and ride like ———," said Browning as he vaulted into his saddle and dashed down the street followed closely by his three associates. A moment later Wiley Painter dashed out of the bank, his eyes blazing with fury, and called out to men whose horses were already saddled for the round-up: "Let me ave a horse and gun. Those d——d cowardly villians have killed poor Gayhart, and we must get them."

In an incredibly short space of time more than half a hundred men were in pursuit of the flying robbers. Wiley Painter, with the tears of rage and grief running down his cheeks, rode at the head of the pursuing party. It soon became evident that the pursuing party was slowly gaining on the fleeing men and Wiley Painter unslung his Winchester and shot as he rode.

"We must take to the hills," said Browning, turning in his saddle to return the shots of the pursuers.

Lying to the southwest of the town of Paintersville was a low range of hillsages through which the waters of bygone ages had plowed mighty furrows. At other places the erosion had cut into, but not through the hills, as if a giant shovel had taken a bite out of the side of the uplift. Into one of these dashed Browning and his companions with their jaded horses. It seemed to be an admirable place for defense. The sides of the canyon leaned inward, the bottom being slightly wider than the top. The pursuers could not reach the pursued from the top of the canyon, and if they attempted to enter the narrow mouth it would mean almost certain death from the guns of Browning and his companions. "We will stay here until night," said Browning and then make a dash in the darkness. Some of us may get hit, but if that crowd gets us it means death anyway."

Wiley Painter threw out a strong line of men to guard the mouth of the canyon. "Those fellers expect to stay until night and then make a break," said Painter. "In the evening kindle

fires at both sides of the mouth of the canyon, so that the light will be thrown on them when they come out. You men lay back in the dark, so that you can see them, but they can't see you. If you can't shoot them, shoot their horses. They can't get far unmounted.

As the day wore on both the pursuers and pursued found that an element was working in favor of the pursuers that had not been thought about, when the robbers had dashed into the canyon. The cold spring rain fell in increasing torrents and a small caratact of water poured over the edges of the canyon. Gradually the water rose about the imprisoned robbers. In an hour it had reached nearly to their knees and by noon was almost waist deep.

"We'll drown here like rats," exclaimed one of the men, his teeth chattering with cold. "I'm in favor of goin' and givin' up an' take my chances."

In a few minutes another of the men began to weaken and talk of surrender, and then the third. Only Browning stood out until at last the, other three declared their intention of going out and making the best terms they could, when Browning exclaimed:

"Well, if you white-livered cowards are going to give up like sheep I may as well go with you, but just before you swing from a cottonwood limb to-night recollect that I told you, you were d——d fools not to stay and fight. That skunk Gayhart betrayed us and I killed him as I told him I would, but Wiley Painter doesn't know that his cashier was a thief whose nerve failed him at the last and he won't find it out till you and me have stretched rope. Now, I've warned you; go ahead and surrender, if you want to."

For a few minutes the other men hesitated, deterred by the word of their leader, but the cold water was creeping higher and higher and with the chill that reached their bones their courage lessened and one of them, with his handkerchief tied on the end of his gun barrel approached the mouth of the canyon for a parley. The terms of surrender were soon agreed upon. The four were to be delivered over to the sheriff of the county unharmed. It would be up to him to protect them if he could.

There was an ominous silence on the streets of Paintersville as the captors came back in triumph, bringing with them Browning and his three companions. They were turned over to the sheriff, according to promises and placed in the crude wooden jail.

At nightfall knots of men gathered here and there on the street and finally as if by some common impulse came together. By common consent Wiley Painter assumed the leadership. No words of command were spoken, but the men followed the lead of the bank president to the jail. The sheriff made some feeble protest and even fired a few shots in the air to let the public understand that he was doing his duty as an officer, and then he and his deputies were taken captive. The door of the jail was broken down. There was a short, sharp struggle and four men securely bound were dragged out into the light of the flaring torches.

"To the big cottonwood," was the terse command. Under a great limb that grew at almost right angles with the trunk of the tree the four men were stood up in line with ropes tied about their necks. Three of the men cowered abjectly, white to the lips with craven fear, but Henry Browning looked unshaken in the faces of the crowd while his thin lips curled in a sneer.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the leader to Browning, "The men at the other end of the ropes are getting a trifle impatient to pull."

"Nothing," said Browning, "only this. If I had had men with me instead of rabbits we would have died with our guns in our hands and several of you gentlemen would have gone to hell with me in addition to the white-livered cashier who lied to me and gave me the double cross."

The answer intensified the wrath of the bloodhungry crowd. There was a yell of "Swing them! Swing them!" And four bodies dangled from the limb of the old cottonwood and swayed in the night wind.

* * * * * *

The business houses of Paintersville

were all closed on the day of Gayhart's funeral. His old mother who had been summoned from Boston, knelt by the open coffin as her tears fell fast on the face of her dead son. The preacher who conducted the funeral service dwelt eloquently on the high character and service to the community of the departed and the old mother listening in her grief felt a mournful pride that she was the mother of such a man.

The day after the funeral the bank examiner came into Paintersville and began his regular examination of the books of the bank. He had not proceeded far when a look of astonishment settled upon his face. Then he sent for the president of the bank and calling him into the president's room carefully shut and locked the door.

"Mr. Painter," he said, "I have a painful statement to make to you. Mr. Gayhart, your cashier, was an embezzler to the extent of twenty thousand dollars. Do you want to call a meeting of the board of directors and notify them of the fact?"

At the statement of the examiner Wiley Painter reeled as if he had been struck a blow in the face. "Gayhart an embezzler? Impossible. You're mistaken. I know that Gayhart was an honest man."

The examiner for answer took the president to the books and went over them in careful detail. He than counted the cash and recounted it until the president was convinced. "Now, Mr. President, shall I call in the board of directors?"

"No," said the president. "I will transfer twenty thousand dollars of my own to the cash account and no one shall ever know. I don't know what it was that drove Gayhart to take that money, but you never can make me believe that he was a deliberate thief. And if he was, man, you saw his old white-headed mother here to-day. Do you think that for twenty thousand dollars I would have her know that her boy was an embezzler?"

A few months afterward the body of George Gayhart was taken up, and sent back to the home of his boyhood and laid to rest by the bones of his father. For five years after that at each recurring spring time when the crocus were in bloom and the robins had builded their nests in the trees, a silver-haired, sweet-faced old woman could be seen planting flowers and attending to the shrubbery about the graves of her dead. At last she said that she was weary and asked that they would lay her to rest by the side of her boy.

At the funeral of the old lady there was noticed a stranger of rugged frame, strong, square jaw and keen gray eye. The make of his clothes and the style of his hat indicated that he came from the West and his face had the bronze tan that comes from long exposure to the Western sun and wind. He introduced himself as Wiley Painter from Oklahoma, and said that he was an old friend of the dead. For a good while he looked down at the calm old face until a tear rolled down his bronzed cheek and fell upon the coffin, and as he turned away and left the house he said softly to himself, "Thank God, she never knew."

It was some six years after the tragedy in Paintersville that in one of the meanest hovels of one of the great cities of the United States the police found one day the dead body of a woman. She had evidently died in the most abject poverty, but the corpse still bore some traces that indicated that at some time in life the woman had possessed singular beauty. In an old sachel in the hovel they found a photograph evidently taken in the days of her prosperity. Below the picture was written in a woman's trembling hand the name Blanche Weston, and the further words:

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

"The Eternal Feminine"

By Josephine Weatherly

THE STUDY CLUB had remained in session unusually late that Wednesday afternoon; indeed, so late that the sun's slanting rays announced that it was almost tea-time. As the nine ladies who composed this club stood upon the steps of their modest little club-house for a last parting word, old Mrs. Jameson, who lived across the street, and who never failed to be at the window when the club adjourned in order to count if the number were still nine, surveyed them contemptuously.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine," wheezed Mrs. Jameson. "A passel of old fools tryin' to be smart like men, when the Lord intended 'em for cooks and housewives! I wouldn't be afeered to wager my best blue china tea-set but that none of 'em ever had a chance to git married. Disinterested study and scientific research! Fiddlesticks!"

But to tell the truth the nine ladies of this club had really given disinterested study to the lunar hypothesis, anthropology, Egyptology and the other "ologies" and "isms" with the fervent hope that in some way their lives might be broadened and the race benefited thereby; except—except on this particular afternoon the subject which detained them so late was "matrimony." How Mrs. Jameson would have caught her asthmatic breath could she have heard Priscilla Weston discourse long and learnedly, after adjusting her eyeglasses upon her aristocratic nose at just the right angle, in something after the following style:

"Now, there is no use arguing, girls, (they were still girls to each other, although the youngest one, Olivia Holmes, had passed her thirty-fifth milestone) somebody in this club has got to get married if we expect to grow in numbers. Here it is five years now since we organized and we have but nine members, the number with which we started. All the young girls that we ask to join us shake their heads and cry, 'I wouldn't join your club for anything. You're all bound to remain old maids. You get so smart that the men are afraid to take you for wives.' And when we ask the young matrons they tell us, 'Oh, you are so one-sided and narrow; while we, with our husbands, children and multitudinous family cares must be broad and resourceful.' For the last six months I have been comparing ourselves with our married friends and the deductions I have arrived at are truly startling and behoove us to have at least one married woman in our club to our saving credit; and since none will join us, we must create that most necessary commodity from one of our own number.

"I have discovered the following statements to be true: Matrimony develops the character and increases experiences as all the 'cults' and 'ologies' in the unabridged can never do. We, therefore, being a body of students ought to seek it for the knowledge it imparts, if for no other reason. The great women of the world have been those whose lives were spent in loving ministration to children and in congenial companionship with husbands. There is no such thing as a woman's sphere and a man's sphere independent the one of the other. Each is a hemisphere and the two act together in order to make a perfect, whole sphere. Therefore, Madam Chairman, in order to bring the question properly before the club for discussion, I move that one of our number, at least, be married before the close of the summer."

To bring it before the club for discussion? Shades of Harriet Shattuck!

That worthy's rules of order could no more stand before the onslaught of excited voices, all talking at once, than could a sand bar against the inrushing Bay of Fundy tide.

But the final outcome of the matter was, that, at the next meeting, a secret ballot should decide who that one should be, and each member pledged herself, in the sacred names of Isis and Osiris, that should the lot fall upon her, she would cheerfully sacrifice herself upon the altar of matrimony for the sake of science and the club.

To select the prospective bridegroom was not so difficult a task as it might appear to the casual observer, for there was but one single man in that town whose age, social standing and bank account were such as would seem to justify any woman in making the experiment.

It is true that mothers and grandmothers had a large circle of eligibles from which to select husbands; but that had been in the good old days before the men had taken Horace Greeley's advice to go West and grow up with the country.

This man upon whom the mind's eye, so to speak, of this Study Club was focused, was one Josiah Pettigrew, of about forty winters' seasoning. He came from good old Salem stock, to say nothing of present marketable stock at five per cent.

Why he had never gone West was due to no lack of get-up and hustle, but rather to a strong, deep-rooted love for the parental homestead that in some natures is more powerful than love of adventure.

Why he had never married, he himself could hardly have told, unless a dear, old mother's love and care until recently bestowed, had supplied the place in his home and heart that a wife usually occupies.

As fate would have it Mr. Pettigrew chanced to be passing the club house just as the members were lingering upon the doorstep for the last parting words, and being uppermost in their minds, they all pounced upon him at once.

"Oh, Mr. Pettigrew, why don't you get married? What a shame that such a nice well-to-do man as you is not making some good woman happy! You'd be anxious to become a Benedict if they taxed old bachelors in this country as they do in some! You'd be so happy if you had a dear little wife to welcome you when you return home at night weary with the day's toil. How can you bear to be alone now that your dear, sainted mother is gone?" And much more in the same strain, until Josiah Pettigrew really felt like a culprit arraigned before the bar of justice, and all he could stammer was:

"Well, ladies—I'll marry, if—if—you'll pick out the girl—and—she'll have me!"

No concession on his part could have fallen in more with their plans; so after many congratulatory remarks upon their afternoon's work, each one skipped gaily homeward with such girlish movements that Mrs. Jameson exclaimed, through sheer envy, as she hobbled to the window: "Laws, sakes alive! Look at 'em now, hoppin' along like skule gals jist because a man looked at 'em. Haint no fools like old fools, I've heern it said!"

Promptly at the appointed hour, the next Wednesday afternoon, each club member was in her place, holding in her hand, with a not-to-be-concealed nervous tension, a newly sharpened lead pencil and a slip of paper.

"Madam Chairman, I move that the selection by ballot of that one of our number who is to become Mrs. Pettigrew be made a special order of business for this time," came from the narrow pursed-up lips of Mariah Johnson. Seven shrill female voices cried, "I second the motion," whereupon the ninth voice, that of the chairman, in the excitement of the moment, declared the motion carried without the formality of a vote, even adding:

"Ladies, before we ballot let me remind you that, at our last meeting, we agreed to lay aside all selfishness, all personal feelings, and vote for that one of our number whom we firmly believe will make Mr. Pettigrew the best wife and who, at the same time, will, in the capacity of a married woman, do the most credit to our club and the cause of science. Vote for the good of the greatest number."

A silence of a few seconds ensued, broken only by the scratch of nine lead pencils, followed by deep sighs and movements of relaxation when the secretary collected the various slips and laid them upon the president's desk.

As if reluctant to dash the hopes of any member to pieces too soon, this worthy busied herself a few seconds rubbing the powder off of her nose and readjusting her corkscrew ringlets; and then picking up the slips in succession she read while each member kept tally in her note book.

"Maria Johnson—one vote.
"Priscilla Weston—one vote.
"Susan Wilson—one vote.
"Hannah Edwards—one vote.
"Josephine Nelson—one vote.
"Amanda Perkins—one vote.
"Julia Root—one vote.
"Mary Ann Watkins—one vote.
"Olivia Holmes—one vote."

Surprise and chagrin and indignation struggled for expression in the bosoms of nine disappointed women as the meeting broke up without so much as "I move we adjourn, Madam President." What horrible chicanery and selfishness they accused each other of would not bear repetition here. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Jameson sized up the matter just right when she exclaimed, "Well, I'll swan; but every blessed old maid voted for herself!"

As for Mr. Pettigrew, he vows he will remain single since not even so learned a body of women as the Study Club could select him a wife, but frequently he peeps into a drawer, where, between lavender and tissue paper, lies an elegant broadcloth suit that looks strangely as if it might have been intended for a wedding garment.

And Mrs. Jameson, like Othello, finds her occupation gone; for Wednesday afternoons come and Wednesday afternoons go, but she no longer counts "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine," for the Study Club has adjourned "*sine die.*"

Solace

I, too, have supped with Sorrow, I have known
Her curse of tears and bitter bread full well,
Adown her tortuous path, forlorn, alone,
Have groped my way through worse than Dante's Hell.

I have known anguish to which Death were bliss;
The scornful word which bowed me to the dust,
The slack'ning hand-clasp and the traitorous kiss,
The face averted (oh, unkind, unjust).

And, as I travailed in Gethsemene,
Have heard a Voice compassionate and sweet:
"O grieving heart, look up, Christ pities thee,
Child of my love, behold these pierced feet.

"For thee they bare THE CROSS—what has thou done
For thy sad world where suffering myriads moan?
By tears alone was never Heaven won,
Bear thou another's woe—and heal thine own."

Mabel Hillyer Eastman.

Tales of a Pullman Ark

IV. Faith and the Rain-Maker

The Pioneer Woman's Story

By Margaret Hill McCarter

"LISTEN to that fresh supply of rain," the old plainsman said. "I hope that the ladies do not feel uneasy, and that you are in every way comfortable."

"For myself alone," the pioneer woman from the short-grass country spoke up, "for myself alone, no flood can bring much terror if I can keep my head above water. It was keeping my head above water in a scorched land through blistering drouth in the Western Kansas country that has made my life tragical."

"A drouth story will be worth while on a night like this," declared the traveling man. "The porter invites us all to the dinner for a spread. Tell us the story there, madam."

The company passed to the well appointed dining car. Then the woman who had known this land in the days of hot winds and waterless streams told her story.

The wind of a July afternoon was burning like a blast from Tophet. The wide arid land lay flat as a map from sky-line to sky-line. In it all there was visible no bit of green and growing vegetation, save a cluster of slender cottonwood bushes in a bend in Dry Creek. Nowhere was there anything to cast a shadow and the great arch of brass that hung high and pitiless over a scorched yellow world seemed incapable of ever being overcast with the cool soft blessedness of a rain-cloud.

The trail to Bassville lay along the west side of Sidney's claim. Dry Creek cut off the northwest corner of Sidney's land, and rambling, made a natural boundary for Hazelton's claim lying north of Sidney's. The creek was well named, for except in the time of the late rains and the early spring showers, it was only a place left for water. If Geography ever finished its work out here, then this plumbing might be useful. Sometimes a sudden and unusual storm swept the earth, making Dry Creek an impassable torrent. But, its fit passed, it returned to the mere form, its deep sides, hidden from the view of the level country, green with a fertility that drew up life from the under-ground streams of never failing waters.

In the middle of this hot afternoon, Mildred Sidney opened the door into the darkened front room of the little cottage.

"Father," she called softly, "Father, I believe it is cooler on the east side now."

A man in the shaded room groaned.

"Oh, Millie, this is awful!" came a complaining voice. "My head is bursting from this heat."

"Yes, it is awful, but come out where there is a little more air. It will help you."

The man came slowly into the light. He was tall and broad-shouldered, a man whose physique should have endured much hardship. But his tanned face was seamed with care, his bare arms were brown, his shoulders were beginning to stoop, and a certain hopeless listlessness looked out of eyes that Nature meant to be sparkling with courage.

"It was almost too much for you,

Father," Mildred Sidney spoke cheerily. "And too much for the team. I'm glad they got a rest to-day."

The girl looked like her father save that she was of the lithe build that betokens endurance. Her hands were almost as tanned as his own, but the sunbonnet, the common headgear of the Western woman had saved her face to fairness and freckles. Not homely splotches, but healthy little dots. Her eyes, too, were bright brown, but the hopeless look, the mark of the short-grass pioneer in a lonely land, had not yet a place in her expression. A cheery courage, a winning smile, a wholesome make-the-best-of-life air was about her.

The two found the east shade of the house more bearable than the interior. Mr. Sydney stretched himself upon an old carpet-covered cot beside the kitchen door. His daughter sat on a broken rocking chair. This was the resting place, the sky parlor, the reception room and dining hall of the two every summer evening. For whatever cool breath of air found this blistering region seemed to sweep around the southeast corner of the house and find this place.

The intense heat of the day had driven John Sydney indoors in time to save a sun-stroke. And now as the afternoon waned, he lay and grappled back the strength the fierce heat had driven out of him.

"Mildred, it is a year to-morrow since your mother died. Poor Mary! This climate killed her."

Mildred looked up with eyes full of love. All her life, his wish had been her dearest duty. She had never disobeyed him, and now that her mother was gone, she had bravely put by her grief to comfort him.

"Father, Dr. Stenner has told me often that mother could not have lived to be old, that her heart trouble had done its work before we came to Kansas. He even says her coming here lengthened her life."

"I miss her so," the father said sadly.

"And so do I," replied his daughter.

They were silent for a long time.

"Father, Mark Hazelton and I are going to hunt for plums down on little Beaver Creek to-morrow." It was a request, not a declaration.

"All right," replied Mr. Sidney, smiling. "I suppose the weather never gets too hot for young folks."

Another pause. What John Sydney said next may have had nothing to do with his daughter's request. Who can tell what a chain of thought runs from one spoken sentence to another.

"Mildred, if you ever marry, I hope you will leave Western Kansas."

Mildred started and a blush swept across her cheek.

"I'm not thinking about marrying, Father. What would you do without me? Or rather, I without you?"

"Oh, you could do all right. But I do not want to think of your living all the rest of your life here."

"Why, father, I want to live here, I really do. Besides I have faith in Kansas. I believe sometime even this very ground will be valuable and we shall be rich."

The father sighed. The burning skies were blasting his spirit as they were the stalks of stunted corn in the poor cornfields. Four years he had been struggling for existence in this level land of little rainfall. Four times he had seen the glorious autumn change to the short nippy winter, followed by a mild, moist springtime with every promise of a bountiful harvest. Everything grew rapidly and in the late spring no land could seem more fair and fertile. But four times the midsummer had brought the hot winds that curled the corn leaves like frying bacon strips, and crisp the life from garden and pasture. In the third summer Sidney's wife had died. She was not a strong woman, and while the doctor insisted that the light, dry air of the West had prolonged her days, to her husband her death was a part of the stern, hard providence reserved for every man who was foolish enough to try to make a fortune in this desolate land.

Mark Hazelton's claim north of Sidney's was a trifle less favored bit of earth. It did not lie so well for farming, and the soil was thinner. And yet, it grew a surer crop. Mark worked his claim faithfully and it was a part of

his creed to hold on. Patiently, in drouth and heat, he stirred the soil and kept it open to every particle of moisture. And while his cornfields and truck patches seemed only dust heaps in this parched land, somehow autumn found a larger yield on Hazelton's ground than elsewhere. The other claim-holders called this his luck, and a bitterness grew up in their hearts against the young man.

But he was a kind neighbor, and the isolation and the common needs were too great to let the feeling live the winter through.

Mark Hazelton had made the coffin in which Mrs. Sidney was buried, and had helped in many ways to tide the stricken family over the greivous sorrow of that midsummer. And somehow, John Sidney, grateful though he was, in his heart resented the power of the man who could match his endurance with circumstance, and deal out favors in such a life as this. Mark knew the older man better than Sidney knew himself. The young man was in the vigor of his manhood, with a sunny spirit backed by the courage and the persistence that have won and made the West.

Any land may become beautiful to us by association. Every season of this virgin plain was dear to Hazelton because of the brown-eyed, light-hearted girl, his neighbor of whose daily life he had come to know much. At first he had reasoned that it was because of the scarcity of young company in that sparsely settled district, that in a crowd of girls he would not single out Mildred Sidney. But two months spent in the East in the fall after her mother's death had shown him how lonely a heart a man can carry even in the gayest company. The train that bore him West at the end of the visit seemed bound for Paradise. Every token of the plains, every reach of bare winter ground with only here and there a sign of habitation, seemed a welcome mark of the land he loved. And when at last he left the railroad and the Bassville stage bore him from Cimarron away to where the little claim houses and poor stables betokened the homesteaders' habitations, he thought the Garden of Eden had opened for him.

Mildred's joy over his return he would not misconstrue. It was her loneliness and isolation that made her welcome him, and urge him modestly but eagerly to come over as often as he could. Yet there was something in her eyes that gave him comfort.

"She might care for me even if she had more opportunity for choosing among many. I'll play the man and not take advantage of her loneliness," he declared to himself. "There are hardly a score of young men that she meets often. I'll not be selfish."

So, he promised himself and was in earnest.

The early summer morning was cool and sweet with the soft air that sweeps over the plains at daybreak. Far and far the misty pink-tinted skies spread over the purple shadowed landscape, and all the glorious tones that fill the plains with their tinting made radiant the world coming into a new day. In the cool comfort of this morning time, Mark Hazelton and Mildred Sidney drove down the long trail to the divide between Beaver Creek and Dry Creek. Miles and miles toward every point of the compass was an unobstructed view, and yet no human being was in sight.

"I wonder if we are too early for the ripest plums, Mark," Mildred was saying.

"I sha'n't worry about that till we get there," Mark replied philosophically.

"You are a comfortable person," Mildred said lightly, and then with a touch of sadness, she added, "I wish Father felt as you do about things. You are always so hopeful, but Father is losing ground every day. He would go back to Illinois to-morrow, if he could get away from here."

The young man gave a start. A pulse of summer wind blew fresh against their faces, and the landscape opened broadly before them. They had reached the divide and were looking down what would have been the valley of Beaver Creek, if creeks could have any valleys in this flat world.

"See, Mildred, how fine that slope is and how pretty the coloring against the skyline. I guess this morning was made for us."

She looked up quickly. "To gather plums in," she finished the sentence for him.

"Yes, to gather whatever is coming to us. Do you think your father would move back?"

"I'm sure he would, if he could," Mildred answered.

She .was unconsciously pretty that morning. Her's was a face full of character, with the features that give promise of being handsome, even to old age. There are girls about whose faces a Madonna spirit plays, and the thoughtful student of human nature exclaims, "What pretty mothers they will make!" Mildred Sidney had such a face.

The thought of losing her suddenly broke Mark's resolve to let her find out for herself whether or not she cared for him.

"I'd take my chances with these homesteaders, but if she goes back to Illinois, she will forget me," he thought as he studied her face.

He looked out over the wide plains unrolled in the sunlight of morning. A sudden dreariness seemed to blight it all. The fire of the drouth had seared it. After all, it was a barren bit of earth, unfavored of God and unconquered by man. And then he remembered the fertile forest regions of the East, which he had seen in all their autumn richness. How uninteresting they seemed to him compared to the country where his claim lay, level as a hone, save for the ripple of Dry Creek made along its Southern bound.

"It is only love that make us satisfied anywhere," he thought. "How could I endure the loneliness, if Mildred were gone, and strangers or worse still, nobody at all were on that deserted claim."

"Mildred," he spoke quickly. They were in the shallow dip of Beaver Creek draw now. "Mildred, I thought I wouldn't say anything until maybe you knew me better. But I may as well tell you now. I can't bear to think of your going away. I know your father has lost faith in Western Kansas, and maybe you have too. I can't ask you to stay here if you think it is a losing game forever. I don't believe it is but—oh, well, Mildred, all men are selfish, I guess. I know I am, for I'm going to stay right on that claim up there, and I want you to stay with me. It is you that makes any place worth while to me."

They were in the shadow of the plum bushes now. The sunshine was beginning to burn the earth. In the sheltered draw there was still a bit of moisture on the grass and the air was cool. Mildred pushed back her sunbonnet from her forehead. Four years she had been fighting the despair that was slowly crushing her father's spirit. Her work had been to lift the burden, to carry the force of hope and courage into the new day. It was never as one who receives, but one who gives support that she met her tasks. But youth and buoyant health and the fibre of a strong character had kept her happy. It dawned upon her suddenly here that better things might open before her. Mark cared for her. Mark was strong. Nobody bore his burdens. The red plums seemed like jewels among their purple brown leaves. A strange new joy possessed her soul. She looked up and her brown eyes were full of that love light a man finds only once in a lifetime for him.

"You have always been so good to me, Mark, I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything just now." He sat beside her in the buggy, his hand resting on hers. "Mildred," he spoke softly, "promise me you will think about this and tell me when you are ready. Take your time. Only I want some little hope. You do care for me a little, don't you, Mildred?"

"Oh Mark, I care everything."

It was too late now. His arms were about her and her cheek was against his shoulder.

"We can make a garden of this country, you and I, dearie, I do not fear anything if you are here."

How delicious it was to hear him so defiant of disaster, so full of assurance for the future.

But the sun was getting higher and now a heat was in the waves of air pulsing up from the South.

"The future of Western Kansas all depends on these plums," Mildred cried

gayly, and they fell to work with a will.

It was nearly noon when Mildred reached home. Her father had come in early from the field and a strange cheeriness was in his voice.

"Mildred, Jones and Slayton from the Crooked Claims were here to-day. They were on their way to Bassville to see a rainmaker there. His name is DeKoven."

"A rainmaker, Father? What's that?"

"Why, a man who can bring on a shower by explosives, somehow. He's had wonderful success everywhere. Last season he brought on half a dozen showers in as many different places, and the home-steaders just went wild over him, Jones says."

"O, Father, isn't he a fraud?" The girl had no belief in such power.

"Why, no, I think not. Anyhow, Jones and Slayton are gone to see him now to find out what he charges."

"But Father, we can't pay money on any risks."

"We've got a little money in the bank at Bassville. I'd give it all for one good shower right now," John Sidney declared. It was the last straw of the drowning man with him. "We'll see what the neighbors think of him."

The next evening found the rainmaker, DeKoven, a guest of the settlement on Dry Creek, whither his fame had preceded him. He was a dapper little man with an oily tongue and a persuasive manner. John Sidney, utterly discouraged, believed him readily. His daughter looking on the world with eyes of love and hope, distrusted him at once. He had come to Sidney's for supper and was to explain his plans and terms afterward. His quick eye took in Sidney's claim and its advantages.

"There won't be a foot of waste here if this land is ever open to cultivation," he thought as he studied the lay of Sidney's holdings. He saw another advantage too, a pretty, intelligent, capable girl. DeKoven's strong point was a quickness at recognizing the good things of life. And here were several good things before him.

Two conditions, he explained, he always required to make a success of rain-making. It was expensive and risky. Why, he was nearly drowned once in a downpour he had sent for. He made a business of rain-making. Money in advance and time for results were indispensable. Often he got conditions all ready and then had to make another place miles away before the shower came down—but it always came—time being given. Had he come with a less glaring fraud, he might have been questioned, but because he had the assurance to demand what good sense should have refused, the claim-holders gave him royal welcome and accepted his theory as gospel.

The twilight was deepening as John Sidney and his daughter sat on the east side of the cottage listening to DeKoven's flow of words. The full moon, big and red was sliding up from the hot nether darkness over the slick edge of the world to light up a crystal clear sky. There was not one tiny fold of cloud mist, even the upper heavens looked hot in the moonbeams, but the ripple of air from the southwest was cooler now. As they talked, Mark Hazelton came striding down the trail and up to the group. John Sidney presented him to the rainmaker. How strong and powerful he seemed beside the nervous little man who stood up to shake hands with him.

"I was just explaining my process of rain-making, or the philosophy of it rather, for the process is patent-righted and can't be given away. You'll be interested, Mr. Hazelton, if you want to make a *success* in this country."

Mark sat down and listened to the glib little man. Strange how little the mind full of healthy hope and belief in itself is susceptible to the microbes of fraud. Mark felt success in the pulse beat of his own strong arms and his stauch faith in the future, so he listened unmoved to the great possibilities to be wrought by giant powder and sundry combustibles.

When DeKoven had gone to a claim further down on Dry Creek to spend the night and repeat his educational formula, Sidney turned to young Hazelton.

"The very man this country needs," he exclaimed jubilantly. "Here we are on the verge of ruin and starvation,

and he comes just in the nick of time. Why, he says in two weeks he can have a soaker here, and in three weeks he'll make a flood right through Dry Creek. It's just our salvation. That's all there is to it," and John Sidney gripped his hands in a fervor of expectancy.

Mark looked at Mildred, whose face beaming with joy in her father's pleasure, had no trace of anxiety in it.

"She doesn't suspect either one, that's clear," he said to himself.

"What do you think, Mark? You'll join us, of course. You can't afford, after all the good luck you've had, to refuse to help the neighbors less fortunate. What so you say?"

What Mark thought was that the rainmaker was a fakir with some scheme of his own to further by this fraud, that the slightest sun-stroke of a few days was affecting Sidney's mind for the time, also that Mildred did not suspect her father's condition, although he believed her to be too shrewd to be deceived by the smooth-tongued DeKoven. What he said was a query.

"What are the conditions? And if I don't join, will this young man keep the rain all south of the Creek? Is he going to draw the line on the unjust? The Bible doesn't do that."

John Sidney frowned but controlled himself for a while.

"He charges $300 a claim. Dirt cheap when you consider the harvest it will bring. Why, the corn isn't dead by any means. A rain would make a crop yet, even a rain two weeks from now, DeKoven says."

Sidney's eyes were unnaturally bright. "He'll come back next year for half the price, $150, and the next for $50. Why, in three years with constant cultivation, we shall have no failures, and we'll all be rich. And what's the price of this miracle? $300, Mark, who can afford to miss it? '

"How many claimholders are joining?" Mark asked dryly.

"Ten already, and two more's going up to Bassville to put on a second mortgage to-morrow. They can easily afford it, too. You believe in this miracle of the rain, don't you? I call it a miracle."

"Yes, I believe in the miracle of the rain," Mark said slowly. Mildred's face, full of eager questioning, was turned toward him. She was not misled. If Mark believed in it, the thing might be all right. What she did not understand was her father's position, and that was because her love was blinding her to his true condition.

"You'll join us, then. $3900 is a good sum to make in three weeks, but this miracle-worker deserves it." Sidney had not seemed so happy in two years. "You'll join us?" he repeated.

"No, I won't join you," Mark answered.

"Why not?" There was a burst of anger in his voice. "Why not, if you believe in this miracle?"

"I do not believe in miracles costing $300 per capita."

John Sidney sprang to his feet. A fury was in his eyes.

"Mark Hazelton, you've been a good neighbor, I must say, but you can afford to be. You've had the best crops of anybody, and now in your selfishness you are not willing to help others. I don't want to neighbor with any man like you, and the sooner you get off of my place, the better."

"Oh, Father, Father, don't speak so." Mildred cried.

"Mr. Sidney, you are not well." Mark spoke calmly. "You will think differently soon. I am not unwilling to help my neighbors. I would save each one of them from the theft of $300, if I could. I have $1000 in the bank at Bassville. I would give it to show these men their folly."

"Why don't you use it to help us then, if you feel so?" Sidney fairly shouted.

"I mean to, but not the way you want me to."

Sidney's anger increased. "You are a brutal, selfish miser. Get out of my sight," he stormed.

"Father, Father!" pleaded Mildred.

"Get out!" the father shouted. "Don't speak to me nor her again! You hear me?" A red glow was on his cheeks and his eyes burned in the shadowy light.

"Mr. Sidney—" Mark began, but the older man stamped his foot.

"Don't say a word to me, and don't set foot on my claim again until you

can show me your faith in the miracle of the rainmaker's power."

Mark rose to obey. Mildred sprang up beside him.

"Don't say a word, daughter. He would have us starve to death. Let him go to his selfish place and profit by the rain he will get as well as the rest of us, and never pay a cent for."

Mark said not a word, but with one look into Mildred's eyes, he turned away and was soon lost in the shadows of the evening.

* * * * * *

John Sidney had for four years been the leading man in the community of claim holders on Dry Creek and Little Beaver. His intense enthusiasm, his sudden return to a belief in the West, coupled with the hard confidence the drouth was forcing, led the settlers to readily accept his belief in DeKoven. The rainmaker was laying plans carefully. He had come to Sidney's to board now. A delay in his shipment, he told the man, would make it three weeks before he could proceed with his formula. That sounded well and scientific, so DeKoven stuck to his art as his formula. John Sidney quit work entirely and spent his time with the stranger. Mark Hazelton had obeyed Sidney. He had not set foot on Sidney's claim. And Mildred, who had been buoyant and hopeful for four long years, suddenly grew silent and sad. Her father was so taken up with the new line of things, that he did not note the change in her. His own brain was clouded and took in only one thing—this new way of redeeming the West. DeKoven's quick eye noted Mildred's attitude and he began at once to turn it adroitly to account.

"Hang it all, I may as well have her," he declared at first. He could fall in love quickly anywhere. "She's got a good claim here that I need. Those second mortgages don't mean much. So he began upon the father.

"Your daughter needs to go back East for a while."

That was the beginning. The end was that he had full paternal permission to woo and win the heiress of the house of Sidney. Only one idea was in John Sidney's brain now—to make things boom in the Dry Creek Valley.

"What d'ye reckon that selfish lout north of you, Hazelton, is doin'?" DeKoven said one evening at supper. "Puttin' all his own money in his own claim, improvin' his own land instead of helpin' his neighbors some. He don't speak to me, but I asked one of his workmen what was goin' on there on the creek bank, an' he said a great story about borin' to tap the underflow, an' such things. Now, you know, for you've lived here long enough to know that water out here don't come up from the ground, but down from the skies. Look about you now. Is there any evidence of water comin' up anywhere? But this Hazelton will learn his lesson. He's spendin' $500 on that notion of his. Our explosives are all set in the bed of Dry Creek where it cuts in on your land. Now in the Great Act when they are touched off, they'll blow all his machinery and his $500 clear to the Nebraska State line; and if he's on hand, he'll go with 'em part way. It'll work beautiful."

John Sidney laughed. All things were justifiable to him now, if they only helped in the one thing his mind could grasp.

"I'm going to take Miss Mildred up to Bassville on the evening before the Great Act to get the finishing touches." DeKoven winked at Sidney.

Somehow the older man had settled down to the fact that if DeKoven meant to have his daughter there was no need to wait. What DeKoven wanted he took by strategem or force. He wanted Mildred; maybe not forever, but now. His moral code was as weak as his business code was fraudulent. Never mind, old man," he had said to Sidney. "She's modest, but she'll take to me. We'll go to Bassville for the license and celebrate the nuptials the evening before the shower. That's business and pleasure in a nutshell. Why, man, when you see this burnt up country all green again you'll thank the man that done it."

Sidney grasped his hand. "It's too good to be true," he exclaimed, "My daughter will have a genius for a hus-

band. I only wish I felt like going up with you.

John Sidney was much indoors now, a fever flush burning in his cheeks and gleaming in his eyes.

"Couldn't let you at all. You need your strength for the next day's miracle. DeKoven urged.

"When I've got the girl up to Bassville, and the license and the preacher, and that $3,900 that's in the bank to my account, and the Santy Fee train headed toward Kansas City with us two I'll let the old man touch off them explosives himself and the whole thing may go to the devil. I'm going up on the Republican river next season and the Platte the next, and so on clear to the Canady line. Lord bless this dry country, or blast it for my business."

This evening when he spoke of his trip to Bassville, Mildred smiled at him. She had been growing wise very fast. She was too intelligent and keen-witted not to understand this man's character, but habitual obedience to her father, and her love for him controlled her actions. With great misgiving she saw their little bank savings put to this man's credit. Also she watched his efforts at lovemaking with inward contempt. She was playing a game, too, and she knew her moves. But her father she could not fathom, unless it was the great hope that has misplaced the old sad outlook on life here. She did not note the strange glitter in his eye nor his fevered pulse. It did not occur to her that the sunstroke might have crazed his brain for the time. She had not spoken to Mark Hazelton since the night he had been ordered from the claim. The story of DeKoven's admiration for John Sidney's daughter and her apparent approval of his suit had reached the ears of Mark, but the young claim-holder made no effort to see her.

To-night, however, when the rainmaker talked glibly of destroying Mark's property, and maybe of endangering his life, Mildred decided to act on her own convictions. When the shadows were lengthening down in purple folds about the landscape and the cool breath of evening was bringing its blessed relief from the long day's burden, Mildred Sidney slipped away from the east side of the house and found her way down to where the bend in Dry Creek cut off a corner off the Sidney claim. The light was still strong enough to show great quantities of lumber and various other material scattered about the dry creek bed, the arrangement for the coming great act of the rainmaker. Cautiously she skirted about the heaps leaving a wide space between them and her path until before she knew it she was beyond the Sidney boundary line and standing on Hazelton's land.

"Be careful, Mildred, you are on forbidden ground now." A voice spoke out of the shadow and Mark Hazelton stepped toward her.

"Oh, Mark, I came to find you," the girl cried. "With your father's consent?" Mark asked.

"No, no, what has changed him? He is almost like an insane man."

"He is insane, Mildred. That sunstroke has affected his brain. It will pass when cooler weather comes."

"Mark, Mark, why hasn't somebody told me before? He is not responsible. Now I understand. He is feverish too, it seems to me."

"Yes, Mildred, he needs a doctor. I am glad to have the chance to help him. But he will not want a doctor yet. He doesn't know his danger."

They sat down on a heavy piece of timber. How good it seemed to find a helper whom she could trust.

"Oh, Mark, that DeKoven has a plan to kill you maybe." And then she told him of the rainmaker's scheme to destroy Hazelton's machinery. Mark only laughed.

"I'll get the first shot maybe," he said gaily.

But Mildred shivered with fear. "Tell me what you are doing and why," she urged.

"You have no faith in this rainmaker then?" he queried.

"No. I plan night and day to outwit him and save these poor people's money."

"Leave that to me, Mildred. I shall finish him root and branch. That's why I'm putting my money into this work here." He waved his hand to-

ward the shadowy derrick on the bank of Dry Creek. "I'll fix this rainmaker.

"But Mark, that won't bring rain."

"No, there's only one way to bring that, Mildred."

"And what is that?"

"Faith in the Lord," the young man answered reverently. "I do not believe that God has forgotten us. In His time He will send the rain."

A little while they sat in silence. Then Mildred rose to go.

"I will not go with you—yet," Mark said. "You must go to your father. Keep him as quiet as you can. I'll have Dr. Stenner happen in to-morrow. Little Girl," there was a pleading in his tone, now, "you haven't forgotten the plum bushes, nor your promise to me.?"

"No, no, never," and she was gone into the dark shadows of the Sidney claim whither he would not follow her now.

There was a strange sound of rushing waters, the rippling of an overflow, and the hint of moisture that hangs above a stream. A workman from the bend in Dry Creek came red-faced and panting through the heat to Sidney's door. Mildred caught him just in time, for John Sidney was now in a deep sleep and must not be disturbed.

"What is it? What is it?" DeKoven demanded in a hoarse undertone.

"The well on Hazelton's claim," the workman gasped.

"Well, what of the well on Hazelton's claim?" he mimicked.

"It's struck the underflow and its gushin' out a perfect stream down Dry Creek."

"It won't do much harm, nor good either," DeKoven asserted.

"Oh, but the back-water when it first come flooded everything on Sidney's claim, and in five minutes every thing in that low crick bed was under water. It ruined all your expensive exploisves, DeKoven."

A look of cunning swept the little man's countenance.

"The settlers will mob Hazelton. He'll hang to his own derrick by to-morrow morning. I must get to Bassville for help or there'll be bloodshed. Oh!" he groaned. "and to think he was so expectant" —a motion toward the room where John Sidney slept. "Mildred, I must get right up to Bassville. I'll take the bay colt and ride up."

Mildred made no reply. Her father was sleeping through a crisis in his brain struggle. Everything depended on his being undisturbed. A mob of angry claim-holders already imbittered against Mark, already full of high hope for to-morrow's act, urged on by the tricky DeKoven, would be ready for some desperate deed when the destruction of the rain-making appliances was known. In all her life of many vicissitudes on the plains Mildred never spent another afternoon like this one.

Her father slept on. There was no sound of life along the trail. DeKoven was gone to Bassville. Only the faint sound of rippling waters, good to hear in times of peace, came through the open window.

At sunset Sidney awoke. The strange glitter had left his eyes. He was himself again.

"Mildred," he called. "It hasn't rained yet? Never mind. I dreamed it had. It will by and by."

She thought he was delirious, but his expression belied the belief.

"You will keep quiet now, and get strong, father."

"Yes, daughter, I seem to have been lost in a desert. I'll get over it I know."

How kind and natural his voice was. In a little while he was asleep again, white and weak, but without the fever that had been raging through his veins. The doctor came later and with him came Mark Hazelton.

"I could not stay away, Mildred, for one of that rascal's workmen told me you thought I would be mobbed. Mildred, it was the only way to save the money of those settlers. There was no money invested in that pile of trash DeKoven called explosives. All I could do was to hope that the boring on my claim would reach water in time to spoil his game. He'll never show his face here again. Dr. Stenner saw him board the Santa Fe train going east at four o'clock. The money is still in the bank."

"But Mark, these men here will hate

you. They may know he is a fraud as we have known it all the time. But there is still no rain to satisfy them."

"We must leave that to Providence. Come here, Mildred."

They passed around the south corner of the cottage.

The western sky was all one blue-black bank of rain cloud, and a cool moist air was sweeping out of it.

The blessed miracle of the rain, Heaven sent, and copious, put a new spirit into the heart of the West that year. And the wind-mills that pumped up water from the underflow along Dry Creek, the device whereof Mark Hazelton had been the pioneer promoter, made the irrigated valley next year look like a bit of Holland on the Kansas plains.

It is all a part of the great wheat belt to-day. Handsome homes have replaced the plain little cottages, and broad acres of purple blooming alfalfa make oasis in the great golden Sahara of bending wheat. For the kingdom belongs ever to him who will go in and possess the land, if only he takes endurance and courage to help him fight his battle to the finish.

The Hazelton children are traveling in Europe this season. Their home is a center of culture and the best society seek it. Only the deep lines on the faces of Mark and Mildred Hazelton tell how fierce was the struggle of conquest. And faith, not in the rain-maker, but in Him whose chariot is the clouds of Heaven has brought them now to the high tide of prosperity and peace.

The Past is Ours, Dear

I

We may not know what gift the Morrow brings,
And some sweet Doom may pass us by with hushed wings—
And yet the Past is ours, Dear.

II

'Twixt me and thee may glide an evil Fate,
And the boon we crave may come only too late—
And yet the Past is ours, Dear.

III

So may the years dispart us like a sword of fire,
So may this high hope prove but the dream's desire—
And yet the Past is ours, Dear.

The Passing of '67

SHE was jest a pale, bedraggled lookin' girl that we picked up at Ninth Street of mornin's. We is to say Joe Harrigan, that's me, and Jim Morris, and last but not sayin' least, old '67, the dingiest, creakinest, roughest-goin' street car on the Hill Street line. Jim, he's the conductor, and I'm the motorman. Fer sixteen years, '67 and I had run together through calm spring mornin's when the sun fairly beamed at us when we glimpsed her beyond Bluff Street Hill, and through nights when the gales of the Windy City slapped old '67 'til she groaned, and cried out in pain.

We were pals, '67 and I. Maybe that is one reason why the heart's sort of gone out of me lately, and I hear the boys sayin' Harrigan's losin' his grip. Maybe so, maybe not—but there's a heap of old iron and splinters down by the river, that I'd like to lie down to sleep beside when the Trumpeter calls that it's time fer me to pay my last fare.

But goin' back to what I was tellin' about Lucy. That was her name, we found out, or rather Jim did, after she'd been ridin' with us nigh onto two months. Every mornin' she'd get on in that timid half-afraid, little way of her's and hurry over to the stove in the corner, gettin' just as near to it as she could. It wasn't hard to tell that she was cold. Her clothes was poor, and her patient thin little face was all blue with cold. I used to push the car past the speed limit up the last two blocks afore her corner so she wouldn't have to wait so long, and I think she must 'a noticed, for she smiled a half scairt "good mornin'" at me the days I'd hurried most. There wasn't more than two or three on the 7:45 usually, and Jim got to hangin' round the stove, fixin' the fire about nineteen times in as many blocks, and talkin' about the weather and the mornin' news to her. At first she never said nothin', but one mornin' when he'd been tellin' her about some item he'd seen in the paper, she ast him real eager like if he's seen any news lately from Higginsville, a little town up in the north part of the State. Jim sort of pricked up his ears when he heard that, and out of the tail of my eye I saw him searchin' the paper from start to finish every mornin', huntin' for some news from Higginsville.

Once he found a little squib about a town meetin' the folks there'd been havin', and when he told her, she chirked up and smiled, and ast him just as eager about it, and when he handed her the paper, she read it over two or three times,—her eyes smilin' and her cheeks all pink. He kept handin' her the paper every mornin', tellin' her he was through with it, but I noticed she always left it on the seat when she got off. Jim tole me she was a sales-girl down town, so she wouldn't have no time to read it, if she did take it with her.

She and Jim chummed up considerable, and she told him about the old farm home she'd left last year, after her father and mother had died, and about the little brother she was sendin' to school up in Higginsville. She was savin' what money she could to help him out, so she couldn't afford to take the paper herself. Every spare minute in the day, Jim'd be tellin' me somethin' "Lucy" 'd tol' him, and it wasn't hard to tell how things was with him. Ev'ry Sunday off he'd meet her at the door of the shabby old lodgin' house and they'd go walkin' in the park,—a queer couple, big, brown-eyed, broad-shouldered Jim, and little frail-lookin' Lucy.

Things kept on so 'til one Monday mornin' Jim come runnin' to the car-barn in great leaps, and he grabs me round the neck and yells—

"Jim, its happened!" I didn't ask

him what had happened, I knew. When we got to Lucy's corner, her eyes was a shinin' like big blue stars, and she smiles "good-mornin'" at me all tearful like, and Jim he fairly carries her into the car, he was so afraid she wouldn't get on safe by herself.

That was the Monday of the first week of January 19—, and such a week I never went through before. Sunday, old Lady Weather started in, and she coughed and sneezed and howled 'til Saturday night. The snow crept in by pecks through a half inch crack, and we had the snow-shovels out twice before '67 could buck the drifts out of her path. The fog was so thick 'til noon, that you couldn't see the light of another car ten yards away.

Lucy got on Wednesday, shakin' like she'd never get warm agin' and the way Jim shook up the coals in that stove, made the frost slide off the windows. We were crawlin' out across the viaduct, when something went off with a crack and a sizz, and we stops with a jerk.

"Get out there and see what's up," I yells. Jim was out in a minute, the wind nearly blowin' him out in the river. He came back sayin' it wasn't the trolley—something'd gone wrong with the fuse. The next car wasn't due for ten minutes yet, so Jim and I hung out there clingin' to the rails with one hand, workin' with the other, 'til we was so numb with cold, it was go in or freeze, so we went in.

Jim was just holdin' out a big blue hand to Lucy, laughin' about his troubles when sudden like, not six yards behind us, I seen the light of another car bearin' down on us.

"Jim, for God's sake, look!" I yells, and jumpin' for my throttle I beat it back and forth like mad, but for the first time in her life, '67 went back on me. I looked back in the car,—Jim had Lucy in his arms and they were both both lookin' into each other's eyes, smilin', God! that smile! It was perfect faith, and love and trust—all in one—but that look of anguish deep back in their eyes, never leaves my memory, wakin' or sleepin'.

"Jim, says she, and he bends to her, and kisses her. Just then, Death struck us,—there was a crash, and we heaped forward into space, quivered a minute, and then with a groan, like a dumb brute protectin', old '67 rocked from her track and hurled down to the old river, rushin', ice filled down to the Lakes.

The crash threw me out on the edge of the track, and I clung half mad with pain to the edge of the viaduct—how long, I can't tell, I thought it was days that lengthened into weeks, but they tell me it was only a few minutes. I was about to let go, fer Death down there where old '67 lay tossin', looked better then the icy torture Life was holdin' out to me, when some one grabbed, me, and dragged me into the safe center of the track.

I laid for a month in the Hospital Home, ravin' of the runs through the sunshine I'd so often had with my dead pal. When I came back to life, they told me the old river had got back what she took—they told that Jim and Lucy was found in each other's arms, lookin' like they was smilin' in their sleep.

I'm back on my old run again, but the car's new and there's nothin' in it to hold my heart. What there is left of it is down in an old heap of wood and iron on the river bank—where an old yellow front, splintered and faded says "67."

Back to the Land

William Alfred Corey

"ONE of these days," remarked the floorwalker to the department manager during lunch hour, "I'm going to quit this unnatural life and join the procession."

"Where to?" the department manager asked, "the morgue?"

"No," said the floorwalker, "back to the land. I've bought an acre and a half on the installment plan out at Sunny Slope and one of these fine Tuesday nights yours truly's going to pull down his pay envelope and fade the door of this temple of trade and bad air for keeps. I'm going to raise turnips and things and commune with nature the balance of my life."

"What do you know about farming?" sneered the department manager.

"Haven't I got a friend who's a stockholder in the vegetable trust?" bristled the floorwalker. "And haven't I been studyung the agricultural reports for weeks? And didn't my wife's grandfather graduate from an agricultural college? And even if he did go into the ministry after graduating, my wife learned a lot of farm tricks right from where they make 'em. Oh, I tell you we've got a cinch. We can't lose."

"Are you going to specialize on wheat farming on your ranch?" asked the department manager, winking at the wash goods man, "or short-horned pigs or are you just going to farm it?"

"At first," said the floorwalker, thoughtfully, "my wife and I will devote ourselves principally to recuperating our health. She will write poetry for the agricultural press while I shall occasionally lecture before the Y. M. C. A. on 'The Moral Aspects of Rural Life,' and kindred topics.

"We shall live," he went on, "much in the open; even sleeping nights, when the weather is fine, in the onion beds. On sunshiny days we shall take our knitting out of doors and lie in the shade of the watermelon vines and watch the pies growing crisp and brown and ripe on the luxuriant branches of the pie-plant. My wife, who is a shrewd little body, is certain that pies which are allowed to ripen slowly and naturally in the sun are much more digestible than when picked green and put through a forcing process in a kitchen oven. No doubt her theory is sound.

"In the morning, when the rooster sounds his alarm clock, we shall arise from peaceful slumber. I shall go forth and catch a pig. After cutting enough smoked ham off of him for breakfast I shall let him went. I shall then go out among the egg plants and gather enough fresh ranch eggs to balance the ham. Then while my good wife is preparing the ham and, I shall curry the hens and give the horses their breakfast food. Incidentally, I may say, we shall manufacture our own breakfast food. Where is the sense in helping to enrich the breakfast food trust magnates when I can keep a buck saw in my own wood shed and provide ourselves with a better article by simply spreading a sheet and saving the saw dust?

"Then after breakfast, with a hole in my straw hat and my trousers held up with a nail and one suspender, I shall drive my team afield and turn the glebe—"

"The which?" interrupted the department manager.

"The glebe," repeated the floor: walker. "It's the poetical word for the soil."

"You won't have far to drive your team afield on an acre-and-a-half ranch," suggested the department manager.

"Nor much glebe to turn," came from the wash goods man.

"Then at night," went on the floorwalker, severely ignoring the interrup-

tions, "after a day of honest toil we shall sink into peaceful slumber listening to the corn growing and the chickens snoring in their sleep; without a care, without—"

But just then the gong sounded and the floorwalker was suddenly recalled from his bucolic rhapsody to the stern realities of business in the crowded aisles down stairs.

The Pioneer

He leaves the settled places
  Where settled peoples dwell,
And in new lands he faces
  What dangers none can tell,
He dares on summits lonely
  The days which gall and tire—
His staff his courage only,
  His only guide desire.

His ax in rhythmic measure
  Awakes the wood afar,
His night-fires leap with pleasure
  Beneath the silent Star,
He walks on; stranger reaches
  With stranger folk at ease,
And of his strength he teaches
  The white man's way to these.

He lifts his wall and rafter
  Whene'er his journey's done,
And empire follows after
  To rule the land he won;
Through all his valley thronging
  He sees the homes of men,
And quick with restless longing
  He lifts his pack again.

For such is he who maketh
  For us the conquest lone
That of his end he taketh
  Nor place nor part his own;
For his is the beginning—
  The gods decreed of old
His part alone the winning,
  As ours to have and hold!

The Dreamers

By Chester Porter Bissell

EDWARD BOYD was the president's private secretary—a position that is enviable to most young men.

It had been his dream, for years, to land this coveted job. Visions of riding in private cars with a continual round of novelty was always before him. He had pictured himself alighting from the rear end of a special train, wearing a jaunty little cap and with a hand full of telegrams, while the engine was throbbing out a steady hum and the bustle and hurry-skurrying of railroad men, trying to outdo each other in their work—as they generally do when an officer's special arrives, he would trip airily toward the telegraph office and the man falling to one side allowing him to pass; and maybe some grizzled veteran of the road would doff his hat as a mark of respect, not exactly because it was Edward Boyd but the fact that he was the private secretary to the president of the B. & W. Railroad Company.

This was what his dreams amounted to before he got the job, but this is what the job amounted to after getting it:

The president's office was located on the third story of a skyscraper in Chicago, and the force in the office consisted of two bookkeepers, the chief clerk—the president's right-hand man—and himself. The duties were arduous—as are all railroad jobs now-a-days, the days of "snaps" being over. He was obliged to take dictation from the president and chief clerk. He clicked on his machine from early until late; it seemed there were no end to the letters, statistics and other stuff.

When he did get a breathing spell he would probably have to rush to the building with telegrams or to the genreal manager's office, or some other place on an errand connected with his duties.

Where were the trips on the private cars? The trips to the lakes where railroad presidents are supposed to spend their time, alone on the border of the great inland sea, amid scenery savage and beautiful; clifts towering sheer hundreds of feet above, harbored at night in perfect punchbowl basins in the granite shores anchored on occasion in the mouth of some clear cold river, alive with trout that could be taken by casting from the rocks.

Alas! Edward was beginning to find that such cruises are taken only in fiction, and then by some writer who never saw the inside of a president's office of a large railroad company.

A year before taking this position, Edward married the general manager's stenograhper—Mamie Jewell, and she was the jewel of the general office building. She had the regulation golden hair and dreamy blue eyes, as described in novels; to use a well known slang phrase she was considered a "peach."

Mamie had worked several years and knew nothing of house-keeping and the economies connected with keeping a house on a seventy-five-dollars-a-month salary in a large city, where rent is high and living expenses going skywards. After leaving her position she took charge of the little flat and became acquainted with some of the terrible realities of life.

She always had her own wages to live on and do as she pleased; also she was pampered and petted by an army of young men, that abound like bees in a hive in a general office, until she had grown ethereal—in short Mamie was a dreamer.

Her idea of marriage and the future was to marry some handsome cavalier and live in a thousand-year-old fortress between the mountains and the sea. She would see its garden that covered

all the promotory; its terraces overhanging the blue waters of the bay. Round about, all the landscape pictures in the office, made a fit setting for her dreams. The olive gardens and vineyards that climbed the mountains until they disappeared in the beyond; the gay fantastic wine farms with their smell of ripe fruit. She dreamed of the huge blue tiled kitchen, its shelves clustered with copper and hammered brass utensils; its strings of aromatic drying herbs; its enormous canopied hearth on which would burn giant logs of spluttering, shooting cedar; of the mediaeval library of old bound books, in ancient leather and bindings.

She would picture herself sitting in a richly furnished room, of a quaint design, watching her young cavalier smoke in idleness and by their side stood a Venetian glass, containing a red rose.

Mamie had always considered a marriage ceremony as a grand, solemn thing; the peal of the pipe organ; the fragrance of orange blossoms; her shimmering trousseau, and all the grandeur and pagentry that would be fittingly connected with the coronation of a Pope. Then, it was but natural when the few solemn words were spoken, at the minister's house, that bound Edward and her together for lilfe, she should look at him with her large dreamy eyes and ask: "Is this all, Edward?"

Instead of a castle in Spain, or some other land, that she had dreamed of living in, she was taken to a stuffy four-room flat, furnished with furniture that would hardly pass muster and being paid for on the installment plan at that.

If Mamie was disappointed in her surroundings she did not say anything about it. She went on dreaming and doing the best she knew how. If in thinking of old tapestries she burned the potatoes, or of terraces under a pergola of vines and spoiled the coffee it did not lower her in Edward's estimation. He only hugged the slender built form tighter and kissed the blue eyes with a more passionate caress and run to the car, each morning to his work, and she would wave a little hand to him as he turned the corner.

The B. & W. was an octopus. This company, in the last ten years, had merged with a large trunk line making it one of the strongest combinations east of the Mississippi river; then in turn had acquired many small roads—buying them as easily as a ruralite would enter a grocer's shop and purchase fifty cents worth of brown sugar.

For a number of years the B. & W. had their eye on the P. & O.—a small road with run-down equipment—not much of a railroad in itself but the bone of contention among several of the big lines. If any of these large roads would gain control of this deteriorated property it meant a cut-off, saving a haul of over five hundred miles to the princial Western connections. This would mean a large increase in the earnings of the road getting this prize. As a result three large roads were waiting and watching; growling and snarling as three starving dogs would do as in expectancy of a single bone being thrown them with just meat enough for one.

The P. & O. was growing from bad to worse, each year. The stock was down to forty cents and at that was considered a huge joke. Brokers, in the stréet, would often josh each other of making some one a present of a block of P. & O.

Offers had been made; schemes laid out, and traps set by these wily magnates to gain control of this road but they had to deal with an old man with a stubborn fight-to-the-finish nature who held the controlling stock. While the old man knew it was only a question of time until the receivers had his road, yet he would not sell, borrow or give away.

The P. & O. shops had been closed for over two years and only such repairs were being made that were absolutely necessary to keep the battered old coaches and engines holding together for another trip.

The stock stood at forty, not that it was worth forty but on account of the last record of transactions in this stock went at that figure. No one knew who held the remaining shares, but they were supposed to be scattered here and there lying in some safe, as a gentle reminder, to those who had them, of the day they had bought a "brick."

The big trunk lines waited and watched while the poor little P. & O. struggled on, pulling its mixed train over the loose jointed road, nearly *sans* ballast and *sans* ties, once a day.

It looked as if some sardonic deity was tightening the screws on the P. & O., little by little, watching with diabolical delight, the squirming and twisting death struggle.

It was similar to a case where a grim cold-blooded vulture was sitting on some peak awaiting the dying gasp of some worn out and famished traveler in the wasted valley below.

As private secretary Edward was a confidant of the president. Handling all of his personal correspondence he knew all the innermost secrets of the road. He was careful never to betray this trust to any one except Mamie; to her he would talk by the hour, of the official business. Sometimes she would listen to him with her head in his lap, looking up into his, as he would idly talk of the big deals he had made through his typewriter during the week. She would watch with her dreamy eyes drinking in every word, not because she was interested in the details of some huge merger but because it was Edward talking—nothing more.

He knew all the details concerning the P. & O., and how badly the B. & W., ached to gain controlling interest. He had gone over this so often that even the dreamy-eyed Mamie knew it too. It had become mechanical for Edward to say: "All I ask is to buy a few shares of P. & O., when I hear of 'Old Hutch' dying or that the sheriff is on his way over there to foreclose. Then you will see some skyrocketing in stock." This was said every day in lieu of grace and Mamie knew it by heart.

His duties in the president's office were not exactly what his dreams had led him to expect, but he stayed with the job and worked out an existence for Mamie and himself.

Mamie had saved three hundred dollars before she was married. At times they were tempted to use the money but something in Edward's manhood would not allow him to touch it; he held it in reverence as he did Mamie. He worked on day after day and month after month dreaming of better days to come.

One day he planned to take Mamie to a ball game. The next day being Saturday the whole general office force had a half holiday. As a general thing Edward had to stay and get out the president's late letters; but luck seemed to have handed him a package this Saturday as the president had went on a hurried trip to New York, leaving a clear field. He made Mamie acquainted with the facts and she was to meet him at the office Saturday at noon, and they would go from there.

The next day Mamie was in a hurry to get to the office in order to get Edward away as something might happen at the last minute that would call for extra work; she had begun to learn the uncertainty of railroad officials.

The president had left ostensibly for New York several times before and then come rushing back to his office several hours later; his mind changed and plans changed—catching every one by surprise. So the only safe thing for her to do, was to get Edward away soon as possible if she wished him all to herself that afternoon.

At ten o'clock, the next day, Mamie began to get ready and when she stepped from the front door to the street she looked as if some little fairy had dropped down from above; her radiant face was the picture of happiness. People would stare at her, from sheer admiration, as she tripped along the walk, for beauty and goodness of heart was Mamie's one forte—that was all she had, but of that the gods had surely dealt to her with a lavish hand.

She reached the general office building just as the clock from Trinity Tower was slowly booming twelve. The clerks, from the offices of the B. & W., Railroad Company, poured out of the main entrance, talking and laughing; the whole building teemed with active life like a rabbit warren. The five elevators were racing up and down discharging the clattering crowd. The slamming of elevator doors; the whir of call bells and the ringing hallo of office boys, unable to control their joy of the prospective half holiday and the big ball game that afternoon, gave vent

to their enthusiasm. The atmosphere was full of shouts and good fellowship that gave evidence, in spite of the week steady grind in the offices, that pessimism did not prevail.

Mamie squeezed her way through the noisycrowd toward the elevator. Every clerk knew her and every one had something to say. They shouted words of cheer at her as they passed by. She was once the favorite of the whole general office and her beautiful face flushed with pleasure at the fusilade of compliments from her many friends.

She stepped into the elevator, after it had discharged a noisy cargo, and it stopped at her old landing—the third floor—seemingly from force of habit as an old trained horse stops at its master's door.

She quickly entered the president's suite but not a soul was in sight. Going into the private office she found it the same—empty. Edward had probably gone out to lunch and would be back soon, she thought, and she sat down in the president's revolving chair. Her eyes fell on Edward's typewriter and a desire came over her to touch the keys once more. Moving over to his desk she placed a sheet of paper into the machine and her fingers went flying over the keyboard with wonted skill. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure as she pulled the paper from the platen and examined the writing with critical eye.

A large phonograph had been installed in the president's office for dictating purposes. Often the president would be in his office during the night and dictate letters into the machine; the following morning Edward would find from one to a dozen wax cylinders on the table. He had explained, to Mamie, about the mechanism in all its detail and she being an expert stenographer readily understood.

As Mamie swung around in the chair her eyes fell on the mahogany case of the phonograph and a long drawn "ah" came from her pretty lips. She had heard so much about this machine that she grew eager to try it; and now was a good opportunity. The persident was in New York and Edward out getting his lunch. Really it would not have mattered even if the president had been there; he probably would have taken pleasure in explaining the working of it. Some girls are born to be courted and petted and Mamie was born under this lucky star. While other girls were sometimes addressed in a severe tone, by heads of departments and executive officials, Mamie had only to waive her magic wand and all bowed before the blue eyes as the chivalrous knights did in days of old. There was something so innocent, so pure, so helpless, yet so womanly that men strove to gain her favor.

A single cylinder was standing on the table near the phonograph, as if it had just been removed from the machine, she removed the cover, slid the cylinder on, moved a push button and the cylinder was soon revolving on the mandrill, with a musical hum. Taking hold of the carriage, that held the diaphram, she moved it forward to the starting point on the cylinder, then pressing on a small lever she lowered the reproducer until the tiny amethyst point embedded itself into the fine grooves on the cylinder. A slight rasping sound came to her as she put the tubes into her pink ears. She smiled as she heard the president clearing his throat and slightly cough, then, in a deep resonant voice came the dictation.

"Hyde Brown & Co.
"Bankers, 29 Wall St.,
"New York.

"Relative to our contemplated loan of three million. We will require the full amount as we are to complete the arrangements of taking the P. & O., over in a few days. I will be in New York to-morrow to attend the Director's meeting. It will be needless to say that this matter must be handled in all confidence——.'

Mamie tore the tubes from her ears and sat with a fast beating heart and a white face. P. & O., would be valuable inside of twenty-four hours and she had three hundred dollars; that would buy lots of stock on a margin. Oh! why did not Edward come!

What did Mamie know of buying margins on railroad stocks? She never had purchased as much as a box of hair pins without first consulting Edward and getting his dicta as final.

She glanced at the office clock, it was

now 12:15; the Stock Exchange would close at 1:15, when all business would come to a close until Monday; then it would be too late.

Ah! she thought, that old president was a wily old schemer. A sudden idea struck her. Mr. Kent, her old friend that had known her since she had worn pinafores, was a commission broker and also a member of the Board of Trade. She grabbed her paarsol and made a dash for his office, about a block away.

When she arrived it was only with an utmost effort that she regained her feet, so agitated was her brain. She made her way through the groups of "traders" and staggered toward Kent's private office; turning the knob she entered unannounced. Kent was rapidly figuring and bending over him was his partner, Pringle. At Mamie's sudden entrance both looked up.

"Why, hello Mamie! What's the matter? You look faint!" exclaimed Kent, as he arose from his chair and went to her. Mamie sank down in a nearby chair.

"Could I speak to you alone for a minute, Mr. Kent?" Mamie managed to gasp.

"Certainly," replied the gracious Kent. He introduced his partner to Mamie, and Pringle slid into his own office.

Mamie related to Kent what she had found out about the P. & O., About the president of the B. & W., making his hurried trip to New York; the meeting of the Board of Directors; the loan, and in her excitement she told Kent other confidential matters concerning the two roads. Kent knew too, all about this road and as Mamie was telling her story, he leaned forward with his eyes fastened on her, his lips thoughtfully compressed and his nostrils dilating from excitement. As she finished he glanced at the clock and jumping to his feet knocked his chair over with a clatter.

"Wait a minute, Mamie," said Kent, moving to his desk he reached over and pushed three buttons at once. Pringle came in answer to his call. He came quickly to Kent knowing that something was doing.

"Pringle, make a dash for the Exchange and get hold of that P. & O. stock of Old Man Hargis, he offered it to me the other day but I laughed at him. Get it quick, all of it, then make your bluff and work fast," said Kent. Pringle was gone before the last words had died from Kent's lips. A half dozen employes stood at attention in answer to his call. The chief clerk was given orders and Kent was moving like a machine—talking to three at once. Telephone buzzers were whirling and as dreamy as Mamie was she could under tand that they were getting ready for a swift knife-cutting transaction. She shuddered and wished for Edward.

Not only did Kent enter Mamie's order on P. & O., taking her order on a commission, he was violating the broker's code of ethics—he was bucketing orders, buying and dealing in margins on his own account.

The air was full of buzzing whirs of telephones—the wolves were getting next to the deal. Kent's private telephone whirred and he grabbed it with a jump, evidently waiting for the call.

"Hello—yes, this is Kent—all right Pringle, go ahead—you have secured the stock from Hargis—you have placed Mamie's and our wad on margins—watch it close, Pringle and sell at the right time—what's that, I can't hear—you have started the wolves—yes, I can hear them—" Kent smiled, a smile that comes only to a man who has some time in his career has been ',stung" good and hard; and now the tables were being turned. He lifted the telephone and carried it toward Mamie, the green extension cord trailing sinuously, and held the receiver to her ear. She could hear the frantic cries of brokers shouting and bawling orders, of hysterical traders who saw a fortune in a few minutes if they could get in on it; cries of messengers and the incessant clicking of telegraph instruments. All of this came in wave sounds of deafening and soul-sickening awfulness. Mamie shuddered with tremulous fear and jerked the receiver from her ear as if it had been some horrible night-mare.

"Hear the wolves howl; fighting among themselves," said Kent replac-

ing the telephone on his desk. His voice had an exultant ring that Mamie had never heard before.

Kent ran out into the Board room. Immediately he was surrounded with questioning traders. It is remarkable, in broker's shops, even the most insignificant learn to read the psychology of the leaders, to grasp from a word, a look or a gesture the nexus of events. But Kent had bigger fish to fry. Waiving them aside he made a rush for his office, running the gauntlet of questions concerning the sudden appearance of P. & O. on the board, he entered and slammed the door.

Kent was making hay while the sun shone. He had big game to land; game that he was interested in personally. Picking up the astonished Mamie, as he would a mere baby, he placed her in his desk chair, dipped a pen in ink, placed it in her hand then pushed a blank check in front of her.

"Mamie, fill us out a check for three hunderd to cover your transaction in P. & O. then when you are through, you can watch P. & O. skyrocket," said Kent. When she had signed the check Kent pushed the wheeled chair across the office toward the window, as some hospital attendant wheels a patient into the operating room before a clinic. Kent drew the chair up to the glass-covered ticker and put the tape into Mamie's hand, that was coming from the spluttering saucy little ticker, and she looked into Kent's face with her eyes now as large as saucers with wonder .and fear. Kent laughed, threw his head back and laughed; the laugh that comes from the soles of the feet.

"Where is your husband? It's a good thing you have got a guardian. Let the tape slide through your hand, like this. See! P. & O. is beginning to appear; the first time in a thousand years," said Kent, and he laughed again as he thought of the wolves. He remembered a little incident that occurred a few years previous when the wolves had fleeced him. Yes, the fact still burned in his memory. This fact was what caused his laugh to ring with exultation at this time.

Kent answered telephones; darted in and out of the office, giving orders here and there as spry as a twelve-year-old boy, who has been promised a ticket to the circus next day providing he gets the cornpatch hoed. The whir on his telephone brought Kent back in a run.

"Hello—yes, this is Kent—Yes, we notice there is something doing in P. & O.—We understand the 'Old Man' could not meet the taxes and is foreclosed—Where is the president of the B. & W.?—we don't know but understand he is in New York." Kent hung up the receiver and smiled a grim almost diabolical smile.

Mamie looked at the tape as it came from the rasping impudent ticker. P. & O. was appearing every minute. She did not know the other diagnostic signs but she watched P. & O.; it begun to change so fast there seemed to be nothing else on the tape. From forty to fifty-five inside of ten minutes is a thing that will make strong men weep when they realize it is too late to get in on it. Another jump, while Mamie was watching the funny working type-wheel as it twisted around first one way and then another, sent it to seventy-two and one-half.

A loud commotion was going on in the Board room; a noise as if a hundred excited men were talking at once. Mamie could see, through the half open door, a view of the quotation board. The excited men were going wild over the new arrival on the board—P. & O. The telegraph operator was chalking the quotations on the board coming from the small aluminum sounder fastened on the wall. She could hear the swift clear-cut Morse flashing the market gossip to the trained operator and his hand flew over the board following its dictation. Now and then the crack of the cloth as the operator flapped it to rid it of chalk dust.

A sudden fear shot through Mamie. What if she would lose her money? That was all they had. She would ask Kent; he was coming in. The telephone buzzed.

"Hello—yes, this is Kent—Yes, Pringle, go ahead and sell—No, don't take any chances—let 'em lick it up at eighty-five—you say it's that now?

—let her go—," Kent banged the receiver on the hook and leaned back with a satisfied look. He fell to thinking of P.&O. It had been so long since this company's stock had figured in finance or had graced a place of honor on a bucket shop's board that the whole affair seemed a dream.

Mamie looked at the tape as it went to eighty-five. The little ticker seemed to give forth a few little gasps as if it was going to stop and Mamie looked sharply at it. The gasps were the dying heart beats of the day's transactions and while the weary wheel was making it's last flutter—it's swan song—the type made it's last imprint, on the tape, of P. & O., at 79 and stopped. She looked at the clock—it was 1:17; the Exchange was closed and P. & O. caught on the decline.

"Do you think there is any danger of losing my money?" came a timid voice over to the reminiscent Kent. He jumped to his feet.

"Lose your money." he almost yelled, "No, but I know a lot of hungry wolves who are going to get caught," then his voice softened as he saw the blue eyes widening with fear. "Do you know that Edward Boyd is the luckiest man on Earth?"

"Why," asked the tremulous Mamie.

"Because he married you," replied Kent almost grimly, lighting a black cigar.

The office door opened and Pringle entered with the look of a man flushed with success. He came over and shook hands with Kent as if they had not met for years, then he came to Mamie and took her hand in his and shook it. She looked on the whole affair in a hazy vague manner.

Pringle laid a check before Kent and he examined it with a look of deep satisfaction.

"I have it all in one check," remarked Pringle to Kent.

"Have the book-keeper draw up Mamie's account and draw a check in her favor. Say, you better make ours as a deposit so we can cover it. Just bring her a certified check for her balance," ordered the business-like Kent. Pringle hurried to the other room. The telegraph sounder had stopped and the operator was copying the summary of the board, in a book, before his day's work was over. The crowd had gone with the exception of a few who had been whipsawed and were still blinking their eyes over the bleak realities after their bubble had burst.

While Pringle was out Kent took up the telephone and a gleam came into his eyes. He called for the president's office of the B. & W.

"Hello—is Boyd there—Oh! this is Boyd—can you come down to my office for a few minutes, this is Kent—your wife is here—hello—hello—h-e-l-l-o," Kent put the receiver on the hook with a smile and turned to Mamie.

"I'll bet you a dollar he will be here in a second," said Kent.

In a few minutes Edward walked into Kent and Pringle's office; about the same time Pringle come in from the bank with a check.

Edard looked inquiringly from first Kent then to Mamie.

"Say, where have you been? I have been waiting over an hour in that rotten old office; waiting to get out to the game," said Edward looking at Mamie.

Mamie started to speak but the words would not come. A big lump blocked the words. She did not know what to say or how to say it. There was so much to tell; so many things had happened in such a short time. She could realize now what a cold-blooded broker was capable of doing. The thoughts of all the details turned her faint and the room was going around in a whirl. Now, that the crucial moment had arrived she could say nothing. She raised timidly from her chair and edged her way slowly to Edward, as a little girl makes her way to the platform to say her speech at some country school. She put her arms around Edward's neck and rested her chin on his shoulder. as if that answered his question. Then, Kent knew it was up to him to explain.

"Your wife has been doing a little trading with us to-day; investing three hundred dollars. We are glad to say that it has been handled successfully," said Kent toying with the cretified check. He slowly handed the check to Mamie and she put it in Edward's

hand without as much as giving it a glance.

Edward looked at the check and staggered. Kent smiled and then arose from his chair and laughed a long laugh, one that he had not experienced since he was a boy. He told about Mamie's dealings in P. & O. and of their own little deal in the same stock; of their making a large haul. Pringle described the scene at the Exchange; the terrible hurricane of excitement; of the closing of many commission brokers as a result; of the ruin of many of the "wolves." He had handled Mamie's three hundred with their own; using all the shrewdness and cunning for which he was noted, with all the art and guile connected with the brokerage business. As a result of his buying and selling, the unparalleled jump of this stock, he had changed the insignificant three hundred into some seventy thousand odd thousand. Edward stood and looked at the certified check in a dazed way; he was not accustomed to looking at such things. Little by little, from Kent and Pringle, he learned of Mamie giving them a tip and they knowing its value had caused a sudden jump in the stock by taking the P. & O. stock from "Old Man Hargis." The skyrocketing was caused by the "wolves" fighting among themselves.

"You are not mad at me or Mr. Kent are you?" asked the tearful Mamie.

"No, certainly not. The only thing that gets me is, Kent claims to be such a good friend of ours and then took such a long chance on your money," answered Edward.

It was Mamie's turn to be surprised. In a trembly voice she told about the phonograph cylinder, also how she happened to hear it. Edward looked first horror stricken, surprised, then amused and as she finished he burst out in a loud laugh. Mamie sobbed as if her heart would break; being laughed at was something she had never known Edward to do before.

"You don't know our president. Do you think for one minute he would leave such bona fide evidence lying around in that manner? That cylinder you heard is an old one. When the first 'indestructible' cylinder came out the 'boss' tried his voice on one of them to see how it would work. This cylinder is the one you heard and has been kicked all over the office for three months. I saw the porter lay it on the table this morning while he was cleaning up the office," said Edward tightening his arm around the slender waist of and laughing at the look of astonishment that stole over the two broker's faces.

"Well, I'll be hanged," was all Kent could say.

The tears were streaking down Mamie's cheek and her slender figure shook with emotion.

"We can give the money back to the poor men that lost it, can't we?" sobbed Mamie.

Kent jumped to his feet and took her by the arm rather roughly.

"Give the money back! Say, do you know what that pack of 'wolves' would do to you if they had a chance? They would strip the clothes from your body and let you freeze," exclaimed Kent viciously as he thought of his own dealings with them a few years ago.

"We missed the ball game," said Mamie her eyes beginning to sparkle again.

The Point Winner

AROUND the cheerful fire in the chapter room of the Delta house, were sprawled the members of the Barclay University chapter. Phil Wharton was stretched in a big Morris chair, "Baby" Burton was curled up in one corner of the window seat, his short legs doubled under him, the glow of the firelight on his round red cheeks and curly yellow hair, making him look the more cherubic. "Deacon" Jennings was barely visible over in the cozy corner, Jack Hastings was stretched full length on the floor, and Bob Wharton was playing solitaire at the table.

The front door opened and closed with a bang, then the portieres parted and a tall, broad-shouldered giant entered. He flung his cap at Burton, and jerked off his coat, displaying his big sweater adorned with a huge B.

"Hello, Damon," shouted Baby Burton, as he dodged the cap, "where's Pythias?"

"Over in the library," replied the newcomer, as he dropped into a Morris chair beside Wharton, and stretched his long legs toward the fire, "I ought to be there myself, but this night practise in the gym takes up my time."

"How's the five by now, Armi?" inquired the Deacon emerging turtle-like from a heap of sofa cushions.

"Oh they're going good enough, I guess," answered Armitage. "Young and Harris are good guards, Wainright is as good as ever at forward, and that fellow Seaton, from last year's freshman squad is a wonder. He'll beat out Lang yet, if they don't watch, or maybe he'll play center."

"Center!" yelled Burton, "why you old hypocrite, you know you're the best center in the Conference, Harry. Don't try to work that gag around here. Seaton center, Oh rats!"

"I'm not so sure that I can beat him, Baby," smiled Armitage, "but even if I can, I don't know yet if I'll be eligible.

"The deuce you say," solicitiously broke in Jack Hastings, who had captained the football team, "why, Harry, you were up all through the fall. What's the matter?"

"Why you see, its old Gregson. We had a mid-semester quiz in Economics the day the team left for the Springs before the Thanksgiving game. Naturally I wasn't there, and now he won't give me another. If he'd give me another quiz, I could pass it, but he may give me research, or he may not give me a chance at all. I don't care much, the team can get along all right without me, but there's Charles—he'd feel bad." And Armitage picked up a book, and stalked out.

"Yes, there's Charles," piped Burton, "that's the way with those fellows. Armi don't care a rap for his athletic honors. Just worships Rutledge's brains, and Rutledge takes his Phi Beta Kappa and his thesis prizes with bored resignation, and simply gets goggle-eyed watching Harry play football, basketball, or do track work or something."

"Yes," nodded the "Deacon," "and each one thinks the other is the greatest man ever."

"Well," grunted Burton, as he curled up again, "neither one is very far off there, Deke, that's one thing."

"Say Baby," inquired Wharton, "not changing the subject, you know, but is that Carlysle girl from your town coming down to the Christmas dance—the little blond one that Rutledge was so interested in?"

"Who, Lois?" replied Burton, "sure she's coming—going to stay at the Gamma house."

The curtains parted quietly and a dark, medium-sized fellow, with his arms loaded with books entered.

"Hello, Socrates," greeted the Deacon, "where have you been? Harry got in half an hour ago."

"Why, I've been reading a little for the preliminary debates," answered Rutledge, as he carefully deposited his books on the table, and sat down in the chair vacated by Armitage. "How is Harry's standing, did he say?"

"He's back under Gregson," answered Hastings. "The old duffer don't like athletes much anyhow."

"Maybe I could do something," mused Rutledge, "I majored in Economics. I think I shall see Harry." And he gathered up his books, and left the room.

A moment later he was in the room that he and Armitage had shared ever since they had entered Barclay University, and the Delta Tau Kappa fraternity three and a half years before. They had been chums from the start, these two. Utterly different in physical makeup, Armitage carrying 185 pounds upon his six feet three, while Rutledge weighed 140 for his five foot eight. Harry was an athlete born. He had made his letter in four sports, football, baseball, basket ball, and track. Rutledge was a student—not a grind, but a student. He had won thesis prizes, and debates for Barclay, while Armitage was making touchdowns and breaking track records, and this year he had been elected to the "first five" of Phi Beta Kappa.

"Hello, Charles," cried Armitage, as he entered, "how is your debate progressing?"

"Pretty well, I think," was the answer, "but the boys tell me that Gregson is holding you up. You'll have to get the work up pretty soon, Harry. The first game is one week from to-night, and the Christmas dance will be on your mind."

"I'll see about it to-morrow," promised Armitage. "By the way, speaking of the Christmas dance, is Lois Carlysle going to come down?"

"Yes," answered Rutledge, coloring, "the boys said something about it as I came in."

"Then I'm going to work like blazes," said Harry frankly, "if she's coming to see those games, I'm going to be on the team if I can get there. Charles, old fellow, that girl is a queen, and if I can make a hit with her by shooting a few baskets or so, why I'm going to do it."

Rutledge was looking at him with widening eyes and the color was slowly leaving his face. "I think I'll—I'm rather tired," he muttered, "I believe that I'll go to bed—or no, I think I'll walk." And he rose unsteadily and left the room.

Harry Armitage looked after him with solicitous eyes. "He's studying too hard," he said to himself, "I must see if I can't get him to the gym, and forget work for a while. Just when I wanted to study, too," he frowned, then quickly, "Henry C. Armitage, you cur, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're a friend you are. What difference does it make if you're never eligible. You get out and do something for your friend." He picked up one of his numerous outing hats, and was about to leave the room when the door opened and Phil Wharton entered.

"Say Harry, is Rutledge going to get you fixed up for the first game?"

"What do you think I am anyhow, Whart, a two-year-old?" demanded Armitage, "do you think I'm going to let Charles hurt his health working to get me on a team?"

"Hurt his health? Why he never looked so well in all his life. We were just saying that he and Lois Carlysle would make a fine looking pair at the Christmas—"

"Lois Carlysle?" gasped Harry. "What do you mean, Whart?"

"If you hadn't been away on the baseball trip, last spring you'd know," grinned Phil. "Your roomy is hit hard, Harry, hard. Didn't he ever tell you?"

"No," replied Harry, gruffly. "Well I'm going to bone some." And he sat down and opened a book. Wharton stood there for a moment, and then slammed the door.

Armitage sat gazing blankly at his book for a moment, when he flung it from him impatiently, and began to pace the floor. "Well," he growled at last, smiling whimsically, in spite of himself, "I guess I've got to choose be-

tween the wee whimpering love of a woman, and a friend of the college green. That's rotten poor parody, but it sizes it up." And it's not going to take me long to decide either. Charles, old man, sail ahead. You've got a clear path, so far as I am concerned. I stay ineligible." And with this resolve, he went to bed, and slept as only a tired athlete with a clear conscience can.

Next morning he deliberately cut Gregson's class in Economics and even took pains to saunter out to the golf links with a bag of clubs over his shoulder, passing Gregson on the way. He was coming back, blithely whistling, when he met Rutledge.

"Harry, where have you been?" said his friend. "I've had a talk with Gregson, and we could have arranged a quiz for you, if you hadn't cut this morning. As it was I got him to let you write a paper on 'Short-haul Rates.' You know we worked on that together, and I knew you could write that up easily."

Harry looked at his friend for a moment, and a strange light came into his eyes. "Sure," he said a little huskily, "I can write that up right away. I go and start it now. Good old Charles," he muttered as he strode toward his room, "working to get me fixed up, even tho' he thinks we're rivals. Well, we're not, old fellow. I'm going to write that paper, and if old Gregson gives me a pass on what I write, he'll be ready for a foolish house."

Two days later Charles found Harry in their room giving his paper its finishing touches, and imparted the information that the work had to be in the following morning.

"It's done," said Armitage briefly, and flinging the manuscript into his drawer, he left for the gym. When he was gone, Rutledge quietly opened the desk and took out the paper. "I must look it over for him." he said to himself, "It wouldn't do to have any little mistakes in this thing now." So he sat down and began to read. At first he raised his eyebrows a little at some erroneous statement, then a look of surprise crossed his face as another and another error was recorded. Here and there Harry had even allowed his irrepressible humor to bubble forth and puns upon various authorities livened up the text. After finishing the extraordinary document Charles sat as one dazed. "Why, the boy is crazy," he whispered, "I can't let this thing go." So it was that when Harry returned from practise, he found Charles hammering away on their typewriter, with manuscript all around him.

"Getting your debate up, already?" he queried.

"Yes," lied the other, flushing. And Harry did not suspect that it was four-thirty, when his weary roommate carefully forged his signature to the new thesis, placed it in his drawer, and crept to bed.

Next morning Armitage went gayly to class and handed in his master-piece, confident that his eligibility was now a thing not to be dreamed of. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that he received a note from Gregson that afternoon saying:

Dear Mr. Armitage:

I have read your dissertation upon "Short-haul Rates" with great interest, and am pleased to inform you that I have notified the Registrar that the incomplete which was unfortunately recorded against you has been removed.

I am going to give a course in Railway Economics during the next term, designed primarily for graduates, and I should be glad to have you enroll in the course.

Sincerely yours,
H. J. Gregson.

"Well, who's looney now?" gasped Harry as he read this epistle. "The old goat couldn't have read that bunch of nonsense that I handed him. Why, I closed with one of Wallace Irwin's verses. Well, this letter goes into the museum along with all the rest of my trophies."

The Delta crowd was jubilant over Armitage's reinstatement, Rutledge being particularly pleased over the letter from Gregson. Their jubilation was rudely broken in upon that night, however, when Armitage came in from the gym supported by Seaton and one of the "rubbers" and sank into the morris chair with a look of anguish on his face.

"What's the matter, Harry?" exclaimed Hastings, and he and the rest gathered around the athlete.

"It's my knee, Jack," gritted Armi-

tage, "the one I hurt in the Parnell game. I bumped into Barbour of the scrubs, and twisted it over again."

"Get him upstairs," ordered Hastings, who knew from his football experience what to do, "and get hot water."

The boys carried their stricken member up the stairs and for the next half hour kept hot applications on his knee. They would have been a surprised lot had they seen Harry hop out of bed after they were gone, and do a wild sort of highland fling about the room.

"There, Gregson," he gasped when his hilarity had subsided, I guess you can't remove my injured knee, by writing the registrar."

* * * * * *

Armitage wasn't dancing. One can't glide rythmically over the floor when one's knee is incapable of being bent in the least, without causing one the most agonizing pain. So Harry sat moodily in the seat in the corner of the stairs leading to the supper room, and watched the dancers. He was off the team for good now, and so the rule of retiring at ten which applied to the other players was not binding on him.

Presently he heard a couple stop at the balustrade above him. "Are you going to the basket ball games, Lois?" he heard Baby Burton's voice ask.

"Oh I suppose so," was the answer in a bored voice. "Really you must think that athletics are the only thing in the world. Mr. Rutledge has been talking of nothing but athletics all evening, and telling me what a misfortune it was to lose that big good-looking Harry Armitage from the team. Personally I think that a big healthy man could do something beside play football and basket ball. I don't think much of an athletic specialist."

The couple moved away, and Harry sat as if he were turned to stone. Then he smiled broadly, chuckled, and finally laughed so heartily that dancers passing him looked at him curiously. "Well," he grunted, "here I am laying down on my team and my school, in order to avoid making an impression on a susceptible girl—conceited ass that I am—only to find that I am taking exactly the wrong course. Well, I can notice that my knee is feeling easier already. I guess I'll turn in, so as not break training."

* * * * * *

So it was, that people who were expecting to see Seaton at center on the Barclay team, were surprised when big Harry Armitage trotted out onto the court with the team, and started throwing baskets in the warming up exercises.

"I thought you said he was hurt, Mr. Rutledge," said the girl at his side, in the balcony.

"He couldn't stand on that leg two nights ago," replied Charles. "Look, wasn't that a pretty throw he made then? Nearly the center of the field."

The whistle called the teams to line up. Wainwright and Seaton were at forwards for Barclay, with Harris and Young at guards. Harry took his place in the center ring. The ball was tossed, and the two centers leaped high. Armitage timed his jump to a nicety and as he reached his highest point, his arm shot out and the ball was tapped over to Wainright. Quick as a flash he had dodged past his center, run around Wainright, and received the ball again. He was free, but Seaton who dropped back at the toss up was closer, so he sacrificed a chance to score, and shot the ball to the waiting foreward. Before the goal could be scored, however the guard was upon Seaton, and the play was broken up. Back and forth flew the ball. The teams were evenly matched, and neither could work the ball down consistently by passing. Armitage was quick to see this and to adapt himself to the emergency. He was everywhere, leaping high into the air, he would pull down a pass, and running at top speed down the court, he would dribble the ball toward his goal, then waiting his opportunity, he would catch his forward open, and without slowing down, he would slip the ball to him. He was playing the "feeding" game.

Time after time he worked the ball down, only to have his forwards lose the chance to score. Now and then a foul would break the terrific speed of the game, but only for a moment. If the goal was made, it meant another jump in the center, where Harry's

great height and wonderful agility gave Barclay the advantage; if missed, it meant another period of racing, shooting, seething spectacular work on the part of all ten of the contestants.

The spectators sat with gaze intent. The movements of the ball were so swift that their eyes sometimes lost the sequence of the plays, yet one thing they could not help but see. The dodging, turning, twisting form of Harry Armitage was the central figure. Never at rest, always on the ball, talking to the rest of the team in a voice that did not tell of the terrible exertion that he was putting forth. Always loose to receive a pass from a covered team mate, and always able to get his pass off the proper man. The coldest spectator could not but feel a thrill at this spectacle.

But in spite of the game that Armitage was putting up, the Barclay men were not scoring. Slowly the score was being rolled up on the other side, until at the end of the first half, it stood 24 to 17.

The intermission was over, and the teams had come back keyed for the final struggle. The half started as had the other, Armitage tapping the ball to Wainright, and receiving it back from him, after running around. This time however, he did not wait for Seaton, but shot for the basket from where he stood. It was nearly from the center of the field, but the ball went true as a bullet for the goal, and two points of Barclay's handicap had been cut down. That one play typified the work of the Barclay team through the entire half. No longer did Armitage play the feeding game. Though he worked the ball down in the same old dashing way, now it was with the idea of scoring himself, and from all angles of the field came his long spectacular shots. His high pitched cry of "Shoot to me," could be heard at all times. Gradually that handicap disappeared. Twenty-four to nineteen, —twenty-four to twenty-one,—twenty-six to twenty-one—to twenty-six twenty-three,—so it went always with Barclay creeping closer and closer with the merciless certainty to the flowing tide. Finally the score board showed 36 to 35 with Barclay one point behind. The game was nearly over and the spectators were sitting tense with clenched hands and set lips, praying for one more goal. On the last jump at the center, Harry's opponent, having seen the ball go over his head so often during the game had refused to jump, and instead had leaped back suddenly and had caught the ball as Harry batted it from the air, thus breaking up the play.

Now the two were facing each other for what would doubtless be the last jump of the game. The ball went up, and again the crafty center leaped back to catch the ball. But Armitage had foreseen the play. He jumped high, and instead of batting the ball, he caught it in his hands, and dropped. A quick step to the right, a twist of his long body, a bounce of the ball, and a sudden straightening up with his arms shooting out to the goal. It was all too sudden to be clearly seen. All the crowd knew was that the ball sailed in a graceful curve, and swished through the netting of the basket without so much as touching the rim. The whistle of the time keeper blew and the game was over.

The Deltas were giving a house dance that night, and when Armitage returned to the chapter house after the game, he entered the hall just as Lois Carlysle was floating by in Bob Wharton's arms. She disengaged herself from Wharton, and rushed over to Harry and extended her hand warmly.

"You were wonderful," she breathed, "to win the game in your condition."

"It wasn't much," protested Armitage, still clasping her fingers, "that's all I can do."

"A man who can play as you played to-night, with a knee that would hardly bear his weight, can do anything,—win anything."

"Win anything?"

And the look in her great blue eyes was unwavering and hand clasp was firm, as she answered:

"Anything."

"Pretty work Armi," cried Hastings coming up at that moment, "You made more points than anybody to-night." And he didn't understand what Harry meant when he answered with glowing face:

"Yes, Jack, I made about a thousand times as many."

A New Kansas History

ON January 29, 1911, Kansas closed the first half century of Statehood. The events of the past fifty years are full of interest to the people of the State, and as no comprehensive history of the State has been published for almost thirty years, we note with pleasure that the Standard Publishing Company, of Chicago, has undertaken the preparation of a "Cyclopedia of Kansas History," with Prof. Frank W. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas, as editor-in-chief.

This is a new departure in State histories. Instead of being written in narrative style, for continuous reading, as is usually the case, the forthcoming work will be compiled as a cyclopedia, embracing several thousand topics, which, according to the prospectus, "will be arranged in alphabetic order, with copious cross-references for the convenience of the reader."

Among the topics treated will be Early Explorations, Military Posts, Indian Tribes and Treaties, the State Institutions, the Public School System, the various industries, such as Agricultural, Manufacturing, Banking, Railroads, etc., sketches of Counties, Cities and Principal Towns, the Administrations of the Governors, etc.

The story of our Territorial struggles has been told and retold, and, while the thrilling events of that period will receive due attention, it is the aim of the Cyclopedia to pay more attention to those of more recent years—matters equally as important to the people of the State as the oft reiterated story of the "Border War."

Works of this character have been published in several States, where they have met like approval of the serious student of history and the busy man of affairs. The proposed Kansas work has been indorsed by a large number of our leading citizens, and the fact that it is being compiled under the editorial supervision of Professor Blackmar, one of our own people, a man well acquainted with Kansas history, ought to be a guarantee that it will be both comprehensive and authentic. Representatives of the Standard Company report a large advance sale, and it is the expectation of the company to have the work ready for delivery to subscribers by the close of the present year.



To a Violet

June Edna Bellman

Little violet, bard of Spring,
In your eyes—
In your heart, you dainty thing,
Sunshine lies.
In your little, dewy cup
Drinking all the sunbeams up,
You have copied in some wise
Azure skies.

Through the tender morning air
Of the Spring
Darts a robin—here and there—
On the wing.
Hear his matin through the wood:
"Spring is sweet and God is good!"
So, if you could, would you sing
Fairy thing!

Some Prickly Pears

By Mack Cretcher

As a rule the more you say the less the people remember.

In these days it is the hand that cradles the "rocks" that rules the world.

What has become of the old-fashioned man that used to refer to it as "Apr–i–l–e?"

Some people snore so loudly in church that they wake up the entire congregation.

It is well to remember that it does not take a very strong man to pull a revolver.

Wisdom is merely a case of information on the brain. Do not be alarmed if you have it.

Train up a boy exactly in the way he should go and it will not be very long until he goes.

It isn't so much the amount of religion a man has that really counts. It's the amount of it he uses.

The best way to succeed is to learn to do some useful thing better than anybody else—and then do it.

Man is a comparatively tame animal. You can touch him anywhere except on the pocket-book and he will not flinch.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or drive a nail but she can pack more goods in an ordinary trunk than a man could get into a one-horse wagon.

The youth who says in his high school oration that "Beyond the Alps lies our Italy" will in time find that life is about nine part Alps to one of Italy.

If a town man has something he cannot get rid of any other way, he raffles it off. The man in the country accomplishes the same result by holding a public sale.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: If a man thinks he is happy it is usually true, but if he thinks he is wise he is usually a chump.

"I can't see why the Indians used to shoot people full of arrows," said the wife. "That's easy," answered the wise hubby, "in those days the Indian didn't have any guns."

Here and There

THE GATES OF JANUS The Peace movement, the dream of disarmament, the hope of universal peace, has been much in the public mind of late. The hoped for arbitration treaty between England and this country, a treaty that aims to submit to arbitration every cause of difference, including that concern "national honor," the gift by Andrew Carnegie of ten million dollars to the cause of peace and the great meeting in Baltimore the other day, are all very hopeful.

And yet at the very time that universal peace was being proclaimed by the enthusiasts who met at Baltimore, the gates of the Temple of Janus, proclaiming war, were wide open.

Mexico is in the throes of a revolution. So is China. China and Russia have just narrowly escaped armed collision. India is seething with unrest. Germany refuses to disarm or reduce her armament.

There is war in Morrocco, with armed intervention by France and all the possibilities of European complications. Egypt is plotting to get rid of the British and so it goes.

Personally I am very pessimistic about this hope of Peace. I think that as long as man lives he will fight. It is born in him and does not seem to be very far in the process of extinguishment. Theoretically at least the Anglo Saxon has had a government of Law for several hundred years. Theoretically for many hundreds of years, there has been redress for every wrong in the Courts. The law protects every man, and gives him a remedy for his grievance. And yet men continue to beat and maim and kill each other in the endeavor to right their wrongs without waiting for the courts.

The other day in Stanton County one farmer killed another for trepass on his pasture. Nearly every term of Court in every county in Kansas, one of the most law abiding communities in the world has a murder or homicide case. and nine-tenths of them grow out of this attempt to right wrongs by war. Not by going to Court, by but taking the world-old method of arbitration by arms.

Nations are only aggregations of individuals, and so long as the individuals have the fighting spirit, and redress their own private wrongs with private war, just so long will the nations redress their wrongs, real or fancied, with public war.

¶

A REMEDY There is one way to secure peace, and that is to cut off the sinews of war. In the old days when every man owned his own weapons, bow and arrow, spear or club, war was a mere matter of subsistence. But nowadays, no war is possible without enormous sums of money at the command of the combatants. The ordinary waste of war is enormous but with modern weapons, the expense of war has so greatly increased, that no nation except the wealthiest, those whose credit is of the best long endure it.

In June, 1906, I was in Yokohama, Japan. The war scare between this country and Japan was at its height. But I wrote from there then that war with Japan was impossible because Japan was too poor. Later in Blue Waters and Green I analyzed the resources of Japan and showed conclusively that she could not finance another war for years to come. I think I was the first foreign writer to discern this. The years have justified my prediction and while Japan has assiduously kept up her bluff, it is thoroughly understood now by all well informed people that there is not the slightest danger of war with Japan.

She is just able to finance her public affairs on a peace footing. She could not finance a great war for a single month. The very jingoes who are trying to scare Congress into buying more war ships know this well.

Japan's poverty is the best possible security for peace.

Not even France, England or this country, wealthy as they are, could finance a war without selling bonds, without running to the bankers of the world.

If then the bankers of the world, the men who control the money, who buy the bonds and finance wars, were to decide that war is too wasteful and should stop the supplies, war would cease. It is well known that the Rothschilds have nipped more than one war in the bud by refusing to furnish money.

International money power is the real power of the world, more powerful than governments and when international money decides that there shall be no more war—that is, war between civilized peoples—war will cease.

No matter how great the cause of irritation or how exasperated the people of the respective belligerent, neither can engage in a war till the bankers agree to furnish the money.

Here is the real hope of Peace. When peace becomes more profitable to the bankers than war, war will stop.

¶

A STATESMAN Here are some brave words from Congressman Madison of the Seventh District:

"I think there will be more advocates of reciprocity when the agreement goes into practical operation and the farmers learn that they have not been hurt but that the country generally has been helped. I appreciate the fact that just now my vote is very unpopular in my district, but I have never been in the habit of taking into consideration the question of a vote being popular or unpopular if I thought it was right. Just so long as we look at tariff questions through local glasses, just that long, will the tariff be a source of extortion and disgrace. If we are going to have a real revision of the tariff and elimanate the evils of it, we have all of us got to take high ground and view the question as one of broad national aspect rather than the way in which it affects our own immediate community."

This is noteworthy and stamps Ed Madison as a statesman and not a mere time-serving politician. He realizes fully that Canadian Reciprocity is just now unpopular with his constituents but he knows it is right in the long run, that it is the opening wedge for a wiser, fairer tariff that will help every one and hurt no one and so he is for it. His attitude is a refreshing contrast from the attitude of Bristow, who is against the tariff on New England products but for a tariff on Kansas products.

How can any man consistently and honestly be for a lower tariff if he is not willing to give as well as take? In the changes some one must suffer for awhile, but, as Mr. Madison points out, we will never have a decent tariff so long as it is regarded from the local standpoint, from the petty Bristow point of view.

¶

THIS NUMBER We feel a pardonable pride in this number of the Kansas Magazine because it is purely a Kansas product. Every line of it is written by Kansas authors. Every name on the list is that of Kansans, and it is all good stuff, just as good as anybody's magazine or Everybody's. I believed at the start that there was enough literary material and enough literary talent to make a Magazine right here at home and we are doing it.

Read this stuff and then compare it in literary excellence, and especially in interest to you with any other fifteen-cent magazine and if you are dissatisfied with the comparison you can have your money back.



In After Years

Mary B. Yates

Whence comes this Shape which haunts my path? Its glance allures, but yet repels.
It seems familiar, yet unknown; like strains forgot, or Dreamland spells.
Its drap'ries float like foamy mist, but hold within a lurid glow.
Avaunt ye! Shape, I like ye not; why should ye haunt and mock me so?
Ye mind me, vaguely, of those years of foolish youth, o'er fancy tired.
The vision smiled: "I am the phantom of the joys thy youth desired."

Whence come ye, lovely bloom, that swings a golden censer at my door?
I know ye not, and yet I feel that I have met thee oft before.
Abide ye, alway, for ye bring a tender sadness, strangely sweet;
More sweet than mirth. For years I followed Joy with eager feet,
And found but Grief. The Vision smiled, and said: "Thou shalt be joyous yet;
I am the fragrant flow'r that springs from disappointment, bravely met."

Book Reviews

THE Magazine acknowledges receipt of the Scout Bulletin published in the interests of the Boy Scouts by the Denver Local Committee of the organization. Of all the "new movements" we should say that the Boy Scouts is about the likeliest to endure, because it utilizes the Boy Spirit which is eternal. The longing in every real boy's heart to be a scout, to hunt Indians, to camp out, to rough it, is the basic factor of the organization. Utilizing this universal longing among all boys the Scouts put it to use, by teaching them wood craft, how to take care of themselves in field or forest, how to follow a trail, build a fire in the open, cook, observe natural objects and topography, to find their way about the open country. This is the first training of a soldier.

But above and beyond this the Scouts are taught discipline, obedience, kindness to animals, truthfulness and devotion to whatever duty is assigned. They are taught first aid to the injured, and that it is their duty to help in any public calamity, such as fires, train wrecks and the like and how to do it. Some recent notable examples in England have shown the value of the training. They are promoted as fast as they can stand certain quite simple but very rigid examinations and eventually graduate when they mature, still keeping their connection with the Scouts.

To us it seems about the worthiest movement of all. If the time ever comes when we need volunteer soldiers, every boy scout has the foundation already laid and knows more of fundamentals of soldiering than most grown militia men. But it teaches many other good things besides. To those interested in the new organization the Bulletin will be of great value. Price $1.00 per year. Address Foster Bldg. Denver Col.

Playing Happy and Other Poems, by George Francis Crary, published by the Hutchinson Book and Art Co., is a modest volume, in size. Our readers will remember a striking poem by the same author in the December number of the Magazine. Mr. Crary has improved in form, and some of his later poems have great merit. For the ordinary reader they carry too much sorrow, too distinctly the note of bereavement. To appreciate them one must have "loved and lost." The poems "Song" and the "Lost Mate" are the most characteristic and noteworthy.



Timothy Flint, by John Ervin Kirkpatrick. The Arthur H. Clark Co. Cleveland, O. How many of our readers know this man, and yet almost forgotten now, he once played a great part in the upbuilding of the West, and had a great name west of the Alleghenies. Minister, pioneer, publisher, and novelist, he played many parts and all of them well. Born at Salem, Mass. in 1780 he was one of the first Congregational ministers who ever crossed the Mountains, and had missionary charges in Ohio, St. Louis and later in Louisiana, later he established a publishing house in Cincinnati and wrote the "Geography and History of the Mississippi Valley," the first authoritative work on that great region, and a number of romances and sketches.

His life compiled by Prof. Kirkpatrick is an attractive book of 300 pages giving a vivid account of his earlier wanderings as a missionary preacher, and pioneer in the western wilderness.



Three Weeks in the British Isles, by J. U. Higginbotham. Mr. Higginbotham, is a business man, Treasurer,

we believe of the National Biscuit Company, who has adventured in the field of authorship before with other "Three Weeks" in Europe. This volume covers, as its name implies, England, Scotland and Ireland. Naturally in three weeks, one cannot see much of these Islands, but we doubt if any one has ever in the same time seen more, or told it better. If you are going over there you will enjoy it and it will be valuable to you and if you are not going over you will enjoy it anyway.

The author has a delightful sense of humor, sees the funny side of things, the human side, and odd things that escape the ordinary traveller. The persistent rainy weather that he found compels him to remark that George the Fifth is certainly the reigning king, and his family name quite appropriately Wettin. The illustrations are unusually fine and the whole book contains much more interest, much more real good stuff than many more ambitious volumes by professional writers.

To any one who has a mind to try the trip, the book will be profoundly interesting. In a witty preface, he tells us that three weeks is too short a time to see these countries in but if that is all the time you can spare, that with wide open eyes, eyes that see like his you will say with him better three weeks than no trip at all, and he proves it.

Three Weeks in the British Isles. Reilly Britton Co. Chicago.

ø ø

The Trip to the West Indies. By E. W. Howe. I rather thought I knew Ed Howe and his style. I read with profound interest his trip around the world. But here somehow is a new Ed. Howe, a riper, sweeter, kindlier Ed. Howe. There is the same keen observance of everything that passes from a strange flower or fruit to the Ships Drunkard and His Wife. All described with meticulous accuracy, that is more like the achievement of a first class camera. In fact Ed. Howe is really a travelling kodak, perhaps kinetoscope would be better. He sees everything, tells everything with an engaging frankness that must sometimes be embarrassing to his fellow travellers and leaves nothing out. If one could find a criticism of Ed. Howe's travel stuff, it is that he does not discriminate. and if he were not the literary artist that he is some of it would be tiresome, but even his insomnia is interesting when he describes it.

Also it may be said that in every way it is a distinct improvement on the trip around the world. In fact it is one of the most delightful travel books I have ever read. It makes you want to start right off and take the same trip and when all is said I think that is the test of a travelogue. I don't like that word but use it because every one else does. The book is beautifully illustrated and finely printed.

The Trip to the West Indies. Crane & Co., Topeka.

ø ø

I am told that Ed. Howe has gotten out two numbers of his Magazine but in as much as he has been too stingy to send me a copy I don't intend to advertise it. I know it's good stuff though for I cribbed a copy and read it, all of it, every word of it. Its the best stuff he has ever done and that is going some. I wish I had the courage to say what I really think just as Ed. Howe does, but I dassent, that's all there is to it. If there was not so much Ed. Howe in this number I would say something about his other book, the compilation of his daily notes from the Globe, but that will have to wait, When a literary gent gets out books oftener than once a month we can't keep up with him.

F. D. S.

Twice Told Tales

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

"THE PERFECT MAN"

There is a man who never drinks,
Nor smokes, nor chews, nor swears,
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's paralyzed.
There is a man who never does
Anything that is not right.
His wife can tell just where he is
At morning, noon and night—
He's dead.

A GENEROUS GIFT

"You may say what you like against young ministers, but I have nothing but praise for our young pastor," the pompous Mr. Brown remarked, as he passed out of the church. "Nothing but praise!"

"So I observed," dryly retorted the deacon who had passed the plate.—*Harper's.*

A WINGED TRIBE

"My ancestors came over in the *Mayflower.*"

"That's nothing; my father descended from an areoplane."—*Life.*

"Now, in order to subtract," the teacher explained, "things have always to be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs."

"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"

CAUGHT

"John, dear," said the wife sweetly, "do you know what day this is?"

"Of course," said John, "pretending to remember all the time, "it's the anniversary of our wedding day."

"No such thing," frigidly answered his wife, "it's the day you promised to help run the washing machine."

MISTAKEN

A Larned woman was explaining to a visitor from the East that she had taken care of him when he was a baby and that she placed the regulation "baby square" on him many times. The Larned man who was hard of hearing supposed she meant the old homestead and responded, "Yes, but you wouldn't know the old place now."

THE EMPHATIC YOUNG LADY

At the Georgia state insane asylum, the harmlessly demented inmates are sometimes permitted to participate in dances and afternoon receptions arranged for their amusement. On one occasion a member of the Georgia legislature was present at a lawn party at which were gathered many of these mild-mannered unfortunates. He saw one particularly pretty and attractive-looking girl seated on one of the benches under the trees, and he engaged her in conversation.

"Surely," he said sympathetically, "you are not an inmate of this place?"

"Yes," she assured him; "I am."

"But you don't look a bit insane."

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," she explained. "I was put here because I can't keep from cussing. You see that man with the mop over there?"

The lawmaker nodded.

"Well, I formed the habit of writing cuss words on the walks. He goes around to wash them off. I'm two damns and a hell ahead of the mop now."

The visitor moved on.—*The Popular Magazine.*

AN HONEST MILKMAN

Mrs. Blank—"Mrs. Brown says there is always lots of cream on her milk bottles, why is there never any on ours?"

Kansas Milkman—"I'm too honest, lady. I fills my bottles so full there ain't no room left for the cream."

SURE

At a recent examination of the State Undertaking Board, among the many questions asked of the applicants was the following one:

"What do you consider as an infallible sign of death?"

"Crepe on the door." answered one.

FOOT BALL GAME

"Eat 'em up! Tear 'em up! Chew 'em up!" yells the coach.

"Raw, raw, raw!" yell the boys on the bleachers.

"Mercy me!" remarked the lady missionary from India, "Is this a cannibal country, too?"

MUST HAVE THEM

A store keeper in Kansas thus advertises: "I want eggs and I want them bad."

NO USE FOR THEM

A woman in Newton recently gave a "white elephant party" to which each of her twenty guests was required to bring "something for which she had no use, but couldn't well dispense with." Thirteen of the twenty brought their husbands.

DELICATELY EXPRESSED

Eliza Jane met her mistress just before Christmas with the ominous announcement:

"Missus, I'se gotter leave yer."

"Why, 'Liza, what's the matter? Aren't you satisfied with your place?"

"Yessum, I'se satisfied a' right. 'Taint dat, mum."

"Well, is it that you want more wages?"

"Naw'm, 'tain't dat, neither."

"Are you sick?"

"Naw'm, I ain't sick, but I'll tell you a fac'. You ricollec' you let me git off to a funeral 'bout a mont' back? Well'm, Chris'mis mornin' I'se gwine to marry de corpse's husban'."

"Where am I?" the invalid exclaimeed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hands had supplied —"Where am I—in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his wife; "I am still with you."—*Toledo Blade.*

The services in the chapel of a certain Western university are from time to time conducted by eminent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities.

On one occasion, when one of these visiting divines asked the president of the university how long he should speak, that witty officer replied:

"There is no limit, doctor, upon the time you may preach; but I may tell you that there is a tradition here that the most souls are saved during the first twenty-five minutes."—*Lippincott's.*

WILLING TO TRY

At a Christmas dinner for the newsboys out in Denver one of the sturdy lads was urged to take a third piece of pie. He thought a moment, then nodded and said:

"I guess I can manage it if I stand up."

ALL HOGS

"Prisoner at the bar," said a Great Bend Justice of the Peace, "you are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offense in this country. There has been a great deal of hog stealing, and I must make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

FASHION NOTE

"It says here that men are goin' ter wear clothes ter match th' hair, this winter."

"That's goin to make it kinder cold fur th' bald-headed fellers, ain't it?"

DIPLOMACY

"You mustn't play with Mr. R's hat, Tommy," said a Kansas young lady who was entertaining a caller, to her small brother.

"Why, mustn't I?" asked the small boy.

"Because you might damage it," replied his sister, "and besides he will want it shortly."

HER REASONS

Isabella—"If you insist upon knowing, I have two reasons for refusing you."

Suitor—"Well, what are they?"

Isabella—"Yourself and another man."

"The Hague has done much toward promoting peace in the world."

"Yes," replied Miss Cheyenne, "and so has Reno."—*The Washington Star.*

Send Your Voice

Why worry over the troubles of travel? If you have a Business Engagement depend on the

Bell Long Distance Lines

and transact all your affairs without leaving your office. "The Voice Railway" is what the Bell System is. No danger, no worry, no hard trips. Get into the habit of telephoning and save time and money but, when you telephone

Use the Bell

By the way, have you a Bell Telphone?

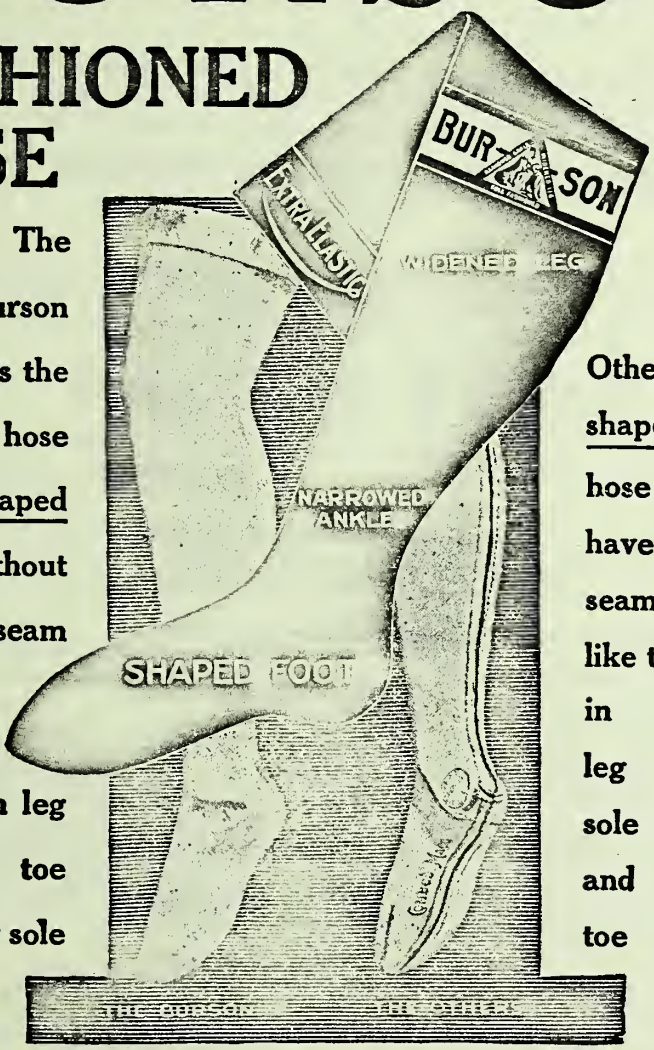
The Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company



BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also. Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita

APPENDICITIS THE FEAR OF OUR DAYS CURED

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Gall Stones, Nervous Troubles, Asthma. Female Diseases, Eczema, Rheumatism, etc., in short, all kinds of diseases of mankind are successfully treated

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

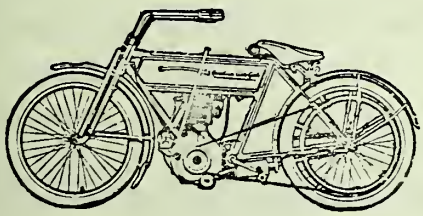
Do not suffer or let any in your family suffer. Should the best medical physicians have tried in vain to cure you, or you are afraid, have hope and apply the wonderful Psychic Methods of healing successfully practiced by

PROF. K. FEIGE

Consultation Free. Write for Information. Call Phone 4021

Office, 409-11 Security Building **OKLAHOMA CITY**

EXCELSIOR

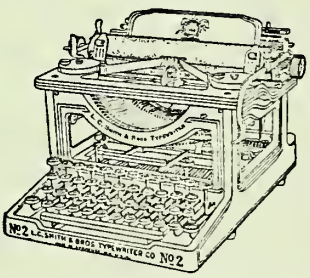


AUTOCYCLES and SUPPLIES

CENTRAL CYCLE & SUPPLY CO.

135 N. Market St. Wichita, Kansas

After Severest Tests
Unanimously Adopted



L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER

The DuPont Powder Company's jury of five mechanical engineers, who tested all leading typewriters, decided unanimously in favor of the L. C. Smith Bros. The DuPonts immediately standardized with this machine, buying five hundred and twenty-one on a single order.

You can benefit by the decision of these experts.

Send for our "DuPont" Booklet.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Purealla

An Odorless Disinfectant and Hygienic Cleaner

The Modern Purifier

Without an equal as a Destroyer of Disagreeable Odors and Marvelous in its Action as a Disinfectant and General Cleanser.

Acts instantly and is Odorless. Does not kill one bad odor with another. Puts Disinfection in reach of ALL

FAIRMOUNT COLLEGE
Henry E. Thayer, Pres.

Wichita, Kan., Aug. 11, 1910.

Mr. E. H. Ellsworth, Pratt, Kans.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to report that I have analyzed sample of Purealla submitted to me by you, and find it composed of such ingredients as will make it a valuable germicide and deodorizer.

S. E. SWARTZ. City Chemist.

E. H. ELLSWORTH, State Distributer
Pratt, Kansas



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1911 model "Ranger" Bicycle. *Write for special offer.* We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, prepay freight* and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. **FACTORY PRICES** on bicycles, tires and sundries. *Do not buy* until you receive our catalogs and learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous special offer.* **Tires**, coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Department C229 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

MORE MONEY

~DOUBLE YOUR SALARY~

WE teach BOOK-KEEPING in four lessons. Use your spare moments to fit yourself to hold any position. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Bank references. Over 20 years experience Mathematical Short Cuts Free, with course for $5.00. Write us. **Business Methods Co.. 40 Buhl Block, Detroit, Mich.**

A Remedy For

Brights Disease, Diabetes and Kindred Diseases of the Kidneys, all forms of Stomach and Bowel Trouble, Catarrh, Sick and Nervous Headache, Chronic Sore Throat, Piles, Gout, Female Complaint, Scrofula, Eczema, and Rheumatism use

Wapello Water

An unfailing destroyer of Typhoid and Malaria Germs

The Red Mineral Springs Water Co.
Eddyville, Iowa
110 S. Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

Chanute Nurseries

Cherry Trees in all Varieties at Bargain Prices

2-year-old trees 5 to 7 ft. each	25c
Or 100 for	$22.50
2-year-old trees 4 to 5 ft. each	20c
Or 100 for	$17.50
1-year-old trees 2 to 3 ft. each	10c
Or 100 for	$7.50

Apple and Peach

Trees 2 to 3 ft. 10c each, or 100 for..... $6.00
Trees 3 to 4 ft. 15c each, or 100 for .. $10.00

Also have a good line of nice Ornamental stock. Remember we pay freight on all orders of $10.00 or more. Write to-day for our big Illustrated Catalogue.

James Truitt & Sons
Chanute, Kansas

SICK PEOPLE
LOPEZ

Cures all forms of Blood Poison, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Liver and Stomach Trouble.
For a run-down system you will find nothing better.
For free booklet call or write,
LOPEZ REMEDY COMPANY, 311 E. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas



Established 1884

Edward Vail & Co.
110-112 North Main St.
Wichita, Kansas

Leading Jewelers
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
Silverware, Cut Glass

References: All Wichita Banks



CHILE
The great Mexican dish, easily made with Dye's Chile Mixture. The modern Chile maker. 10 and 25c at your grocer. If he has sold out send 10c for a can and booklet of Mexican Recipes.

W. A. DYE
Mexican Chile Supplies
107-109 South Rock Island Av. Wichita, Kans

The Western Iron and Foundry Co.

Iron and Steel for Buildings and Structures

GENERAL FOUNDRY, MACHINE AND BOILER WORK

2nd and Santa Fe Sts. Wichita, Kansas

BE A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR
This school is equipped by the U. P. R. R. Earn from $40 to $200 per month. Salary received while learning. Position guaranteed.
Kansas Wesleyan Business College
Salina, Kansas

Hotel Imperial

Broadway at 31st and 32nd Sts., New York City
Absolutely Fireproof

Only One Block From The New Pennsylvania Station

Just across the street from the 33rd Street Station of the Elevated and the 32nd Street Terminal of the Hudson Tubes. This latter system connecting with the following Trans-Atlantic steamship lines and railroads within twenty minutes:

RAILROADS	STEAMSHIP LINES
Erie	Hamburg-American
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	North German Lloyd
Lehigh Valley	Holland-American

At the center of the new shopping district, within easy distance of all theatres, the Metropolitan opera house, and other places of amusement.

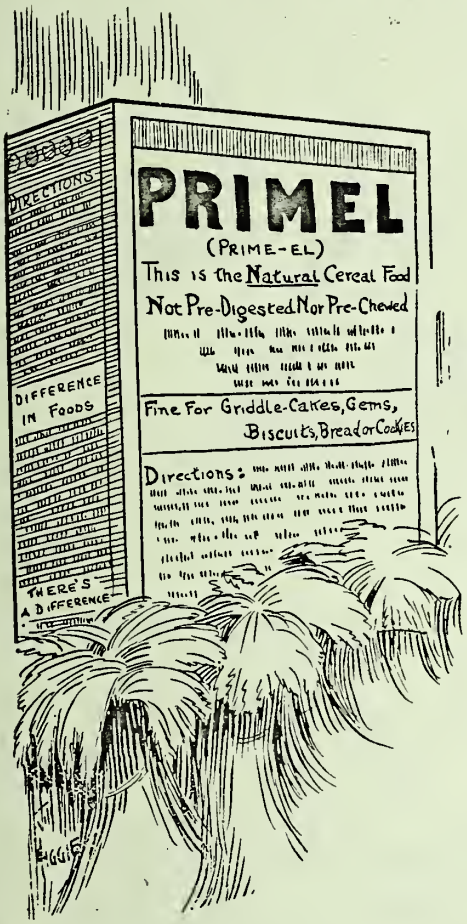
Theatre and opera seats may be secured in advance through the ticket office in the hotel lobby by applying to us

800 Rooms, 600 of which have private baths
Rates $2.00 per day and upward

Booklet of hotel, complete schedule of tariff and map of the city forwarded free of charge on application to

COPELAND TOWNSEND, Manager

You will Feed Your Family PRIMEL Every Day



---When you know how Pure, Helpful and Nourishing it is

It has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain, for Kansas people and others.

Many cereal foods are made from hulls, useless as a food, without nourishment or flavor and expense. Primel being made of the whole grain, retains all the life and strength-giving qualities which the human body must have to make up for the daily wear and waste in grown-ups and to fill out the growing boys and girls.

There is more muscle and brain in an ounce of Primel than any other cereal, therefore, it is the cheapest.

Sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent packages at your grocer. If he will not supply you, we sell direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

New Grand Manufacturing Co.

Ft. Scott, Kansas

There is an 8-ounce SAMPLE PACKAGE waiting for You

Enough for a good taste all around, ("five dishes.") That is the best way for you to judge Primel, then you will know its goodness, its pleasing and appetizing taste and its wholesomeness. Send 10 cents, which is to cover the postage only, your name and address on the coupon and your grocer's name.

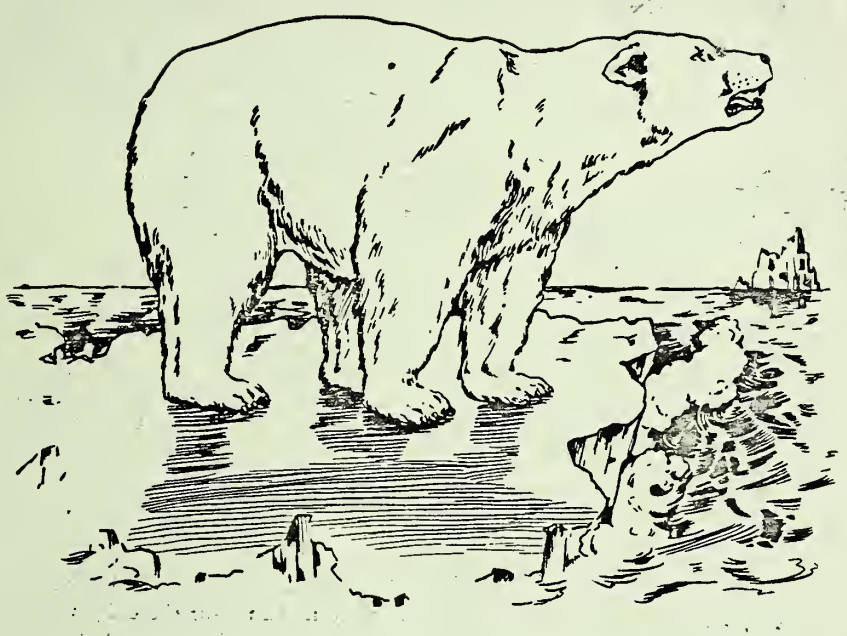
COUPON

For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me the trial package of Primel, "enough for five dishes."

Name.....

Address.....

Grocer's Name.....



POLAR BEAR FLOUR

IS KING

The New Era Milling Company

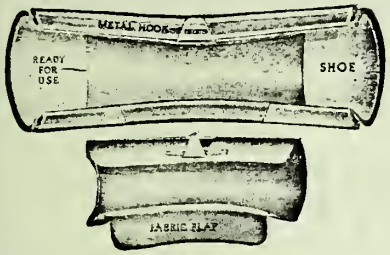
ARKANSAS CITY KANSAS

KANSAS MAGAZINE



5-6

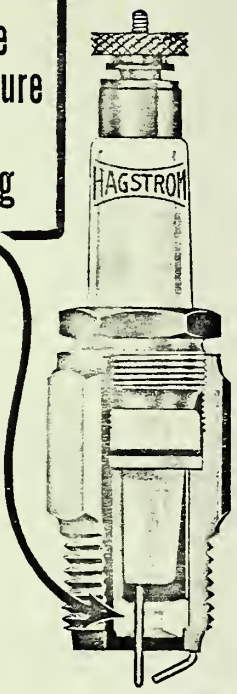
AUGUST — 15¢



THAT'S why some of the highest grade automobile manufacturers are adopting the Hagstrom Blowout Patch for their emergency tire equipment of their 1911 cars.

EXTRA tires are no longer a necessity. The up-to-date motorist knows he can place as much confidence in a pair of **Hagstrom** patches as in a new tire, to get home in case he should happen to have a blowout or a puncture. The merits of the Hagstrom Blowout Patch is known the world over.

This Non-Conductive Porcelain Guard Feature Alone Worth the Price of the Plug



Here is the new Spark Plug that every Motorist will eventually use.

Hagstrom Plug has the unique feature of an internal cavity, which is practically closed at the bottom by the porcelain disc held in position by a metal sleeve. An additional feature found in no other plug with internal cavity is that the spark from the electrode points reach the fresh gas in the cylinder assuring maximum power from each explosion. Made in all sizes. List price $1.50 each. Quantity prices furnished on request.

Manufactured by

EXECUTIVE OFFICE AND WORKS, LINDSBORG, KANSAS

SMOKY VALLEY
ROLLER MILLS
Water Power
GOLDEN PATENT
FLOUR
ESTATE OF
THEO TEICHGRAEBER
LINDSBORG, KANSAS.

48 lbs GOLDEN PATENT FLOUR

Reputation and Safety

When buying flour the wise baker will choose a flour with an earned reputation—one that has stood the test of the most critical bakers

The "Has-made-good" flour is better than "Just-as-good" flour

a sack and be convinced

Smoky Valley Roller Mills
LINDSBORG, KANSAS

WHY NOT

Spend the Winter in

Florida and Cuba

and avoid the rigors of the Northern Climate?

It is a short and comfortable trip over the

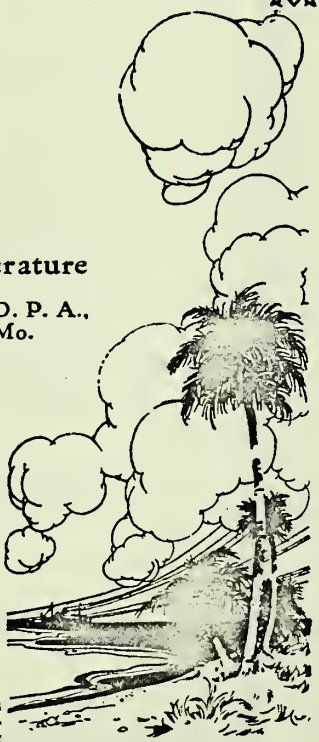
FRISCO LINES

and not expensive

Let us furnish you rates and descriptive literature

F. E. CLARK, D. P. A.
Wichita, Kansas

J. C. LOVRIEN, D. P. A.,
Kansas City, Mo.



Publisher's Announcement

With the September number we shall begin a series of articles dealing with railroad life, from the human standpoint.

The story will begin with the right-of-way, railroad building, the old and new ideas. Other articles will deal with the life of the engineer, the conductor, the switchman, the train dispatcher, the agent, the traffic man, There will be no "brass collars" in the stories. It will be the daily life of the men who run the railroad, their hardships, perils, duties, and responsibilities.

The series now in preparation, will be the work of several hands under the general direction of the Editor.

It is the first time that a comprehensive picture of railroad life in all its phases has ever been attempted and we feel sure you will find it interesting. Of all industrial employments, none are as full of excitement and danger, none entail such responsibilities, none are so closely connected with the needs of modern society.

We all use the railroads, we are all interested in everything about a railroad. From the village boy who goes every day to "see the train come in," to the big man of affairs, whose business depends upon railroad service, every one finds in the operation of railways, a profound and striving interest. We intend to tell you all about it, how it is done and the kind of men who do it.

The articles will run through twelve numbers, beginning with the September issue, and will be profusely illustrated.

Purealla

An Odorless Disinfectant and Hygienic Cleaner

The Modern Purifier

Without an equal as a Destroyer of Disagreeable Odors and Marvelous in its Action as a Disinfectant and General Cleanser.

Acts instantly and is Odorless. Does not kill one bad odor with another. Puts Disinfection in reach of ALL

FAIRMOUNT COLLEGE
Henry E. Thayer, Pres.

Wichita, Kan., Aug. 11, 1910.

Mr. E. H. Ellsworth, Pratt, Kans.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to report that I have analyzed sample of Purealla submitted to me by you, and find it composed of such ingredients as will make it a valuable germicide and deodorizer.

S. E. SWARTZ. City Chemist.

E. H. ELLSWORTH, State Distributer
Pratt, Kansas



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1911 model "Ranger" Bicycle. *Write for special offer.* We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, prepay freight* and allow **10 DAYS FREE TRIAL** on every bicycle. **FACTORY PRICES** on bicycles, tires and sundries. *Do not buy* until you receive our catalogs and learn our *unheard of prices* and *marvelous special offer*. **Tires**, coaster-brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half prices*.

MEAD CYCLE CO. **Department** C229 **CHICAGO, ILL.**

MORE MONEY

~DOUBLE YOUR SALARY~

WE teach BOOK-KEEPING in four lessons. Use your spare moments to fit yourself to hold any position. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Bank references. Over 20 years experience Mathematical Short Cuts Free, with course for $5.00. Write us.
Business Methods Co., 40 Buhl Block, Detroit, Mich.

The Kansas Magazine endeavors to admit only the advertisements of reliable concerns. Readers will confer a favor by notifying the publishers when evidence to the contrary is available.

Chanute Nurseries

Cherry Trees in all Varieties at Bargain Prices

2-year-old trees 5 to 7 ft. each	25c
Or 100 for	$22.50
2-year-old trees 4 to 5 ft. each	20c
Or 100 for	$17.50
1-year-old trees 2 to 3 ft. each	10c
Or 100 for	$7.50

Apple and Peach

Trees 2 to 3 ft. 10c each, or 100 for	$6.00
Trees 3 to 4 ft. 15c each, or 100 for	$10.00

Also have a good line of nice Ornamental stock. Remember we pay freight on all orders of $10.00 or more. Write to-day for our big Illustrated Catalogue.

James Truitt & Sons
Chanute, Kansas

APPENDICITIS THE FEAR OF OUR DAYS CURED

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Gall Stones, Nervous Troubles, Asthma, Female Diseases, Eczema, Rheumatism, etc., in short, all kinds of diseases of mankind are successfully treated

WITHOUT KNIFE OR DRUGS

Do not suffer or let any in your family suffer. Should the best medical physicians have tried in vain to cure you, or you are afraid, have hope and apply the wonderful Psychic Methods of healing successfully practiced by

PROF. K. FEIGE

Consultation Free. Write for Information. Call Phone 4021

Office, 409-11 Security Building **OKLAHOMA CITY**

EXCELSIOR

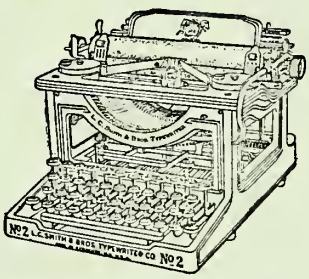
AUTOCYCLES and SUPPLIES

CENTRAL CYCLE & SUPPLY CO.

135 N. Market St. Wichita, Kansas

After Severest Tests

Unanimously Adopted



L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER

The DuPont Powder Company's jury of five mechanical engineers, who tested all leading typewriters, decided unanimously in favor of the L. C. Smith Bros. The DuPonts immediately standardized with this machine, buying five hundred and twenty-one on a single order.

You can benefit by the decision of these experts.

Send for our "DuPont" Booklet.

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER COMPANY

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Send Your Voice

Why worry over the troubles of travel? If you have a Business Engagement depend on the

Bell Long Distance Lines

and transact all your affairs without leaving your office. "The Voice Railway" is what the Bell System is. No danger, no worry, no hard trips. Get into the habit of telephoning and save time and money but, when you telephone

Use the Bell

By the way, have you a Bell Telphone?

The Missouri and Kansas Telephone Company



Watch for the *Railroad Articles* which are to appear in this Magazine

These articles will be unique in that nothing like it has ever before been attempted in the magazine world. ¶ A story of the railroads written from the standpoint of Human Experience.

The Kansas Magazine

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1911

Cover Design—Schweiter Building, Wichita

Hiawatha		*Frontispiece*
The South of Ireland Illustrations from Photographs	*F. Dumont Smith*	3
Haskell Indian Institute	*Mary E. Tupper*	10
The Little Boy and the Singer (Story)	*Z. Munson*	14
Consistency (Verse)	*Florence Ferguson Branch*	17
Albert T. Reid, Artist and Business Man	*F. W. Jameson*	18
Unafraid (Verse)	*Mary Hall Davison*	24
Light (Verse)	*A. R. Buzick*	25
Forlorn Hope (Story)	*Wm. S. Elton*	26
What Are We Singing?	*Elizabeth Foster*	31
Uncle Jerry	*W. E. Jadwin*	34
June in Kansas (Verse)	*R. Y. Kennedy*	37
The International Bank	*R. O. Wells*	38
The Charge (Verse)	*C. L. Williams*	40
The Gospel-Ship Glad Tidings (Story)	*"Pick" Smith*	42
The Justice of Women	*Elizabeth N. Barr*	46
Ballad on Lazarus	*A. A. B. Cavaness*	48
The News Instinct (Story)	*Lloyd A. Clary*	49
Two Dreams (Verse)	*Belle Johnston*	51
Montieth (Story)	*Ned Tessaire*	52
The Engineer (Verse)	*Chas. C. Jones*	57
The Paying Strike of the Senator (Story)	*E. F. Harte*	58
Palimpsest (Verse)	*Mary B. Yates*	64
They That Serve (Story)	*Patrick Vaux*	65
Down De Lonesome Graveyahd Road (Verse)	*Jerome Twitchell*	69
Here and There	*The Editor*	70
Twice Told Tales		73

¶ Yearly subscriptions $1.50. Single copy 15c. We will not accept questionable advertising and we will thank our readers to furnish proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. Advertising rates on application. Forms close on tenth day of month prior to date of issue. New York office, 350 Broadway; James Ridge, Manager. W. W. Reed, Chicago Representative; Room 45, La Salle St. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted.

Entered at the Wichita postoffice as second class mail matter.

SAMUEL FRANCIS WOOLARD, President
W. Y. MORGAN, Vice President
CHAS. L. DAVIDSON, 2nd Vice-Pres.
D. A. GEIL, Secretary-Treasurer
F. DUMONT SMITH, Editor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
The Kansas Magazine Co.
419-420 Beacon Building
WICHITA, KANSAS


THE ENGRAVINGS OF THIS
PUBLICATION ARE MADE BY
CAPPER ENGRAVING CO
Wichita · Topeka · Kansas City



Copyright 1910 by C. F. Squires

(See Haskell Institute Article, Page 10)

HIAWATHA

VOLUME V AUGUST, 1911 NUMBER 6

KANSAS MAGAZINE

The South of Ireland

By F. Dumont Smith

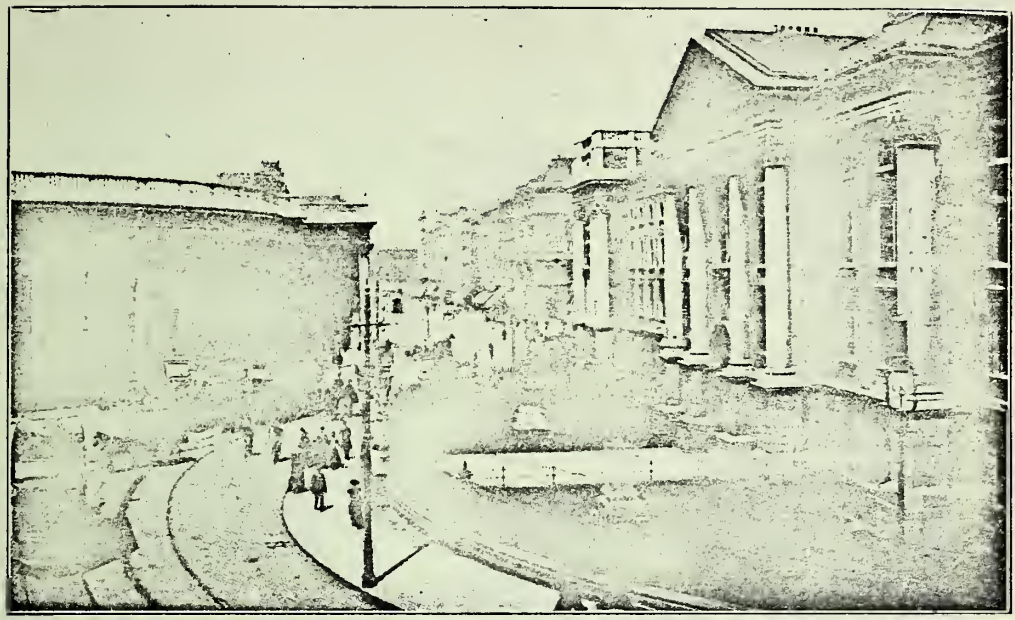
IN the days of sailing ships, the Irish Channel was a terror to travellers. The passage often occupied two days and passengers provided themselves with hampers of provisions. If the passage was short, all that was left went to the captain as his perquisite.

Now, large twin-screw steamers make the passage of 53 miles in ordinary weather in less than three hours, though there are still days when a Channel crossing tries the best sailors. On our return trip we made the long crossing from Waterford to New Milford Wales, a seven hours' trip, and every one on the boat was seasick except the crew and myself. I have come to the conclusion that I am immune from seasickness. Besides that crossing, where the most experienced yielded, I have been through two typhoons in the China Sea, a northeast gale off Hatteras in a three-masted schooner and the usual rough weather that one experiences on the Atlantic, and only once have I come near thinking of sea sickness. That was crossing the Atlantic the first time. I had eaten a hearty lunch and was playing bridge in the smoking room near the stern. There was a strong kick on, with a weather roll that had sent three-fourths of the passengers below. All at once I began to have a leaden feeling in the gastric region, accompanied by sad thoughts and general remorse for sins of eating and drinking on the trip. I was very near a "belief" in seasickness when I happened to pick up a no-trump hand. I played it out, made a grand slam, and that was the last of my seasickness.

Take the statement for what you like, for the average ocean traveller is shamefully mendacious about his liability to *mal de mer*. The best of them lie about it. Why it should be considered meritorious to be free from this ailment and shameful to be subject to it I don't know, but no one will own to seasickness if he can help it. I am reminded of the Swede who was crossing Lake Michigan and paying his tribute over the rail to the fresh water Neptune, when the purser said to him, "Your stomach seems to be a bit weak this morning." The Swede looked up and down the rail at the long row of his fellow sufferers and answered, "Ay don't know; Ay tank Ay trow as far as any one."

A fast mail train from London connects with the Channel steamers at Holy head (pronounced as though it were spelled with two l's) crossing the Menai strait to the Island of Anglesea over the famous tubular iron bridge, once an engineering wonder, that succeeded in the fifties the first suspension railway bridge ever built.

The Island of Anglesea is not much



Trinity College, Dublin

to look at, though it was once the seat of the head of the Druids, a sort of Druidic Vatican back in the four hundreds, and was the last bit of England to succumb to the Romans.

The Channel was like a mill pond the day we crossed, and we sighted the great headland that is the eastern outpost of Ireland just at sunset.

Someone has said that if Dublin Bay faced west instead of east it would be as beautiful as the Bay of Naples. At the hour we saw it with the Wicklow Mountains in the back-ground, basking in the evening light, the broad sweep of land-locked water softly illuminated by the long afterglow of that latitude, I do not know how anything could be more beautiful. The English customs are not difficult but one bag of mine as usual was the last to leave the hold, and the street lamps were burning when we drove up Sackville Street to our hotel.

Dublin, I believe, has something over two hundred thousand people. It is said that London has more Irish than Dublin. Likely, but they are not as well housed as they are in Dublin, for Dublin is distinctly a beautiful city. There is none of the dull uniformity, the interminable rows of dingy, four-storied brick houses that make London streets a nightmare. The streets are wider, better kept, and it has something that strikes an American: a first class trolley system on which you can go nearly anywhere.

London with its six millions of people is behind all the rest of the world in transportation. No tram car is allowed to cross the Thames, and getting about is a matter of a cab all the time at a "shillin" a throw.

A parliamentary investigation not long ago developed the fact that twelve hundred thousand people daily enter that part of London, which is known as the "City"—the London corporation proper covering about six hundred acres—besides three hundred thousand vehicles. When it was proposed to relieve this congestion by running trolley lines across the Thames, the House of Lords defeated it because it would spoil the beauty of London Bridge. Think of it! Beauty anywhere in London, the most forlorn, dismal, dirty, dingy drab of an old town that the world has ever seen.

Dublin, which means the "Black Pool" (however it came by that name



Ross Castle, Killarney

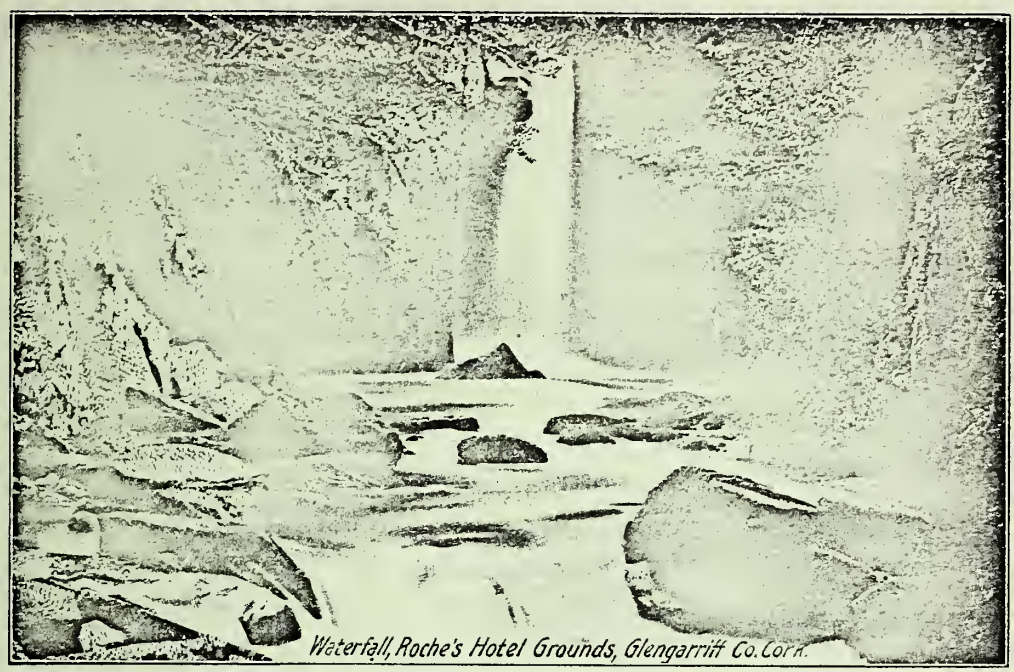
I don't know) is divided by the Liffey into two nearly equal sections connected by the O'Connell Bridge, that unites Grafton with Sackville Street. There is only one finer street in Europe than the latter. Dublin has its slums like all big cities, but, generally speaking, it is well built, spacious, clean and airy. It has one of the finest parks in Europe —Phoenix Park, with over seventeen hundred acres wandering along the Liffey, with wide parade grounds, and beautiful avenues lined with Irish verdure.

I never knew that Lord Chesterfield amounted to anything except as a mirror of fashion till I learned that it was he who turned a deer park into this public recreation ground.

Dublin has another beautiful park on the other side of the Liffey, Stephens Green, donated by Lord Ardilaun, of whom you will hear later in connection with Killarney. But lest you should make a mistake about him I will tell you now that before his elevation to the Peerage he was Mr. C. E. Guinness, proprietor of Guinness Breweries, which are the pride of all Ireland. Dublin Stout and Guinness' Pale are known wherever the tongue of England goes and Guinness is the boy who makes it.

Since the death of Brian Boru at eighty-four, no man can be more justly called Ireland's favorite son than Guinness. You can't get away from his breweries. You never climb an eminence that your car driver does not call your attention to their far stretching walls and it is always the first place the driver wants to take you. He is more to Dublin than Busch is to St. Louis or Pabst to Milwaukee. I suppose he would never have entered the peerage but for the fact that during the promotion craze a few years ago he unloaded the plant onto the Guinness Company limited, for twelve hundred thousand guineas, say six million dollars, and is now a gentleman of leisure.

Of all cities Dublin can probably claim the distinction of having been the birthplace of more distinguished men than any other of its size. To merely visit their birthplaces or places of residence would occupy our entire stay in Ireland. Think of the long roll of great men that Dublin has produced: Burke, O'Connell, Curran, Grattan, Parnell, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Swift, Wellington, Berkeley and twenty others.


Waterfall, Roche's Hotel Grounds, Glengarriff Co. Cork.

When Queen Victoria visited Ireland in 1902, an occasion of great rejoicing, the then commander-in-chief of the English army and its three most distinguished generals were all Irish: Wolseley, Graham White, Roberts, and Kitchener.

Naturally one of the first places we visited was Trinity College, the first foundation of Dublin University, from which F.'s grandfather graduated before he went to America, and starting from which she found two or three Irish cousins, living in the outskirts of Dublin, who showed her plenty of Irish hospitality.

The college was founded six hundred years ago, abandoned in Elizabeth's time, revived in 1574 and is now one of the foremost seats of learning in Europe.

A pathetic reminder of the changes of time is the statue of Goldsmith beside the main gate, for poor Goldsmith was expelled in disgrace because he simply couldn't learn his lessons, and he is now the pride of the college.

The college library is unique in some of its features. For instance it owns the Book of Kells, an illustrated gospel, made in the Seventh Century and said to be the most beautiful book in the world. It is so absolutely in a class by itself that it reposes in a simple glass case, unguarded, although it is nearly priceless. I suppose Pierpont Morgan would pay a million dollars for it if he could get it. But it would be useless for anyone to steal it. They could not sell or even show it. No one knows how many years the patient monks worked over it but every letter is a work of art and the marginal decoration is even more elaborate.

There are many examples of early Irish art that show the cultivation of the Isle of Saints long before the rest of Europe had emerged from barbarism; exquisite vessels of silver and copper, marvelous Celtic crosses, and many manuscripts in the original Celtic, a thousand years old.

The first note of the Ireland that you have read about is the jaunting car. Just why in a country of fairly good roads, the jaunting car should still be preserved except in a museum, I do not know. The driver has a fairly comfortable seat in front. The passengers sit back to back, facing outwardly. Hung on two wheels, you get all the jolt of the horse and must break your neck to look forward. I cheerfully

commend it as the most uncomfortable vehicle I have ever ridden in. But its use is universal. The Irish seem to think it is the only thing on wheels.

Given some means of conveyance beside a jaunting car, a month's stay in Dublin would be delightful for within easy reach, going and returning the same day, are some of the most beautiful spots in Europe, and all thronged with historical memories and traditions that are as authentic as most history. There is the Hill of Tara where Brian Boru lived and reigned, a bare hill top now with just a *cromlech* on its side and a monument to Saint Patrick on its summit. We have all of us seen political meetings in America that were large enough to excite surprise and parades that were so many hours passing a given point, but Ireland in O'Connell's day beat the world. One hundred thousand people at one of his meetings was an ordinary crowd. During his agitation for Catholic Emancipation, five hundred thousand people turned out to hear him at Cork, seven hundred thousand at Clare and seven hundred and fifty thousand at this same Hill of Tara. It was perhaps the most extraordinary political demonstration of its kind the world has ever seen. Forty priests at as many different altars celebrated mass from day-break till noon. Of course few in the crowd heard him, but his words were passed back to the outskirts and the crowd was moved by the common impulse.

O'Connell was an extraordinary character. A great lawyer, a great orator, and in a sense a great statesman. No civilian that ever lived, more profoundly dominated his race, filled their minds, their hearts, and their imaginations than did O'Connell. He was Ireland for twenty years, and through him Ireland, lived, hoped, endured. He did not live to see his work finished, and his last hours were imbittered by the horrible suffering he saw about him in the Great Famine. But so long as Ireland endures, he will have no successor in the hearts of the Irish. O'Connell owed this devotion mostly to his great qualities, but no other people are capable of such devotion to a leader as the Irish. It is



Fuschia Hedge

the old spirit of the Clan that still survives. Once they have given their confidence they never recall it. Parnell was slow to win it, but once he had, it was his clear through all the disgrace of his last years, and the storm of calumny that drove him to his grave.

To the Irish a monarchy would be natural; they would follow a king they love as blindly as they follow a political boss in this country. If the English monarchs had spent a small portion of each year in Ireland, as they do in Scotland, Ireland would long ago have been loyal to the English crown, however ardently they hated the English people.

One of the most beautiful spots in Dublin is Glasevin Cemetery where more famous people are buried than any spot I know of except Westminister Abbey. A facsimile of one of the ancient "round towers" of Ireland, with a mortuary chapel at its foot, marks the resting place of O'Connell. The grave of Parnell nearby is marked only by an iron cross but there are nearly always fresh flowers on the green mound that covers him.

Many of the monuments are beauti-

ful, notably one to Barry Sullivan, the tragedian, representing him as Hamlet.

One little touch of Irish courtesy pleased me. Instead of the curt sign "Keep off the grass," and the like, a little notice said, "Do not disturb the grass or flowers, they are sacred to the dead." Who could resist that simple heart-reaching request?

I never enter a cemetery but I recall what is to me the most beautiful monument and epitaph I have ever seen. In the old cemetery on the hill of Passy, once a suburb, now a part of Paris, is buried a French actress, in her day one of the beauties of the French stage, young, talented, and above reproach. She was about to be married and retire from the stage. In the Theatre Francaise fire, of six or seven years ago, she rushed back after leaving the building safely, to rescue her little dog, was overcome by the smoke and perished. Her fiancee erected the monument, a pedestal of white marble, on which is a portrait bust of the girl, exqusite, marvelously beautiful, and on the pedestal, the simple phrase, "She came, she smiled, she passed." I know of nothing more beautiful, more touching in all the tributes to the dead I have ever seen.

In returning from Glasnevin we caught a glimpse of the Dublin slums. Not worse than London but terrible enough. It was here that Father Matthew worked, and started his great temperance movement, that swept over all Ireland and yet one wonders if Father Matthew's work endured, and if it did, what must Ireland have been before. England has never had a Father Matthew, but it needs one badly. A people that spends three hundred million dollars a year for bread and seven hundred million for beer and whisky needs some kind of a temperance jolt. I think of the two countries Ireland is the more sober, but the shocking thing in both countries is the number of drunken women, almost as many, apparently, as the men. We do some drinking in America, but it is mainly confined to the men, and certainly with us the habit is on the wane.

I had heard a great deal about the wit of the common Irish. I did not find it in Dublin. The carmen were ordinary, barring the brogue, and I fear that Irish wit is dying out. Certainly she has just now no great men, no man to succeed the generation of the early Nineteenth Century. I am afraid the wit of her peasantry has been greatly exaggerated, or else I failed to meet the right ones. I heard only one clever retort in Ireland, and that was from a leather-faced old chap whom I suspect had made it up in advance. This is not to minimize the delight of travelling among them. They have a quaint turn of speech, a friendly way with them, much native courtesy and kindliness, and I know of no people whose peasantry compare with them for intelligence.

We had planned a trip to Londonderry, but our time forbade. There was just time to fairly see Ireland South, and we left Dublin with regret. It is four hours and a half ride from Dublin to Killarney, through a beautiful country and over a fairly good road.

Irish names are a wonder. Some of them are the most musical in the world. The Island abounds with such smoothly flowing liquid sounds as Parknaskilla, Loondisvarna, Glendalough, Ovoca and the like, that with their unexpected accent linger on the ear like half-forgotten music. And side by side with them we find, Ballyhooley, Clonakilty, Skibareen and Ballydehob.

And so we journeyed down to Killarney by Kildare, Kilfinane, Kilmallock, Tipperery and Mallow, names long familiar to me. The tiny fields were well tilled, but the hopeless poverty of the country was distressing. Cattle are few, the holdings each a mere handful of ground, the huts of the peasantry, mostly mere heaps of stone thrown together with a dirt floor and many without a chimney. It is, too, a country of ruins. War, and worst of all, civil war, has swept through here time and again, leaving its desolation behind. Last of all came Cromwell, whose motto was "Thorough" and thorough he was. Castles, churches, and dwelling houses alike, everything that could shelter a priest or a rebel, was left in ruins. To this day "the curse of Crommle" is the bitterest curse the Irish can invoke, for it means utter ruin.

Then too the Irish have a superstition that it is bad luck to move into a house where some one has died. If the family stay on, it is not so. But no new tenant will occupy the house, nor will any one take a house from which the former tenant has been evicted, so they throw together another pile of stone and the old hut falls to ruin to add to the desolate sadness of the landscape.

The best blood of Ireland has gone to foreign lands, mostly to America. Those who remain behind are the very young and the very old. Every one who can muster the price of a steerage passage emigrates, and those who remain could not live if it were not for the steady unfailing stream of American gold flowing back to the Island from the faithful sons and daughters who have gone to the land of plenty. We talked with one old man who lived in a ruinous hut near Killarney, a hut with a dirt floor and no chimney, in which he and his wife had lived for fifty years and in which his seven "tall sons," all now in America, had been born. They keep him in comfort and have begged him to come to them in the new land, but his heart is here, where his children had been born and his wife had lived and died. One old lady told of her two sons and a daughter in America and how they send her a pound a month and how well they were doing. "One of 'em," she said, "do be an officer." The pride of the old lady in her son, the "officer," was no whit abated when our questions elicited the fact that he was a policeman in Worcester, Mass.

Ireland with its climate should be the best wooded country in Europe, but outside of the public parks and private grounds of the gentry it is practically deforested. Vast areas, fit for nothing but forests, that in Belgium or Germany would be yielding a large income from forestry, are barren of anything, and the whole Island relies upon peat for fuel.

Everywhere we saw the peasantry cutting it from the bogs, stacking it to dry. It is of course the first process in making of coal, coming next before lignite. It burns with a clear flame, a pleasant heat and a peculiar and not unpleasant odor. The privilege of cutting peat in the nearby bog, and bogs are very plentiful in Ireland, goes with nearly every holding.

The farming is of the smallest kind, except now and then a dairy farm on a little larger scale, and the staple crop is potatoes. Potatoes there will grow more food to the acre than any other crop, and in the terrible congestion of the country it has become the standby of the whole people. Meat once a month is enough. Potatoes three times a day are the sole living. Because of that fact when in 1846 and 1847 rot attacked the potato crop, famine followed—such famine as the world has seldom seen. The people died by the thousands, and the population of Ireland sunk from eight millions to a trifle over four millions and remains at that now. Not all of this decrease was due to the famine, as nearly three million Irish have emigrated to America in the period from 1851 to 1901.

As England is the chief market for dairy products, and the English own the Irish railways, the rates are ruinous, and this fact, backed by exhorbitant rents, make farming generally unprofitable. Labor is low, a farm laborer receiving sixty dollars a year and his board. A house maid from twenty-four to thirty dollars a year and her board. It takes some saving out of such wages to buy a steerage passage to America, but thousands do it yearly, and the tide never stops.

In a Cork paper I saw many advertisements of farm leases for sale, owned by men who wanted to emigrate to America or to the Colonies, men who had given up the hopeless fight and were willing to abandon home for a chance in life.

There is not room here to speak of the English legislation against Irish manufacturies which might have diversified the industries of the Island, legislation that destroyed the woolen mills, the silk mills, and from which only the linen industry in the North has survived. So that South Ireland remains almost purely agricultural, hopelessly, pitifully poor.

Well, at last we are at Killarney, and take our way to the Lake Hotel, that over-looks the lower of the three lakes, Loug Leane. A good hotel well kept.

A Few Interesting Phases of Haskell Indian School

By Mary E. Tupper

THE city of Lawrence, Kansas, has long been intimately connected with the making and the moulding of Kansas history. The people of the State at the present time may base their interest in the town largely upon the fact that so many of them and of their children have been educated in the rough stone buildings that crown Mount Oread. Of their State University, Kansans are already well informed; but they may be interested, as well, in another educational institution located at Lawrence, this time by the National Govermnent, which provides for the training of children of the earliest inhabitants of Kansas, and of other States—the Haskell Indian Institute.

In the year 1875, the United States Government made its first attempt towards educating the American Indians, when the continental Congress passed a bill appropriating five hundred dollars for educational purposes. It was not until 1886 that a regular system of appropriation was planned for the purpose of maintaining Indian schools. In that year, Congress appropriated twenty thousand dollars for this purpose. The efforts at this time were not only to teach the Indian children, but also to civilize the adult Indians. The increase of these appropriations to the amount of nearly three and a half million dollars has resulted in the establishing of many Indian schools, most of which are on reservations. Of the non-reservation schools, Carlisle is the largest. Next to it is Haskell Institute, which was established in 1884. through the efforts of Congressman Dudley Haskell, in whose honor the Indian school was named. It is located in the city of Lawrence.

The enrollment of the Haskell Institute is seven hundred and forty Indians. These pupils come from nearly sixty tribes. Although many of them come from Oklahoma, some attend this institution whose homes are in the most distant States of the Union. For an Indian to be admitted to Haskell, he must not be less than fourteen years of age nor more than twenty. The intelligence of each student, on entering, seems to be influenced by the part of the country from which he comes. Some of the Indians come from settlements where there are reservation schools, while there are others who have had no opportunities for receiving an education. Owing to this fact, some are preparing to begin commercial work; others can not speak or understand a word of English.

Along with the school work, Haskell aims to give each student a practical knowledge of some trade by which he can, in the future, earn a living for himself. Since "the first and most important step towards the absorption of the Indians is to teach them to earn their living," the Indians are prepared for industrial, business and domestic pursuits. The Institution has well equipped shops and laboratories for the boys, in which instruction is given in such trades as carpentry, masonry, painting, paper-hanging, shoe-making, harness- and wagon-making, printing, tailoring, engineering and baking. The Indian boys receive both theoretical and practical training in these branches. The boys are enabled by their training to be of use to their school through various activities, such as keeping in repair the machinery in all the departments of the institution. wiring all the buildings for electric

lights, making wagons for farming, harness and shoes for their forty-five head of horses and mules, and uniforms for the officers and band boys. Those learning the printer's trade do all the printing for the institution, such as printing blanks and papers used in the Indian school by the pupils and instructors, the programs, graduation invitations, and the school paper, *The Indian Leader*.

Agriculture is also taught. On the farm of nearly one thousand acres, instruction is given in general farm work, such as feeding and care of stock, the use and care of implements, and the cultivating and harvesting of crops on different kinds of soil. In this department are included farming, gardening, dairying and agriculture. The student farmers raise food for all the horses and cattle belonging to the school, as well as vegetables and fruits for the dormitory tables. The milk for the Indian students is furnished by the Haskell dairy, which has the most modern and sanitary dairy-barn in the State. The dairy head of more than one hundred head of cattle consists mainly of Jerseys and Guernseys.

Haskell Institute also offers an industrial education to the Indian girls. They are trained in home-making, cooking, household economy, laundering and sewing. In the Domestic Science department, the girls learn the principles of food as well as the preparation and cooking of it. In this course they are taught to plan, prepare and serve meals. In this same department, also the girls study the care for milk and butter-making. In Domestic Art, the Indian girls learn first to thread a needle and to hold it correctly, and to tie a knot properly. After mastering this step, they are taught in detail to darn, to make button-holes, to hem-stitch, to feather-stitch, to make simple garments of cotton and wool, both by hand and by machine. By the time the girls have completed the course, they are competent to make tailored dresses and suits.

The dormitory and social life is an interesting feature of the Indian school. In previous years, the girls prepared the meals at Haskell. It is now thought that the young Indian women can learn more real home-cooking in the Domestic Science classes; and, for this reason Indian men and boys prepare and cook the food. Those who wish to learn the baker's trade, bake bread, biscuits, pies and cakes. Of meat one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, and seven bushels of potatoes are necessary for one meal. Gravy, "Haskell stand-by," is served three times a day, and for each meal, forty-five gallons are made. One of the employees remarked that he never saw children take to anything as the Indians do to gravy. Sixty-five pounds of butter are required for one meal. It is served, however, at breakfast only. Beans are often served. When green, twelve bushels are cooked for one meal; but when navy beans are used, one hundred and thirty-seven pounds are needed for the hungry students. With the one hundred gallons of coffee required for one meal, twenty-two gallons of milk and sixteen pounds of sugar are served. There are from five hundred and fifty to seven hundred thirty-two-ounce loaves of bread made each day. This quantity requires eight hundred pounds of flour and one and one-half pounds of compressed yeast for a baking. The Indians are not allowed to eat bread before it is twenty-four hours old. Sundays and holidays are the only days on which pies and cakes are served. For these occasions, one hundred cakes and one hundred and sixty pies are baked for one meal. If cookies are used in the place of cake, eighteen hundred are necessary. There is practically no cooking done on Sunday. Everything necessary for the meals on that day is prepared on Saturday; even the meat is cooked.

The bugler announces the meals by blowing the bugle. At this signal, the seven hundred and forty Indians form in line in front of the large dining-hall, and then march into the dining-room, where they are seated at the seventy-five tables. The girls sit on one side of the room, and the boys on the other. When the Indians are seated, a few minutes are given for saying the grace. Indian girls take turns on waiting on

the tables, in order that they may learn how to serve food.

When the bugle is blown in the evening at nine o'clock, the lights are turned out in the three dormitories, the girls,' the small boys', and the large boys'; and everything becomes perfectly quiet, and remains so until the rising bell rings at five-thirty in the morning.

The teachers and employes of Haskell Institute make the school life as enjoyable as possible for their charges.

"The Indians are allowed to visit their homes once a year, providing they pay their own expenses. If a student fails to return, however, the school brings him back." After a student has been at Haskell for three years, the Government pays the expenses of his visits home, during the summer vacation. At least two hundred young Indians are kept at the Institute during the three summer months. Most of the boys farm a part of the day; a few work out, but must return at night; while others help in the various departments. The girls, like the boys, spend their time in various ways. One of the many things some of the Indian girls and boys do is to make jelly and preserves of the fruits and berries raised on the Haskell farm. They make enough to last all winter, if it is served but once a day.

The Indians often write letters to their parents and friends. The following is a lteter written by a small Indian boy:

Haskell Institute,
Lawrence, Kansas,
Feb. 23, 1911.

Dear Parents:

I hope you will be very glad to see this letter.

How are you getting along up there?
It is very cold down here.
The snow is all over Kansas.
The ice is on the ponds.
We had a lecture last evening.
We had a holiday on George Washington's birthday.
Mr. Confer came from China and told us about the Chinese children.
This is a very nice school.
I like this school.
Our teacher is very nice to us.
I wish I were there now.
How are the folks getting along there? They take good care of the little boys. They give them shoes, coats and caps.
They had social yesterday.
We have a nice school room.
We went skating yesterday.
The little boy are going to have party next month.

From your child,
Willie Davis.

Answer soon.

As in any other co-educational school boy and girl friendships exist at the Indian School. But the young men are not allowed to call on the young women more than once a week; and then they must have a written permit from the disciplinarian.

The young Indians find pleasure, during the winter, in skating on the government ditch which drains the Haskell farm land. Another diversion for the boys is hunting. Although the government does not supply the Indian youths with guns, some of the boys buy them for themselves. Those who are not able to do this, show their primitive instincts by hurling clubs, with lead in one end, at birds and rabbits.

Since the school is located some distance from the town, the greatest recreation for the Indians is "going to Lawrence." The boys and girls are permitted to go on Saturdays. If a student does not answer to the five-thirty evening roll-call, he is not allowed to go to town the next time. If a student commits a graver offense, such as running away from school, he is locked in the little stone jail. Generally, to punish an Indian by putting him behind the bars, humiliates him more than anything else. He is so ashamed that he cannot look at anyone while undergoing his punishment. The other Indians are not allowed to refer to these punishments when the ex-prisoner is in hearing distance. Occasionally, however, an Indian is indifferent to imprisonment, and finds pleasure in waving and calling through the bars to the passers-by.

Social gatherings of various kinds are held in the evenings, when all the students assemble in a friendly manner. Sometimes the Haskell band gives a concert; and at other times, ice-cream and cake are served. There are also "Literaries" given, twice a month. by the different Literary Societies among the Indian students. At present there are eight of these societies and one

Debating Club. A short time ago, the Debating Club debated upon the question, "Resolved: That the Great Lakes will have more influence on the commerce of the United States than the Panama Canal will have." Such debates are well attended by the Lawrence people, as well as by the Indians themselves. The students of each department in the Institution entertain once during the school year. On these occasions, they have prize contests of various kinds, such as matching quotations, eating pie without touching the hands to it, and eating apples suspended by strings. After the stunts, refreshments are served, such as pickles, various kinds of sandwiches, and cake and ice-cream. Although the students prepare the refreshments, they are not furnished by the Government, but by the employes.

The most interesting of Haskell's entertainments, one which has assumed some considerable importance, is their annual dramatization of Longfellow's Indian epic, "Hiawatha." This production is staged with great faithfulness to Indian legend and costume, the various dances and the music being true in every detail to tribal conditions. The young Indians take great interest in the performance, and drill with a patience and understanding that gives them surprising dramatic grasp of their parts. There is considerable chanting to the beating of Indian musical instruments; and the stage pictures presented in pantomime, as various selections are read from the poem, are such that the spectator never forgets them. The last time the play was given, the Indians gave two performances on their own stage in the Haskell chapel, another in the Bowersock Opera House for the townspeople of Lawrence, and a fourth at Denver, Colorado, before the State Teachers' Association.

The religious life at the Indian School is very interesting. The fact that there are nearly sixty tribes represented in this school naturally gives rise to a variety of religious interests. The greatest per cent. of the students are Roman Catholics. The reason for this is that this church has done more missionary work among the Indians than any other. While they are in school, the children are not premitted to change their belief without the consent of their parents. Consequently, in order that each Indian may be taught in his belief, the ministers of the various churches of Lawrence meet with the students of their faith. The Indians are privileged to attend the services of the different churches in town. On Sunday afternoon, undenominational chapel exercises are held, at which time all of the Haskell students are required to attend. At night, all the Indians are encouraged to offer a prayer before going to bed. Among the religious organizations are the Young Men's and Young Women's junior and senior Christian Associations. The young children also have two other religious organizations, the "Volunteers" for boys and the "Sunshine Circle" for girls. At present, the "Young Men's" and "Young Women's" classes are studying "The Life of Christ."



The Little Boy and the Singer

By Z. Munson

THE fair singer paused. The last few notes had been an effort. The lady at the piano allowed the accompaniment to dwindle into a few careless chords, and looked up to the other with unspoken inquiry.

"Don't you feel well, this morning, Isabelle?" she asked tenderly, after it was evident the singer had no intention of finishing the song.

"Yes, Mother, I feel all right," answered the other, reassuringly. "But tell me, who is the little boy that comes each morning to sit on the step there at the pavement, and hear me sing?"

"Let me see. Is he there now?" questioned the other, as she moved to the window.

"Yes."

They both looked out. The little boy's face was turned toward them. He was waiting for the song to begin again.

"That's the little Rogers boy. He lives the third house down the block."

"He's a dear little fellow," murmured Isabelle. "I'm going out and talk to him."

The fair singer was a beautiful woman. Good birth and superior advantages had given her the beauty and grace of a queen. There was something about her both loveable and reassuring to the little boy, as she came down the walk. He watched her approach with the good faith of childhood and the absence of alarm. He gazed up at her out of a pair of big, frank blue eyes, and waited for her to speak.

She seated herself on the step beside him, and picked up a little brown hand that had been caressing his bare toes. She patted the little hand in all friendliness, and bent such a look of kindly loveableness upon him, that they were good comrades at once. He did not withdraw his hand nor let his gaze wander. Full trust and confidence, henceforth, were hers.

"Do you come to hear me sing, little boy?" she asked, as she still held and fondled his hand.

"Yes," he answered slowly.

"Do you like to hear me sing?" she continued, gently.

"Yes." He was very matter-of-fact in his answers.

His little mind had been concentrated upon the music. Now it was the pretty lady that absorbed him. It would be some moments before another thought could claim attention.

The fair singer passed her arm around his little shoulders and drew him to her lap. She noticed his clean white blouse suit, with the dainty underwear peeping above his low collar. Her eyes passed quickly from the carefully trimmed golden locks that fell around a shapely head, to the long lashes that shaded his big blue eyes, and again to the little turned-up nose and the serious well-formed mouth. She noted the beauty of his neck and shoulders, and the neat trimness of his little figure to the tips of his toes. Her eyes showed pleasure, but dimmed a little at his unabashed scrutiny. "Clearly, he is a child of quality—a little prince," she murmured to herself. Then aloud:

"Will you be my little man?"

"Yours and Mudder's?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes."

"And Daddy's?" he questioned further.

"Yes, all three," she answered with a laugh and a hug.

Gently releasing himself, he turning his big blue questioning eyes full upon her again.

"Do you make the singing?" he asked simply.

"Yes dear, I make the singing," she answered with a laugh.

"Mudder likes it too," he suggested, seriously.

"Won't you come into the house with me, now that you are to be my little man, and sit on a stool beside me, and I'll sing to you all day?" she urged.

"Mudder might not like it,"' he answered, soberly.

"Why wouldn't Mudder like it?" she asked.

"She couldn't see me then," he explained.

There was a little note of finality in his tone. He was unused to deviating from the literalness of the commands placed upon him.

"Does she want to see where you are, all the time?"

"Yes. She lets me go to Granny's house and play, and she lets me play on the front sidewalk, when I promise I won't go off the walk," he explained carefully.

"Where is Granny's house?"

"Next to my house," and he pointed with pride as he added: "See, that's my home."

"Can your Mudder see you from her windows all the time?"

"Yes, from her kitching windows."

"Well, I will come and see your 'mudder' some morning and see if she will let her little boy come to my house, and hear the singing when I want him."

The little fellow thanked her with a look of mingled gratitude and relief. She had solved his little problem for him.

"Are you going to make any more singing?" he asked bravely, when she turned to re-enter the house.

"I'll sing you one more song," she said, with a tender smile, as she bent over and kissed his troubled little brow. And she did—a lullaby that tested fully the beauty and quality of her magnificent tones.

When it was over, the little fellow got up from his seat on the cement step and slowly turned toward home. He rubbed one bare foot in the cooling grass as he went along, and to all appearances lost himself in the profound study of some momentous problem. His big wide-brimmed straw hat turned down all around and tied under his chin, protected his neck and shoulders from sunburn, but it also almost lost the upper half of him from view, so big and enveloping was it.

He was a curious little bare-legged figure going down the walk, and Isabelle sighed to herself as she watched him.

"What are you thinking of?" asked her mother.

"I was thinking what a dear little fellow that is. What wonderful depth there is to a child when he is gifted with a fine mind or a talent."

"He seems to have both," commented the mother.

"What a jewel and a comfort he must be to his mother," dreamliy remarked Isabelle, irrevelantly. Her mother paid no attention. Perhaps she felt there was nothing more to say.

She had been a most diplomatic mother. When Isabelle, her only child, had returned home from the seminary not yet out of her teens, and manifested a desire to cultivate her voice for grand opera, she had made haste to humor that notion. Ten years had passed since then—five years of hard study in America, then five years abroad. Isabelle was just home for the second time in these ten years.

Mother and daughter scarcely knew each other. On but one subject had they preserved a mutuality of hopes and common knowledge—Isabelle's ambition to sing in grand opera. Their regular correspondence and the lack of other themes of absorbing interest, had kept the mother as fully posted on Isabelle's progress as though they had been together.

The fair singer's return this summer, had been for a few month's rest before attempting in autumn, the appearance in grand opera, for which she had so long worked. Her mother had been quite unprepared for the queenly air of the lovely, gracious being that came, and she stood just a little in awe, but always diplomatic as ever.

It was her daughter, she told herself, but not the girlish, sweetly helpless daughter she had sent away—the one she remembered, who was wont to lean on her mother's wisdom and experience in all matters big and little.

This girl was mistress of herself, of her voice, and now of her ambitions, for she had succeeded. The long years of study, and the reward, had made her independent in spirit and manner.

There was still that softening influence in the girl's nature and the mother clung to it, offering to play her accompaniments during the two hours practice in the mornings, for the sake of reviving that sweet companionship of mother and daughter and bringing them closer together again. But the association did not bring confidences.

Each succeeding morning, after the day Isabelle had talked to the little boy, the first clear notes of her song brought the little fellow to his post at the step on the front pavement. It seemed he was waiting the call. He pattered up the cement walk and dropped to the step in supreme content. Hunching one knee up under his chin, and playing with his toes, he turned a most expressive face to the window and listened—enrapt. When the concert was over he ambled home, in brown study.

Spreading elms and maples lined the walks, and the blue grass lawn extended through the length of the block, unbroken save by the glistening white of cement walks and driveways. The houses were all pretentious and sat back quite a ways from the street. Scarcely a yard had failed to contribute its share of flowering shrubs and roses to the beauty of the block. It was nearly the prettiest and best kept section of the city, and early summer had brought out nature's best efforts.

Isabelle had drawn deep breaths of pure delight in her keen enjoyment of this beautiful spot. The quietness of it all was a relief from the confusion and stir of a city. The little boy who came to hear her sing was the only child in the block. He played all alone in the shade of those grand old trees morning after morning, and, she surmised, took his naps in the afternoons. Perhaps the absence of playmates and childish games made him the somber, serious little fellow she imagined him.

Day after day she looked out her window eagerly to note his coming, and the sight of him absorbed in his enjoyment, was a relief and an inspiration to her. She grew pensive at times,and her choice of exercises gradually left grand opera and drifted into the lullabys and sweet harmonies that her beautiful voice suited so well. She grew more pensive each day, and ambition plainly flagged.

One morning the little boy did not come. She sang to awake the echoes, but he came not. She missed the little figure on the step so poignantly, that she lost all heart for her practice, and an hour later found her calling upon Mrs. Rogers, at the third house down the block, anxiously inquiring for her dear little friend.

"He has gone to his other grandmother's to-day," Mrs. Rogers explained smilingly. "They do not see him very often, and I cannot refuse them when they want him to come for a day. He will be home this evening."

"He's such a dear little fellow," said the fair singer, with warm sympathy. "I miss him when he does not come." She had seated herself in the long, cool living room and prepared to make the acquaintance of the boy's mother.

"He enjoys your singing very much," returned the mother.

"I have wanted him to come into the house and sit on the stool beside me, but he referred me to you for permission," continued Isabelle.

"He is a good little boy. He understands he must stay within my sight, so I won't worry about him. He is only four, you know." Conscious pride and motherly love shone in Mrs. Roger's eye. Her boy was all she desired him to be.

"Such a dear little fellow," sighed Isabelle gently, responding again to the mother love in Mrs. Roger's voice. "Does he inherit his passionate love of music?" she said graciously.

"I presume he does, to some extent. I think though, it is prenatal influence as much as anything," explained Mrs. Rogers. "He came almost before the first year of our married life had passed, and we were without a piano then. I had a beautiful piano at my mother's home, but we left it there. That first year I suffered positive torture from the lack of music. My sister at home too, was a singer, and I think I missed noth-

ing in the world that first year, as I did my piano and her singing. Yes, he must have been born with an exceeding hunger for music," she added sadly.

"He has a passion for it, I am sure," suggested Isabelle. "The gift of appreciation."

"Yes, I try to satisfy it," responded the mother. "I play for him by the hour. He drinks it all in, spellbound."

"And you will let him come into the house when he comes in the mornings, won't you? I will dearly love to have him." asked Isabelle, eagerly.

"Yes, he may come. You will watch and see he does not stray off when he leaves?" said the mother with tender anxiousness.

"Yes, you may feel assured I will."

A timid little knock at the screen the next morning brought the fair singer to the door at once. It was the little boy, with his big straw hat hanging on his arm.

"Mudder said I could come in," he said simply.

"You dear little fellow," murmured Isabelle, as she dropped to her knees impulsively and clasped him in her arms. "You shall have a nice big, easy chair by the piano, and a cooky, too."

The little boy settled himself in the big chair and gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the beautiful woman. His cooky remained untasted

At the first notes that came from her throat, he started and gulped twice. Satisfaction slowly deepened his thoughtfulness. He never withdrew his eyes from her face for the two hours she sang to him, and she in turn felt the inspiration of his great appreciation. She never sang better, and never had an audience respond with such accord to the music within her. Yielding as usual to the spell that had grown and possessed her, she drifted into soft lullabys and simple melodies so dear to baby ears, and with infinitely tender and loving touch brought exquisite harmonies from the piano.

Isabelle's mother in the next room sighed and shook her head.

The little boy was in his place each morning that long delightful summer—eager, enrapt, expectant. Sometimes his hat dropped to the floor unnoticed; occasionally he sighed deeply and clasped tightly his little brown hands, Again—the strain of close attention made him blink his eyes vigorously for a minute or gulp the tense feeling away from his throat. Then, once in a while, a large round tear stood on the long, dark eyelashes and dimmed his big blue eyes, but he allowed it to drop to his cheek, and trickle down off his chin, He was too absorbed to be conscious of external manifestations.

After he had left one morning toward the close of the summer, Isabelle threw herself on her mother's shoulder in a burst of tears, and said:

"Mother, I've missed it. I don't want grand opera. I want a little boy all my own—to sing to—to love and hug—and to live for."

Her mother patted her lovingly and drew her closer.

"Perhaps you are right, my dear," she whispered.

Consistency

He said that life was vanity—
And real smart women ought to be
More sensible than just to wear
So much of other women's hair.

And then, God bless him, went and paid
Five dollars for a good pomade,
To rub on bald spots every day,
And keep his hair from turning gray.

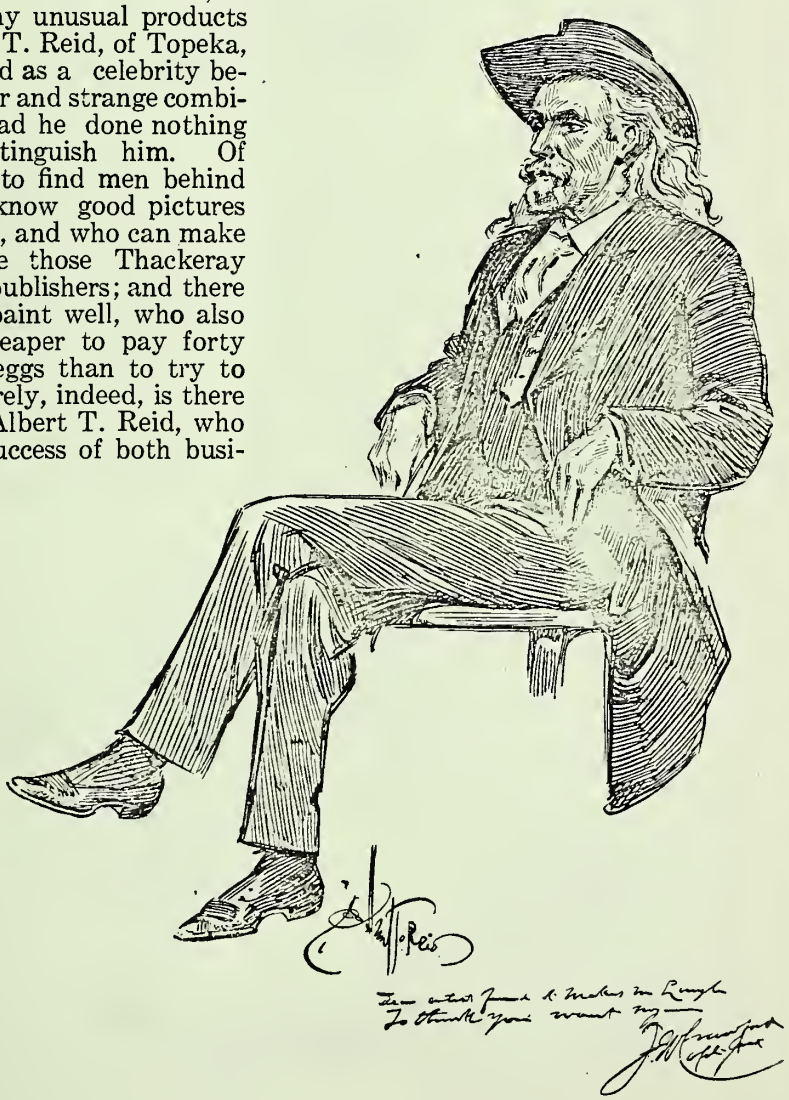
Florence Ferguson Branch.

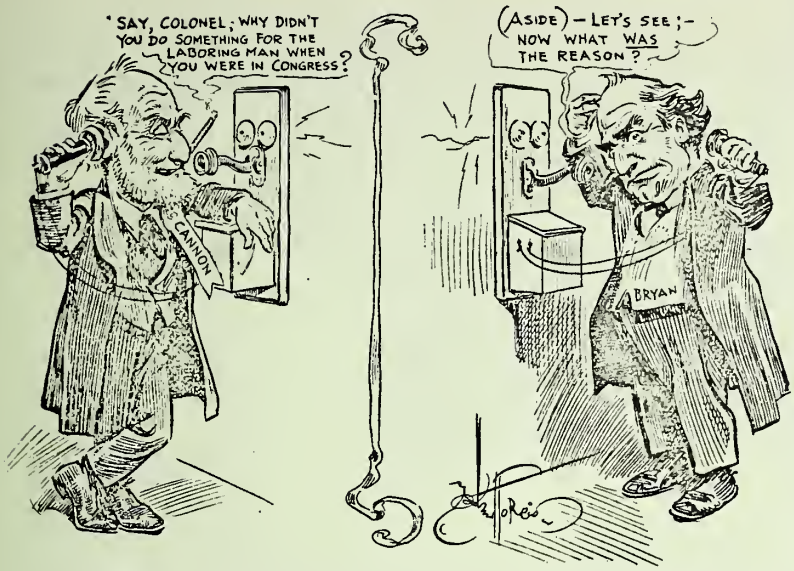
Albert T. Reid, Artist and Business Man

By Fred W. Jameson

AN artist of rare ability, gifted with keen business sense, or, if you prefer, a business man with unusual artistic talent, is another of the many unusual products of Kansas. Albert T. Reid, of Topeka, Kansas, would stand as a celebrity because of this peculiar and strange combination of talents, had he done nothing noteworthy to distinguish him. Of course it is possible to find men behind bank railings who know good pictures when they see them, and who can make crude sketches, like those Thackeray perpetrated on his publishers; and there are men who can paint well, who also know that it is cheaper to pay forty cents a dozen for eggs than to try to keep hens. But rarely, indeed, is there found a man, like Albert T. Reid, who actually makes a success of both business and art.

Mr. Reid's signature is unfortunately most frequently found under his splendid cartoons. Unfortunate is the proper term, for, while the clever cartoons delight the public and make great political medicine, they do not reflect the true artistic temperament of the man. First of all, Mr. Reid draws well and that's more than can be said of a whole lot of famous cartoonists and artists. Davenport was "fired" by the *Examiner* art manager because he couldn't draw a cook stove. McCutcheon's sketches



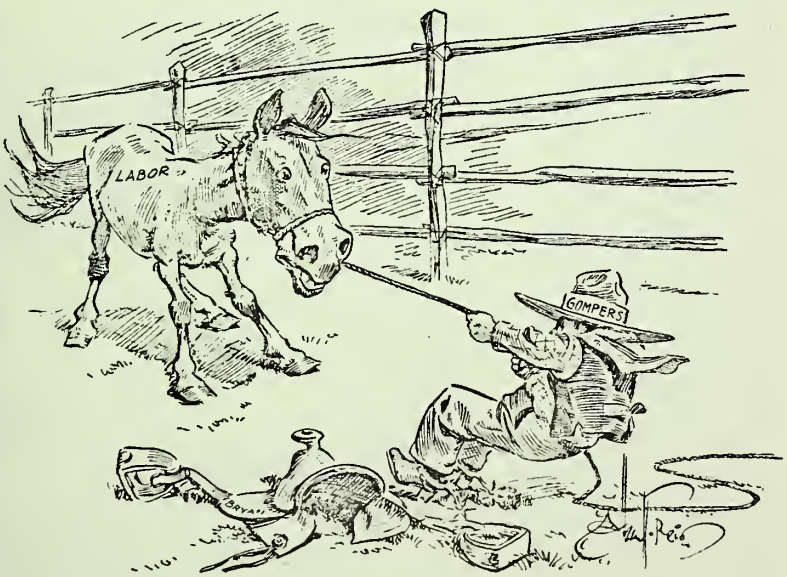


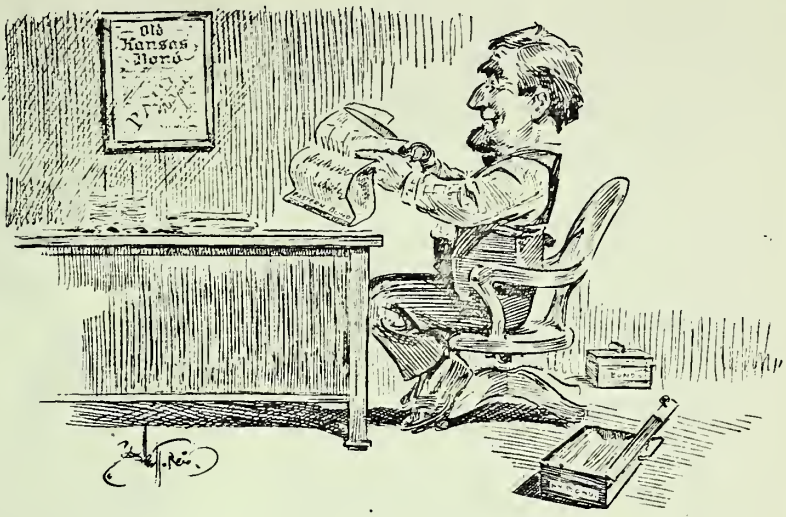
demonstrate that he would have to start in the infant class at an art school; but Mr. Reid's work, be it a cartoon or a painting, always shows real drawing. He attributes his skill to the training of William M. Chase, J. Carroll Beckwith, Walter Appleton Clark, and others under whom he has studied. If Mr. Reid could have been lured away from Kansas, he would already be reaping some of the greater fame that is undoubtedly awaiting him. As it stands, Kansas will enjoy the fame with him as it comes.

What's holding him? Well, it's love of Kansas, faith in the West, business interests and—a woman. It would have been more polite and proper to have put the lady first, for, in this case, as in almost every case where a real Kansas genius stays at home, it is the Kansas wife—the girl who won't leave her Kansas home, her Kansas parents and her Kansas friends, who holds him here. That's one accomplishment the Kansas wife has not been properly credited with—this business of keeping the live ones at home.

Temptation almost had him when he was doing clever work and receiving great praise and considerable remuneration on the Chicago *Record*, the New York *Herald* and *Judge* and *McClure's*. And even after marrying a charming Topeka girl, the daughter of M. A. Low, the East beckoned to him and temptation was offered in a form that appealed strongly to his business instincts, but the Kansas halter held, and Mr. Reid, now a Kansan forever, thinks there is no State like Kansas and no people like Kansans.

Throughout all his artistic career Mr. Reid has, in some wonderful manner, kept his art above commercialism and his commercialism free from art. He learned quite early that art critics

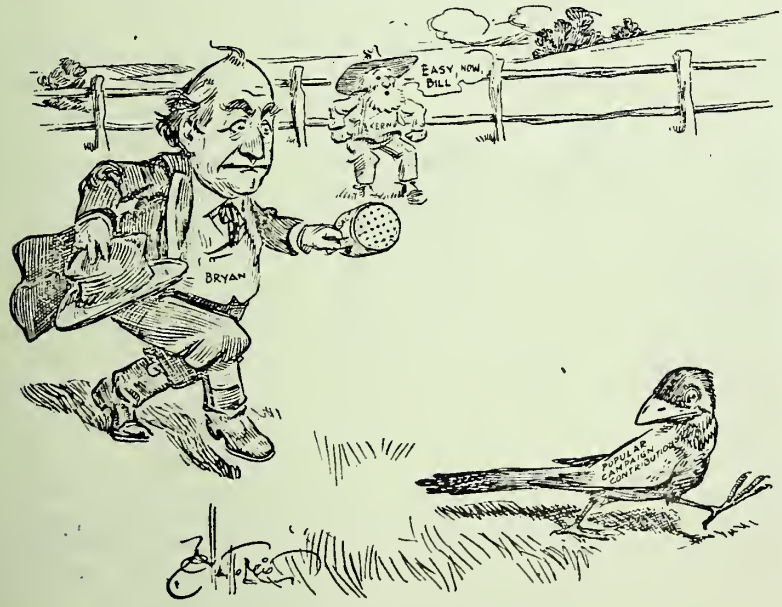




taboo art that savors of business and that bankers look with disfavor on business that savors of art. The fact that he is successful in both proves that he isn't mixing them.

Albert T. Reid was born at Concordia, Kansas, August 12th, 1873, and as a mere child showed wonderful artistic ability, both in art and music—the latter not meant to include his youthful vocal tendencies, however. He comes of a fine, old Kansas family, a stock that will be distinguished for centuries by an inbreeding of courteousness and refinement. Mr. Reid admits that as a youth he preferred drawing comic sketches of his friends, to drawing water at the family well, yet when he left his father's bank at Clyde, Kansas, he left behind a reputation as a splendid accountant and keen business man.

Clyde became restricted for Mr. Reid the day the young artist, to his surprise, received a handsome cash prize from the *Mail and Breeze* for a political cartoon which he submitted in a contest. This was in August, 1896, in the days of Fusion. Mr. Reid's cartoon was one of his usually happy ideas, depicting John W. Leedy, the Fusion candidate for Governor, dressed as a farmer, plowing in a field of Free Silver stumps with a dilapidated plow labeled "Populism," which was drawn by the Democratic mule. Instantly the spotlight was turned on the young artist whose signature has since become so familiar, and there has always been a performance going on under that spotlight.



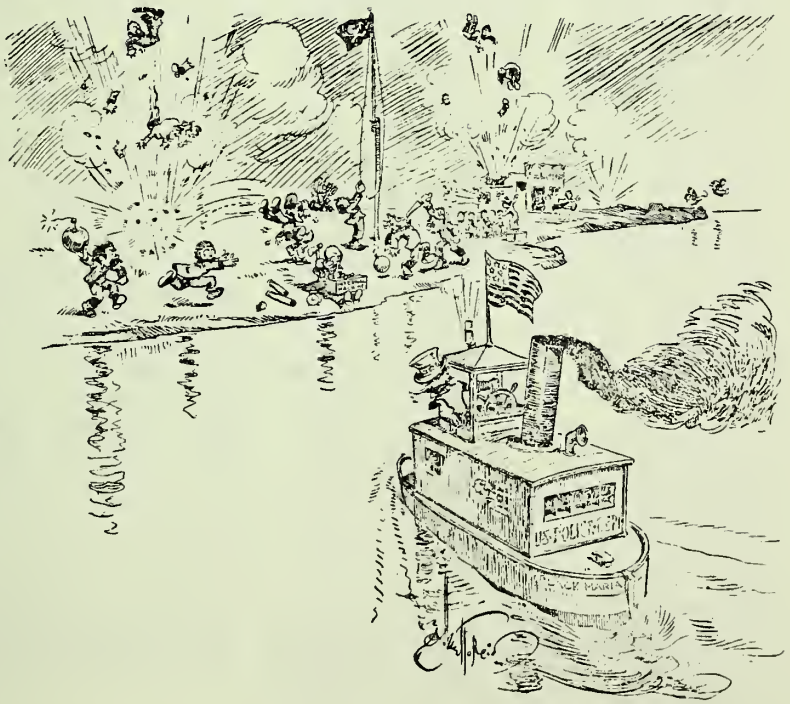
To tell what his clever political cartoons have accomplished, would be to enumerate the details of a good many of the great political battles of Kansas. The popularity of the cartoons was such that at one time the Republican committee concluded that the cartoonist would be a good investment and they



took him along to convert Democrats, and, needless to say, his clever pictures put the story in a nutshell for the unconverted and helped immensely in winning the big Republican battles.

Mr. Reid worked for some time on the Kansas City *Star* and until quite recently his daily cartoon in the Kansas City *Journal* was always eagerly sought by all the readers of that paper. Although he manages to get along without the quota of sleep and recreation demanded by the men who buy only overalls that bear the union mark, Mr. Reid found it impossible to turn out a cartoon daily and give all his other interests the proper attention. Nevertheless he gives the *Journal* a weekly "streamer" for the Sunday issue, that is guaranteed to bring a smile to the face of even a defeated candidate. Mr. Reid possesses a political insight and keen sense of humor which enables him to make cartoons which always "hit the nail on the head."

"How do you find time to do all this?" is a question frequently asked of Mr. Reid. One of his best cartoons was made in the glare of an automobile searchlight while the chauffeur was lying on his back in a pool of oil cursing the transmission and trying to get the car into shape to take Reid and his finished cartoon to the crossing to catch "No. 6." Once he gets the idea—and how he gets that, only he knows—the execution is simple for him and the result perfect, even if he is racing against time to get the job into the mails for a certain train. The popularity of his work is attested by the fact that his cartoons are copied by the leading newspapers and magazines. The now famous "Elaphadonk" is a creation of this artist's wonderful brain and hand, that has been adopted all over the country as the symbol of the



"New Nationalism" or "Insurgency."

Mr. Reid has the rare gift of being able to transact a whole lot of business and be a perfect host without slighting either his business or hospitality, and he seems always glad to make new acquaintances and usually manages to get new inspirations from everyone he meets, giving in return the feeling that one has met a very busy and a very perfect gentleman, a real "rara avis."

Unconsciously this clever artist has raised the farmer to a place of dignity in political cartoons, that is his by right of his possessions and his profession. Mr. Reid has persistently depicted the farmer, in comic as well as serious work as a respectable appearing, well-fed and well-groomed, happy, agriculturist, instead of the "Uncle Hayseed" and "John Corntassle" of *Puck* and *Judge* fame. How faithfully these characteristics are brought out in "What's the Use 'o Complainin' 'bout the Weather!" What visions of new potatoes and green peas fill the background of "The Man With the Hoe!" It requires but a glance to read the story in "Has Anybody Seen Anything of a Rainbow?" And could anything look wetter than the grass in "When the rain finally came." Numerous prosperity cartoons drop from his magic pen of which "The Milky Way" and the "Newfangled Mint" are typical examples. His typical farmers might easily be taken for Hon. F. D. Coburn or even M. A. Low, and, while he won't admit it, Mr. Reid's friends think these two notables furnished the inspirations for his happy creations. Other artists have followed his lead and now the farmer cannot say that the corporations have any the best of him when it comes to portrayal in print.



Mr. Reid, along with others of keen judgment and farsightedness, realizes that the farm is the foundation of the nation, and the farmer the owner of the nation's strong-box, and he was looking into the future when, after putting The Leavenworth *Post*, a daily afternoon paper established by himself and the writer, onto its feet, he put the rest of his savings and earnings into the *Kansas Farmer*, the great agricultural weekly of Kansas for nearly half a century. Now he is president of the company that publishes the *Farmer* and is devoting every effort to make this always successful publication an even more potent factor in the success of farming and farmers.

The home life of a man like this is always interesting. Mr. Reid has one of the handsomest homes in Topeka and from cellar to garret it fairly scintillates with genius. He would, undoubtedly, in his practical way, discredit the cellar part of that statement, yet it must stand, for one who can in great emergency produce that which cheers from a cellar that displays neither cobwebs nor bottles, shows genius in that depart-

ment. If an artist's home is attractive, the artist gets the credit; that's one of the injustices that befalls an artist's wife, who nine times out of ten, is the only one responsible for the fact that the artist's home isn't like the interior of a junk shop. While Mr. Reid is entitled to the credit of all the attractiveness there is to the spacious studio on the third floor, Mrs. Reid must be credited with the extremely comfortable and homelike, yet exquisitely artistic arrangement and decoration of the home. Here Mr. Reid finds time for the things he really loves best, his wife and child and his real art. Here you can unearth watercolors, pen and ink sketches and studies in oil that would easily gain admission to any art exhibition. These are the things Reid does for the love of his art and these are the things which show the real artistic temperament of the man.

Here you find a man of business who can leave it with his hat out in the vestibule, and go unincumbered to his family and his art.

With the thought of a ten-cent raise in the price of print paper temporarily erased from his mind, he sits down at the piano and brings from the vibrating strings harmonies that are not ragtime. He composes popular, catchy airs easily and has an ambition to some day write the music for a musical comedy if he can find someone who has wit enough to write good lyrics for him. Chances are he'll do it all himself if he can get time. All this from a man who confesses that his earliest and most lasting ambition was to be the driver of a transfer wagon!



Unafraid

I am really not afraid
Of a cat,
But I get a spiral spine
For all that,
When I find one fast asleep
In my hat,
So I chase about and grab
For a bat,
Though I'm really not afraid
Of a cat.
Yet it lifts my every hair,
Fills my soul with grim despair,
When some feline, debonair,
Rends the murky midnight air.
Some belated procreator, many million years ago,
Met a tiger in a forest, pacing dignified and slow.
Then the tiger tried to eat him,
But the nimble man could beat him
To an airy fairy tree top, where the tiger could not go.
But I feel so queer to-day, for the man was frightened so.
Though I'm really not afraid
Of a cat.

I am really not afraid
Of a mouse.
But I do not keep them warm
In my blouse,
And I hate to see them run
Through the house,
So I turn the hose their way
For a douse,
Though I'm really not afraid
Of a mouse.
Yet I aviate the air
If I see one any where,
And I take the best of care
To descend upon a chair.
Some remote and gay progenitor, in dim antiquity
Met a dreadful dinosaur, loping lightly down the lea.
Then the little man took fright
And he ran with all his might,
Leaping sixty-seven meters to the branches of a tree.
He became so badly frightened that he passed the fright to me
Though I'm really not afraid
Of a mouse.

I am really not afraid
Of a snake,
For I know his deadly bite
Is a fake.
Yet the snake that tackles me
Meets his fate,
And I dance about and gloat
At his wake,
Though I'm really not afraid
Of a snake.
But I hate to see him squirm,
Like a horrid wriggling worm,
And I fear he has a germ
In his clammy epiderm.
That's because some ancient father, in returning to his tree
Found a boa waiting for him, that he wasn't glad to see.
Then the boa's graceful curves
Were too much for grand-dad's nerves,
So he suddenly Newported to the margin of the sea,
Where he hated snakes so fiercely that he passed the hate to me.
Though I'm really not afraid
Of a snake.

Mary Hall Davison.

Light

I had not loved the years through which I trod
With step discouraged; I could never see
The beauty of the plan which fashioned me:
I hated life; I hated even God
Who bound me upon earth, poor fated clod,
Destined an hour to live, and then the fee
Of Death, the Grave, and of Eternity,
Ah! how I longed to soar with vengance shod!
And then You came. How like the sudden Spring
That looses Earth from Winter's grasp, you drew
Me to the light. The Night took wing
Before your rare enchantment; and I knew
God had intended me for aye to sing
Rich melodies of Life, of Love, and You.

A. R. Buzick.

Forlorn Hope

By Wm. S. Elton

GOOD-NIGHT, Mrs. Hope." Helen Silverman bent and kissed a sweet, delicate, white-haired little lady.

"Good-night, dear. You had better allow Danny to walk home with you—Sheepshead Bay is not as quiet as usual this evening."

Danny Hope picked up his hat. "It's Surburban Day to-morrow Mam, —that's why."

Helen generally pretended to confer a favor when she allowed young Hope to walk home with her; and he always seemed to be duly thankful. This time the girl was thankful. They sauntered along in silence until the Silverman house came in sight. Helen was disturbed, anxious and depressed, and on such occasions it was to Danny Hope she turned for comfort.

"Danny," she began, "I am miserable, I don't know exactly what is wrong; but father has become unbearable. When I ask him about things, he tells me not to meddle—as if I distrusted him." The boy grunted as the girl paused, and then continued, "He is making money fast—that is what a bookmaker is in business for—and yet —and yet—Oh! Danny, I don't know what to think."

Danny knew what to think or thought he did. He had heard things about "Big Tim" Silverman, Helen's step-father. "Oh! don't worry, kid. It don't pay. If things upset you, why don't you go and stay with your Aunt as she asked you to?"

The girl looked at him searchingly. "Well, I'll try it a little longer, and if things don't improve—I'll go."

Danny was persistent. "I'd go now if I were you—it'll save trouble."

They had reached the Silverman house and the girl stopped. "Trouble —what do you mean?" she asked gently.

"Oh!—nothing particular—but I would go—really, Helen—I mean it," he answered evasively.

She spoke eagerly. "Danny!—do you suspect him?" She was not surprised, but merely seeming to fortify her own half-admitted doubts.

Danny nodded. "You go kid—people are talking about him. It won't do you any good to stay. If he was your real father I would not say anything; but as it is, I'm going to do what I can. I never trusted him after Father died—they were partners. Father died poor. Never could make that pan out. Never drank—never gambled on the outside."

"Yes, I know. I've been thinking of that too. Why did you not demand an explanation!?"

The boy laughed harshly. "Explanation! Me—a near-jockey—demanding an explanation of "Big Tim" Silverman —Huh! Where do you think I'd fit? Lose my job—the only chance I have of ever getting in right. I can't afford to lose that. No! I'll wait!"

Then came a silence broken by Helen. "Do you think it would be disloyal of me to leave him?"

Danny swore inaudibly. "Disloyal —huh—you can't be loyal to a thief, can you?"

The girl flushed hotly. "Thief!—well, may be he is, but I'll wait and see. I owe him that much." Her eyes flashed a challenge.

"All right, have your own way," he sighed. "But if I can bring you proof —will you go? I'm thinking of you, kid," he said gently.

"Yes—then I'll go—sure," she said slowly.

"Good! I don't know whether I ever told you about dad's will, Helen—but to-morrow being Suburban Day re-

minded me of it. He was superstitious was father."

"Yes—they all are," replied the other. "Tell me about it."

"Well, Father left a century bill and not a penny more. His name, you know, was Frank Hope. The money was to be placed on the first stake horse that appeared, whose name bore the same initials as his own. That was his last wish. So you see we'll probably have a long wait."

"Goodness! that's superstition enough. Havn't you ever been tempted to use it?"

"Yes—once. When Paladin ran the Brooklyn Handicap last year, in the Silverman colors. I took out the bill —turned it over and read where father had written 'Stick!' across the back. The bet was a cinch, but I couldn't get over that writing."

"No—I should say not. Your father knew what 'Stick!' meant—so stick, Danny—stick."

"Sure I'll stick. That's why they christened me Daniel—he stuck in the lion's den." The boy was half serious.

The girl laughed. "Well, see that you do. Good-night! See you tomorrow."

"Sure—good-night, Kid!"

The dawn of Surburban Day saw Danny at the track, armed with his father's peculiar legacy. He was attached to the Desmond Stable, a string of twenty-odd high-class thoroughbreds, —all stake winners. He was due to put their Suburban candidate, Pandora, through a stiff workout over the course; for Pandora was a mare who required a hard gallop to put her on racing edge.

Strolling into the stall, he found half a dozen boys ready to take their charges out for their morning gallop. One of them, a little, redheaded cockney, named Charlie Mugridge, was to ride a stable companion with Pandora and Danny found him squatting on an inverted pail, deep in thought. Danny hailed him as he entered.

"What's in your bloomin' cocoanut this morning, Mug?" he said, imitating Mugridge's cockney English. Mugridge looked up with a worried look and and jerked his head, intimating that he wanted Danny to draw closer.

"Look 'ere old pal—this 'ere race 'as bloomin' well put me orf me rocker—it 'as. Yesterday, I sez to meself:— Charlie,—Pandora can bring the Bank of Hengland 'ome safe, an' I bets me little bit on 'er, like a bloomin' Lord,— straight. Then wot 'appens? Larst night a cove comes in from the West with a 'orse in a box car. Takes 'er out an' sends 'er the full course in record under wraps; and blow me pink if I can get so much as the color of 'is bloomin' 'ide."

Danny gave vent to a prolonged whistle. "Gee! That looks like something doing. That guy must have a prize. Are you sure that it was the Western horse that made the record?"

The Cockney gave an indignant snort. "Am I sure? Didn't the Western bloke clout me bloomin' 'ead because I was 'oppin' around too much? Didn't I try to get pally with the jockey 'e 'ad with 'im and 'e ups an' tells me ter mind me own bloomin' business?"

Danny interrupted, "Did you have a watch on him, Mug?"

Mugridge became wrathy. "Chuck yer bloomin' kiddin'. Don't I know er record buster when I sees one? Why, 'e'd 'ave taken the blarsted 'ands orf a watch. 'E made record time orl right. Yus 'e did,—by orl the saints this side of 'ell."

Just then Jack Desmond, trainer and owner, came in and the two boys mounted their charges. Desmond addressed them when they arrived at the track side. "Mug, you hustle along all the way. Take the lead and keep it. Danny, you take Pandora along in the rear, hard held, and let her out just before the stretch run." Desmond sent them away, and Pandora's stable mate took a long lead and kept it, according to instructions until Danny let Pandora down. Then came a struggle which ended in a neck-and neck finish, with Pandora beaten a nose, which left a dozen railbirds in a quandary.

Silverman's Paladin drew their attention next. The big chestnut looked to be in great fettle; but to their disgust, nothing but an easy six-furlong gallop was attempted. The air was charged with rumors and counter-rumors. By noon-time Pandora and

Paladin were almost equal favorites.

Danny and Mugridge, meanwhile, hung around the unknown's quarters, hoping to acquire information. Finally the stable door was thrown open. The two lads pressed forward expectantly. They were not diasppointed. The unknown was led into view,—a great, black, long-legged horse. Both lads took in every detail.

"Think 'is bloomin' legs is too long?" queried Mugridge.

Danny studied the animal steadily for some minutes before he answered. "Mug, that horse looks good to me, and what we've got to do, is to get aboard early, before this Western guy's money goes up and drops the price."

Mugridge spat on the turf, reflectively as he rolled a cigarette and nodded.

A solitary old colored man was assiduously grooming the big black racer. "Hey, Santa Claus! Wot's the name of the old kangaroo you've got there?" called Danny, as he gave Mugridge the nudge to join in.

"Yus," chimed in Mugridge, "they're lookin' for 'orses like 'im on the Belt Line."

The old man looked up with a broad grin. "Yo' lads think yo' know mo' den ol' folk 'bout hosses; but dis ol' coon tel' yo', yo' don't, no suh!"

The two boys laughed uproariously. "You aint going to tell us 'Old Broomsticks' is going to race hereabouts?" queried Danny.

"Ah shore am, sonny, and der hoss dat runs away from ol' Fo'lorn Hope, am some runner, shore 'nuf."

Danny felt his heart stand still, as he clutched his companion's arm. "Throw him a little more 'con,' Mug, and come away quick," he said excitedly.

Mugridge was quick to see that something was in the air. "Well so long, Santa, we'll die larfin' if we stay 'ere any longer. W'at d'ye smoke? We'll try it."

Danny hurried him out of earshot before he spoke. "Tell me the name of that horse again, Mug, I don't think I am awake."

"Forlorn 'Ope,—but 'e don't look it."

Danny produced his father's letter, and,—as if to make sure of its contents,—scanned it carefully. He drew out the the hundred dollar bill, and showed it to Mugridge, "See that?" he said solemnly. "That goes on Forlorn Hope—he'll be added to-day."

Mugridge was overwhelmned. He looked blankly, first at Danny and then at the bill. "Wot's yer bloomin' game?" he said. Danny handed him the letter and let him read. "Blow me tight, if this 'ere don't sound like a Drury Lane drama!" exclaimed Mugridge.

Then Danny related a few details connected with his father's quick ruin, and as Mugridge listened he became serious. He had heard of Frank Hope, and had also heard of his partner—the now prosperous bookmaker—Tim Silverman. He had summed up that Hope had been the target of Silverman's machinations.

"Danny, old man—if yer wants my opinion of yer guv'nor's partner—'e's a blarsted crook, that's wot 'e is."

The other nodded. "That's what I've come to think lately, Mug. We'll talk of that later. Go to old Uncle Pete and get him to bet this century. Tell him to get it all on the Silverman book. Don't let him know who you're betting for. Your money counts in this too."

Mugridge grabbed his friend's hand. "You an me is pals and I 'opes yer win! If ol' 'Frittered 'Ope' wins, there'll be one bloke on this 'ere track that'll wish 'e 'adn't been born."

Danny laughed. "Let's hope so, Mug."

"No 'ope about it—'e will!" and the red headed Mugridge darted away on his errand.

The crowd had already begun to filter in, as young Hope threaded his way quickly towards the Desmond quarters. Upon arrival he found Jack Desmond in earnest conversation with a stranger. Seeing Danny enter Desmond beckoned to him.

"This is the lad I spoke about, Mr. Harding," he said.

The stranger flashed a keen look at Danny before he spoke. "I leave it to you, Mr. Desmond,—better tell the lad."

Desmond strode over and shut the stable door to bar intruding eyes, and

then said: "Danny,—the Silverman outfit have been up to their tricks. Mr. Harding has a horse—named Forlorn Hope—added in the Surburban to-day. Last night, failing to get at the horse, some unknown party got at Snapper Dean, who Mr. Harding brought from the coast to ride Forlorn Hope. He became deathly sick a few hours ago and, of course, will not be able to ride. I have scratched Pandora and have released you to Mr. Harding, who wants you to ride Forlorn Hope to-day."

Danny felt his head swim and could only stammer, "Me ride in the Suburban?" It seemed incredulous.

Mr. Harding broke the silence. "Mr. Desmond tells me that you are his cleverest boy and it's not often that he is wrong. You'll get five pounds apprentice's allowance and with a good ride Forlorn Hope can beat anything here. The only dangerous one is Silverman's Paladin, and it's his crowd that we suspect—they don't want any unknown quantities in this race. With Snapper Dean on the ground, they will think themselves tolerably safe from anything of the sort. Now it's up to you to make good. Boy, it's the chance or your lifetime."

Danny drew himself up. "Mr. Harding," he said "if your horse runs the way I'll ride, Paladin will look like a cipher with the rim torn off."

The two men laughed heartily. "That's the stuff, sonny, that's the stuff! Get into the silks early,—we don't want any hustling or excitement."

Danny took himself off. He had something to do in the short space of time that remained before the race. He made his way rapidly to the grand stand, already filled with a dense crowd. Danny proceeded on his way to the far corner where he knew he could find Helen Silverman on all big race days. As he approached, a little white handkerchief waved to him and with a glad cry he ran over and greeted the girl.

"What news, Danny?" she said.

Danny fairly beamed. "I'm going to ride in the Suburban!"

Helen gasped. "What!"

Danny assumed a business-like air. "Listen, kid! I'm riding the horse that carries father's century,—an added starter from the West,—name's Forlorn Hope. We've only got a few minutes, Helen, so tell me what I ask, quickly. Are you going to leave your step-father?"

Helen was a trifle pale. "Yes, I settled that last night; he's not straight."

Danny started. "I'm glad you found out before someone told you. If I win to-day, it will be a bad day for him. Wish me luck and watch out for Forlorn Hope—he's black as the devil—and as lucky I hope."

Helen held out her hand impulsively. "Whatever you do, Danny, I'm with you. Ride straight—ride to win."

Danny wrung her hand. "You're a thoroughbred all right, kid."

Leaving her he hastened back to the training quarters. He donned the red and gold silks of the Harding Stable and entered the paddock in time to weigh in the first. Forlorn Hope looked a giant as he stood surrounded by a small group of onlookers—mostly women—they liked the colors.

Some distance away Tim Silverman's Paladin, a horse of magnificent proportions, was the centre of a regular mob. He was the public favorite since the scratching of Pandora, and the holiday crowd was paying homage to their charge. There were nine other candidates,—each receiving more or less attention,—all had their group of followers and all were well known racers except Forlorn Hope, who was unknown and neglected. He was not taken to be a contending factor; except by the small minority who looked for the unexpected and eleventh-hour happenings.

A shrill bugle blast called horse and jockey to the post. Danny mounted and walked his horse at the tail end of the procession. Passing the grand stand he swelled with pride, as he caught sight of Helen Silverman waving to him. He felt exultant as he waved back to her. He could see the bedlam betting ring, seething with bettors struggling to place their money. Paladin had been an even-money favorite; while Forlorn Hope had been posted at 60 to 1,—a rank outsider.

A shout went up from the multitude. "They're off!"

The eleven thoroughbreds left the barrier in a body and gradually began to string out as they neared the quarter post. Danny, watchful as a cat, had left the barrier a good length in the lead. He held the lead until the field had strung out sufficiently to leave plenty of racing room for the leaders. It was then that Danny let his near opponents pass him.

Forlorn Hope was under wraps and Danny felt the confident surge of his mount as he swept along in close attendance with the leaders. Danny bent close to the black head and whispered: "It's ours, boy! It's got to be ours! It's got to be ours!" All the time Danny kept his eyes upon the big chestnut Paladin, a full length ahead of him closely followed by a flashy brown sprinter named Velox. The leaders raced along in much the same order until the seven furlong post flashed by. Paladin drew away and showed daylight between himself and the sprinter, who was beginning to quit. Forlorn Hope surged along with long automatic strides, all the time hard held by his pilot.

Just before the stretch run was reached Paladin was let down for the run home. Danny had watched with strained eyes for this minute and simultaneously he gave Forlorn Hope his head and shouted: "Now catch him, you big black devil!" The big racer stretched his neck, laid his ears flat, and increased the rythm of his stride. So much so, that the majority, who were backing the favorite, let out a yell. One frantic supporter of the chestnut threw up his hat. "It's all yours, you old Paladin!—The black is shortening!" The air was charged with yells and shouts, pitched in every known key. But the black racer had only quickened his long automatic stride. As the two swept along the far end of the grand stand the daylight between the two horses began to lessen rapidly. Paladin's jockey drew his whip in vain endeavor to lessen his rapidly decreasing lead; but to no avail.

They were racing almost upon equal terms. Danny laid his head flat against the horse's neck, whispering fiercely: "Catch him!—catch him, you Forlorn Hope! You've got to catch him!—you've got to win!—you've got to win!" Side by side they flew down the track in unison. Another fifty yards and the race would be over. The crowd went mad. Suddenly Danny yelled at the top of his voice: "Now, you big devil! —win!" As if in answer, Forlorn Hope with great lunging leaps drew away from his splendid rival and finished by the judges' stand,—winner by a full length.

The great Suburban was over. Not in years had there been such a finish,—won, by an unknown horse and unknown rider.

In spite of the fact that there were so many disappointed supporters of the great Paladin, the crowd was lavish with their applause of the victor. Danny rode down the line with heart brimming over. He dismounted and weighed in; and as he gave Forlorn Hope into the hands of little red-headed Mugridge, who had been the first to shake his hand,—he pulled the glossy head of the big horse down and kissed it.

"B'li'me," said Mugridge, "if you ain't orl right!"

Danny turned to meet Helen as she ran to him and threw both arms around him and kissed him. "Oh! Danny, I'm so glad! It was the greatest ride in years,—they all say so. Come!—hurry!—I'm going home with you."

That day Mr. Harding formally charged "Big Tim" Silverman—as the racing fraternity were wont to call him him—with drugging. There were other things too, and Silverman failed to vindicate himself. He was "ruled off" for life.

And so the Hope fortunes rose as the Silverman fortunes fell, with the memorable ride of "Forlorn Hope."

What Are We Singing?

By Elizabeth Foster

FLETCHER tells us that a wise man once said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws." When I first read that I sniffed with school-girl superiority. "A dreamer! A fanatic! For what are songs compared to laws?" But time has considerably altered if not entirely changed my views. Now I am willing to trust the legislators of my country, but my spirit burns within me to set the standard of our popular songs.

The different ages of history are judged largely by the literature which has come down through the years; but is this a fair test? Only the best is thus preserved. We do not judge a nation by its greatest men or measure a land by its mountain peaks. A far truer standard would be the popular writings of the time. Let us think for a minute: Would we wish our age to be measured in history by the popular books and songs of to-day?

Popular music has its place; I would be the last to deny it. Any music is better than no music, and popular music reaches a class of people that classical music would never touch. Men whistle Yankee Doodle who could not carry a tune from many of the grand operas to save their immortal souls. People enjoy a brass band who would be inexpressibly bored by Haydn's "Creation." Some of our most loved gems of song have been in their day popular music. "Annie Laurie," "Kathleen, Mavourneen," "Alice, Where Art Thou?" "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Juanita,"—these were the popular songs of England, Ireland, Scotland, a few generations ago. Our mothers sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Jennie, the Flower of Kildare." What are we singing now?

Only a few years ago "In the Good Old Summertime" was considred one of the trashiest of the collection. I heard school-teachers railing bitterly against it.

"Strolling down the shady lane,
With your baby mine;
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsy wootsy"—

An insult to any decent, sensible girl, they said. The girls laughed. Did that mean that men and women of middle age, of experience, of education, knew less of morals, convention, prudence, than did school-children, or that these were not decent and sensible girls?

These sensible young people sing that if "lovey" should die "duckey" would have

"No one to cuddle and say 'goo-goo',
No one to say 'whose little oo—is—oo?'"

and do not seem to feel at all cheapened by the appellations. Do these decent, sensible girls feel no indignation at hearing one of their sex characterized as

"A wild sort of devil, but dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal?"

Do they merely giggle giggle when men sing to them,

"I'm afraid you will take me, then break me,
then shake me"?

Girls, decent, sensible girls, do we realize that our intelligence is belittled, our self-respect questioned, our womanhood held up to ridicule and insult by those phrases? Would we permit men to *say* such things to us? Many would not. Why is it so different when they are sung? Yet we let them sing

"You can hug and squeeze and tease as much
as you may please,
And that, you know, is going some,
But it's best to be particular just how much
you tickle her,
Or else you'll get her mad, by gum;"

and we sing back

"Snug up close to your baby;—hug up close
to your lady,"
"Cuddle up a little closer."

We hear them describing how a girl

" * * * buys herself peroxide too,
Then her for she builds up with some cotton
waste,
On her face she uses Madam Dope's cold
paste;
When she gets thru she looks pretty good to
you."

We hear them recounting the results of a kiss—

"Wedding bells will ring,
And soon the stork comes flying to you.
Baby has the colic, baby has the pip,
And you vow you'll take no more of Teddy's
tip;
Strength of baby's lung seems to say that
you've been stung."

Girls, do we realize that the most sacred relationships of life are being cheapened, coarsened? Boys, do you know the first syllable of the meaning of the word "Fatherhood"? That song insults it. So do others.

"What's the matter with Father? He's all in—
Father's been to the German House;
He came home in an awful souse."

I heard men putting that song into the mouth of a wee, four-year-old child, dainty and pure as a flower, adoring her father, utterly ignorant of what the words meant, her baby lips barely able to frame them; and the man laughed as she lisped the disgusting phrases.

But this is not the worst. Revolting as these are there is nothing absolutely sinful in them; they are only cheap, coarse, vulgar. As if that were not enough we read that "When wife was gone" Daddy took a girl to the theatre, who afterward sings to him,

"I'd like to spend a rainy day with you,—
Let me know the next time when your wife's
away;
Don't be afraid of wifey, I won't tell."

Kelly was being hazed in college. thrown in the river and his clothes brought back home.

"Holy Gee! Poor Kelly hid behind a tree;
Fourteen miles fo walk back home." He
started up the road,
"A lovely flour barrel was the only suit he had.
Some old maids saw bim coming,—
They ran in the house and locked the door,
But peeped out thru the blind.
They were seeing Kelly home,—
And they had the finest rubbering party,—
One old maid yelled 'he is mine',
Kelly ran and lost his barrel."—Tableau.

A certain

"Mrs. Flood said 'Coon, I'm thru,
I have had enough of you,'
And divorced him from that day and date;
He in turn without delay, married Angelina Gray."

Our national songs are degraded as we sing

"I'm on my way to Reno,—
'Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!' "

Our most beautiful classical melodies are brought down to the level of ragtime:

"Love me to that ever lovin' spring song
melody;
Please me, honey, squeeze me to that Mendelsohn tune."

Does Young America hold nothing sacred? The most degrading, most demoralizing of these songs are often set to the brightest, catchiest, even the best of tunes. Do the composers know upon what class of words it pays to expend their best efforts?

The songs, versus the laws! Our statesmen are shaking their heads over the grave social problems of the day. Our legislatures are puzzling over the divorce laws. Our periodicals are publishing long articles on "The Increasing Divorce Problem," "Why girls go astray." Our ministers are preaching and pleading for morality and purity. Our mothers' hairs are growing gray and their faces lined, over wayward boys and girls. And where, in all this nation are heard voices being raised against the songs reeking with suggestive vice, coarseness, vulgarity, on the lips of our boys and girls?

I hear some one calling me what I called the poet years ago, "A fool!

A fanatic! She is laying divorce and sin at the doors of popular music!" But she is not. She knows there are many causes of divorce: hasty, thoughtless marriage; wrong ideals of life and the marriage bond; the fact that girls cannot cook and sew and men cannot earn a proper living; the mad rush for pleasure, social position, wealth. But she is asking, earnestly, fearfully: How can we expect high ideals of love and marriage; of motherhood and fatherhood; high standards of conduct, purity, morality, when in the parlors of our country the boys and girls are singing hilariously, with unholy joy,

"I'd do a wrong for you,
Because I'm awfully strong for you;"
"If you can't be good ,be careful;"
"I love my wife, but O, you kid"?

Answer, law-makers! Answer, ministers! Above all, Answer, parents.'



Uncle Jerry

By Walter E. Jadwin

WHEN Uncle Jerry King shot and killed his son-in-law, Jim Long, one April morning, no surprise was felt by his neighbors. For had not Uncle Jerry said, the day that Jim struck Mandy, his wife, down by the sheep pasture, "Jim, if ye ever hit my gal again, I reckon I'm going to kill ye!"

Now every one knew that Uncle Jerry would do what he said he would, and every one knew that Jim Long would beat his wife again; hence the lack of surprise.

Uncle Jerry belonged to a type now fast disappearing from the Ozark mountains. A man of rugged build, superlatively ignorant and fearlessly honest; one who would forgive murder if done in the open, but not a lie; an intense friend and bitter enemy.

As to lying, Uncle Jerry believed, as did his neighbor, Jake Braydon, who was now sheriff and lived in town. that on only one occasion was a lie justifiable and that when it was told in defense of a friend.

After the killing and before the neighbors had had time to gather, Old Man King, as he was sometimes called, proceeded to mount his old black mare and an hour later was in town looking for his friend, Braydon, the sheriff. He found him just outside the county jail, with a basket of rations on his arm for the prisoners.

"Jake," was Uncle Jerry's greeting to the sheriff, "I killed Jim this mornin'."

"Did ye?" replied Jake.

Without further words they entered the jail. Five minutes later Jake came out alone.

When it became known that Jerry King was in jail for killing his son-in-law, no less than a hundred men expressed a desire to sign a bond for his release. Some one prepared a bail, as it was called, and passed it among the men of the community. Men almost quarrelled for the privilege of signing the bond.

When all the formalities had been duly complied with, the sheriff informed his prisoner that he was at liberty to go where he pleased. But when the nature of a bond was explained to Uncle Jerry, he declared that he would have nothing to do with the "gosh-dinged lawyer thing," that if Jake couldn't take his own word that he would be back when wanted, he would stay right there until the day of the trial. So the sheriff took the law into his own hands and did as his friend desired; and so strong was the belief that Jerry King's "word was as good as his bond," that no man objected.

At last the day arrived for trial and Sheriff Braydon appeared before the judge with his prisoner. The peculiar circumstances attending the case had aroused widespread interest and the court room was packed with a curious but sympathetic crowd. Uncle Jerry, having a deep-seated prejudice against lawyers, had refused to employ counsel, so that the judge had been obliged to appoint an attorney for his defense. When the question had been asked, "Prisoner, do you plead guilty or not guilty?" this attorney, as is customary, rose and replied:

"The defendant pleads 'Not Guilty.'"

Uncle Jerry turned to the sheriff: "Jake," said he, "I told ye them fellers would lie about it." Then, "Jedge," he cried, "that ain't the truth. I killed Jim. I killed him because he abused my my little gal."

This was a simple, irrefutable statement. Nevertheless, by some means known only to lawyers, the trial pro-

ceeded on the theory that Uncle Jerry had pleaded "not guilty." The State produced an array of witnesses, one after another; and under the blazing eyes of the old prisoner, they dared not tell other than the truth, but the truth was condemning.

Jerry King, they said in substance, had on the morning of April 4, shot and killed his son-in-law, Jim Long. Long had made no threats of any kind, had offered no physical violence to the old man, and in fact was unarmed when the shooting occured.

It looked bad for Uncle Jerry.

Then he was called to the stand. He told in a simple, straight-forward manner of how Jim Long had brought disgrace to his daughter and how he had forced him to make the only amends then in his power. After the marriage his daughter had been repeatedly abused and even struck by her husband. He had reasoned with his son-in-law, and had tried every means of persuading him to "treat Mandy right," but to no avail. "So," said the old man, "I killed him."

Judge, jury, and audience had listened to the story in profound silence. The prosecution and defense waived the right of argument, so nothing remained but for the judge to give his instructions to the jury. The maximum penalty, he told them, was death, the minimum penalty, confinement for two years in the penitentiary.

The jury retired and in five minutes returned with the verdict, "Guilty," but recommended that the prisoner be given the minimum penalty.

Amid intense silence the judge rose and solemnly addressed the convicted man.

"Jerry King," he said, "you have been found guilty of murder by this jury. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?"

"I killed him," said the old man, simply. He then quietly faced the judge, who began again:

"Jerry King, you have committed a crime against society and the law. The law permits the penalty of death, and I, as judge of this court, in view of the evidence, assess your punishment at—two years in the penitenitiary."

A sigh of relief arose from the audience, and Sheriff Braydon led the prisoner from the court room.

The next day found the sheriff with Uncle Jerry on his way to the penitentiary at Jefferson City. They went by way of St. Louis, and there discovered that they must wait three hours for a train.

Jake had more papers than his pockets would conveniently hold; so handing the committment papers to Uncle Jerry, he remarked:

"Jerry, you keep these papers for me. I am going up town for a while. You stay here in the depot."

"All right," was the reply, and Uncle Jerry lit his pipe and proceeded to take what enjoyment he might. His mind was comparatively easy. Parting with his wife and daughter had been hard, but they would not suffer. The farm would yield them a good income, and the neighbors were kind. Shame or repentance he felt not at all. He had done what seemed to him his duty, but enough to see that the law could not take the same view of it, and was now ready and willing to take his punishment.

Time passed quickly in his strange environment, but train time came and Braydon had not returned. After several anxious minutes had passed, he went to the bureau of information and asked: "Have you seen anything of Jake Braydon?"

"No," curtly replied the official, too busy to see any humor in the simple question.

He went to the other officers of the depot but naturally received no information. He then inquired of the people hurrying to and fro in the station.

Then he saw his train leave and in desperation went out into the street where he ran across Officer Dennis O'Flannagan, who stands at the corner of Olive and Main Streets near the depot; and to him put the same inquiry.

"Jake, who did ye say?" asked the startled policeman.

"Jake Braydon," expectantly replied Uncle Jerry.

"Well, and phat do yez want wid him?" asked O'Flannagan.

Uncle Jerry explained in detail, ending with, "and ye see I kain't git in till I find Jake."

"Be Dad," muttered the perplexed official, "I've seen 'em think they could see snakes wid green feathers on 'em, and think they's goin' to hell and that they's goin' to heaven; but search me if iver I seen one before that thought he was on the road to the 'pen' and anxious to git there,"

"Come with me," he said, and conducted the old man to the police station.

There the sergeant in charge heard the strange tale. The committment papers which the sheriff had left in Uncle Jerry's hands gave an element of plausibility to the story. Otherwise it is to be feared that they would have judged him to be mildly insane. A telegram of inquiry was dispatched to the circuit clerk of the county from which Uncle Jerry had been sent.

Back came the answer, "Put Jerry King on train for Jefferson City. Favor him."

This duty was entrusted to Officer O'Flannagan.

Uncle Jerry liked O'Flannagan and when they parted he shook him heartily by the hand, and asid, "Mr. O'Flannagan, when ye'r up about Jefferson City, come around and stay a spell with me."

It is not possible that O'Flannagan would have relished a "spell" with Uncle Jerry in the quarters to which he was soon to be assigned, but not wishing to seem discourteous, he said, "Sure!" in his heartiest tones and waved an adieu as the train pulled out of the station.

Meantime where was the missing sheriff?

Well, Sheriff Braydon had not been sheriff very long and had had no occasion before to be in such a large city as St. Louis. Naturally he wished to see all the sights, and so interested did he become that three hours passed like three minutes and when he thought to look at his watch it was an hour past train time. He hurriedly retraced his steps, and failing to find Uncle Jerry, concluded that he had gone on alone to Jefferson City. He felt no uneasiness, knowing that he had the committment papers and feeling confident that he would not even think of attempting to escape. Therefore he quickly bought a ticket and took the next train for home.

When Uncle Jerry reached Jefferson City, he went straight to the warden of the penitentiary.

"I come," he said to that astonished individual, "to be put in the penitentiary."

"Why what do you mean?" asked the warden.

"I killed Jim Long," was the reply, "and the Jedge sent me here. Here air some papers that they said to give ye and ye'd let me in."

So saying he dug into a pocket and produced the papers.

After a glance at them and after detailing an officer to watch Uncle Jerry, the warden hurried to the telegraph office. Here he sent four telegrams, one to each lunatic asylum in the State, asking if an inmate had escaped and lastly one to the circuit clerk of Uncle Jerry's county.

To the latter come the reply, "Put Jerry King in the penitentiary as requested. Grant favors."

Back went the warden and found Uncle Jerry placidly smoking his old pipe.

He looked up as the officer entered and asked with considerable anxiety, "Do ye reckon ye can find a place fer me?"

The old man was necessarily placed in confinement, but every liberty possible was granted to him; and every guard and prisoner loved him for his simplicity and his sterling honesty.

When the Governor heard of the matter he almost upset the routine of the State House. The pardon attorney was ordered to prepare release papers at once and when they were ready the Governor signed them, saying, "Missouri needs all such men on the outside."

He himself carried the pardon to the prison and when Uncle Jerry came out, grasped his hand, and exclaimed, "Mr. King, I feel honored in shaking hands with you."

For a moment the old man could not speak. Joy at his release had almost

overcome him. He started to walk away, but recovering himself, turned and said:

"'Governor, when ye'r down our way, come around and stay a spell with me."

June in Kansas

From behind its eastern curtains
The sun in regal splendor rose,
'Twas the month of June in Kansas,
All nature scorns inert repose.

When first the dews of sobbing morn
Are kissed from blade and leaf and bloom,
Then bird and beast and conquering man
Come forth from Night's sepulchral tomb.

When Nature's sable robes of night
Are doffed for garments emerald green,
Then comes the plow boy whistling forth
And milk maid blushing on the scene.

The cattle on a thousand hills,
Arise to greet the new-born day,
The golden grain, the growing corn,
The clover's bloom, the new-mown hay.

All make a scene surpassing fair,
Demeter's heart is filled with joy.
The god of plenty smiles and smiles
Our ship of state cries, Ship Ahoy.

From subtle, genial ray of sun,
From tears of weeping clouds in June,
Come, later, wreaths of golden rod,
The daisies' lure, the sunflowers' bloom.

'Mid sweet environs such as these
The soul is drawn from sark of care,
Is lifted up to nature's God.
The God that paints the lillies, rare.

A change is on the western hills
Below their brow, the sun retires,
God paints a picture in the sky
Just as the golden day expires.

Yet vainly 'mid these senuous scenes
I try to breathe these notes of power,
I feel them as the leaves and flowers
In silence, feel the dewy shower.

Theology, forbidding, cold
Sates not the throbbing heart of man,
God pours resistless streams of love
Through Kansas scenes, divinest plan.

When came the mighty Fiat forth
That states into existence hurled,
The god of beauty, wealth and power
Gave first to Kansas, than the world.

—*R. Y. Kennedy.*



The International Bank

By R. O. Wells

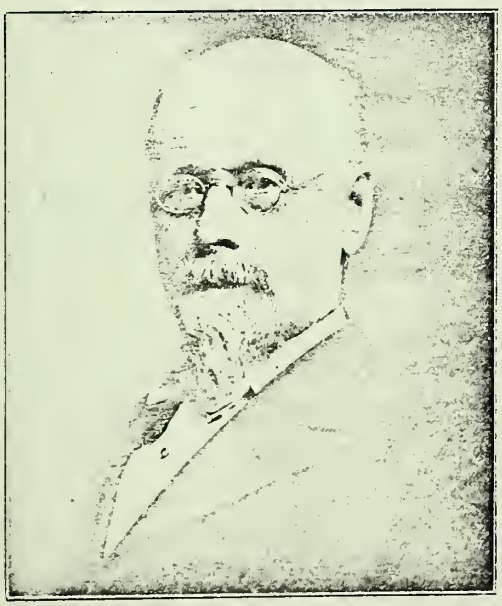
TO avoid the inconvenience and exhorbitant expense of transferring money from the United States to Oriental countries, and the tedious delays incident to the exchange, an American bank, the International Banking Corporation of New York City, was established in 1903, the direct result of a suggestion made by a Kansas banker, John R. Mulvane of Topeka.

This International Banking Institution has just issued its eighth annual statement to the stockholders and the bankers of the country. These little statistical leaflets will doubtless recall to the business man, and especially the bankers, the conditions and possibly similar incidents which prompted Mr. Mulvane to suggest and work for the establishment of the American institution for foreign money exchange.

Previous to the organization of the International Banking Institution, the American traveler or trader in foreign lands was compelled to carry his money with him, a method which was fraught with much danger, or effect the transfer of cash or credit through the banking institutions of London. The British Bankers levied exorbitant tribute for the exchange of money from the United States to countries on the other side of the oceans. They had a monopoly on this particular business. One dollar of every twenty which passed over the seas fell into the Britisher's banks as exchange.

Not until 1902, after the conflict with Spain had become history, and the Philippine Islands possessions of the United States, did the expensive exchange of money claim the attention of Kansas bankers seriously. In that year, a Topeka man left for the Philippines. He found some snaps in the mahogany timber lands of the East and wanted money to close up the deals. He cabled John R. Mulvane, the banker to send him eight thousand dollars and do it by wire, wind or wave.

Not a bank in America had any arrangements whereby the transfer could be effected. Not a single instituiton had established relations with the money changers on the other side of the world. There in Topeka, out in the middle of Kansas and the United States, was Mulvane and the $8,000. His customer was in the middle of Manila with more ambition than money.



John R. Mulvane

Mulvane telegraphed to New York and San Francisco. "No," came the curt replies from both coasts, "can't help you." Then he sent a message across the Altantic to London.

"Yes, we can arrange to handle the transfer," the Britisher replied, "pro-

viding someone pays the exchange of $400."

Mulvane had to pay the price the London banker dictated. The money was sent three-fourths of the distance around the world, through the London bank to the man in Manila. The same train which bore the precious package to the Atlantic carried about a dozen communications, all curt, concise, emphatic and uncompromising to as many of Mulvane's banker associates in the eastern money markets.

"Why not organize a banking institution in America with branch offices and agencies in all large cities of the world?" the letters asked. "Why the necessity of paying London banks five per cent for exchange? What's the the matter with America, anyway?"

Those questions in Mulvane's communications found an attentive audience. Soon men of wealth and wisdom began planning the organization of just such an institution as Mulvane suggested. When the organization was completed in 1903, the promoters asked John R. to subscribe for stock. Mulvane decided it was a poor doctor who could not take his own medicine, so he bought.

No stock of the corporation is on the market to-day. The International Banking Corporation of New York has a paid-in capital and surplus of six millions of dollars. Branch offices have been established in London, San Francisco, City of Mexico, Manila, Hong Kong, Yokohoma, Shanghai, and Singapore, with agencies in Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Penang, Rangoon, Ceylon, Amoy, Canton, Hankow, Tientsin, Tansui and Aping. The Internataional Banking Corporation opened its doors with a flourishing business. Dividends were declared in 1905, and every year since.

The Charge

(For the historical connection, see Greeley's American Conflict Vol. 1, Charge of Fremont's Body Guard, 1871.)

"All cowards turn back!" Not a trooper hath stirred
Though grimly they smile at the pride in the word
As they tighten their girths; for they long for the fray
Like a pack that has sighted its quarry at bay.

"I will lead you brave guards; by the right flank, trot!"
Each steed with its rider is off like a shot,
And gayly peals out
The clarion shout
Of the men,
Ah, but then,
They will halt at the brook or the miry lane;
Where the Angel of Death takes toll to-day;
'Neath the leaden hail they will fall on the plain;
At the stout rail fence they will wither away.
Do they pause?
They have cause—
But no, ah, no,
On! on! they go!
They are over the fence—and on through the lane;
They have forded the brook—through the mire they gain;
In the lea of the hill thay have halted for breath
While over them hurtle the volleys of death.
A moment they rode and a crimsoning flood
The little brook flows ensanguined with bolod;
A moment they rode and they lie in the sun
Like the sheaves of the wheat when the harvest is done.

Oh the terrible cost! Oh the desperate gain,
Not a blow has been struck not an enemy driven,
And a fourth of the Guard lie low on the plain,
And the ranks of the living are shattered and riven.
"Open order! Charge!"
Like steel on a targe
The command rings out,
And with answering shout
The line opens wide—
God! How they ride!
They are mad with the lust of battle, grown sweet,
Like the Furies of Vengeance who fear no defeat,
Or the demons who run in the hurricane's rush
Of the Midsummer solstice after the hush,

When the hovel and keep of the lords of creation
Like the red leaves of Autumn fall flaming behind,
And only grim death and bleak desolation,
Tell the tale of the wrath of the conquering wind.

Their sabres are out—their sabres are gleaming;
Like streamers of flame they flare in the sun:
In circles of gold o'er the thin line advancing,
They are tracing the pattern the Furies have spun.
Their sabres are out—again they are gleaming;
But now they are flushed with a ruddier stain,
For where they have fallen the red blood is streaming
And vengeance is taking her tribute of slain.

Zagony is leading; hark to his shout—
"The Union and Fremont!" Again it rings out!
Like a summoning hope to each rider it calls!
As the trumpet of Doom on each rebel it falls!
Ah, they shrink from the challenge! they stagger! they reel!
Huzza! Huzza! Ply faster your steel,
Oh men of the Guard—
Smite swift and strike hard!
With the thunder of chargers the hillside is quaking;
Each stroke of a sabre a foeman brings down;
From the onset of battle the gray lines are breaking
Now, onward they sweep o'er the crest to the town.

Like an hour of Hell seemed the moment of time
The war fiends were raging to the sabres grim chime,
But the battle is won,
The foemen have fled,
And the Guard by the run
Are counting their dead.
Do you question the cost—
Did it pay?
Do you ask for the lost—
Where are they—
They were heroes who fell—
Here rest and all's well.

Of the perfume of Persia who mocks at the savor
Though the white rose is withered and faded the red;
Of the vintage of Jaffa who questions the flavor
Though the wine press is silent, the vine dresser dead;
Of the cycle of suns who doubteth the glory
Though the Earth hath grown old since their splendor went down—
In the gleam of the furnace is written their story;
In the gleam of the gem on an Emperor's crown:
So the deed of the hero forever shall linger,
Though the form of the doer return to the clay—
In the heart of the world, in the song of the singer,
Like a star of the night on the King's Highway.

—*Charles L. Williams.*

The Gospel-Ship Glad Tidings

By "Pick" Smith

IN the summer of 1893—the year of the World's Fair at Chicago—the writer, with others, was sitting on the veranda of a summer hotel at Les Cheneaux Islands, when a steamer whistled down the channel. The tone of the whistle and the time of day when it sounded caused many to wonder what boat it was. One of the old-time guides drawled out, "That sounds to me like the Glad Tidings." When asked what the "Glad Tidings" was, he said, "Oh, that gospel-ship run by ol' Cap. Bundy." By this time we could see the funnel of a steamer over the low timber on a point about half a mile off, which she soon rounded and headed toward us, but too far away for us to make out her name. She turned in at the dock in front of a store some distance below our landing, and as she did so we could plainly read GLAD TIDINGS on her spotless white side. The clerk of the store took the boat's line, made fast, and went with the captain into the store.

Upon inquiry, we were told that in former years the captain of the Glad Tidings was the owner and master of a freighter on the Great Lakes, and that he was considered a mighty tough proposition, morally as well as physically, and that people who had no particular liking for him told bad tales on him. The story ran that on one winter night when spreeing about the river-front of Chicago with a lot of convivial companions they dropped into a mission prayer-meeting, to "liven things up a bit," but when the others left, Captain Bundy, having "got religion," remained, and before taking his departure was praying good and plenty. From that time on Captain Bundy was a changed man.

At the time of his conversion the captain was supposed to be the possessor of a goodly store of this world's goods, and his friends regarded him as a sure-enough resident upon Easy street. It took him some little time to familiarize himself with the navigation of the Straight and Narrow Way, but in due time he got the proper step and did beautifully for one so new at the business. He then sold his ship, bought a steamboat and a cottage-organ, engaged an organist who could play "by ear," hired a crew, induced some other good people to accompany him, and, naming his boat the Glad Tidings, started out to undo as much as possible of the evil that he had done in times past. Some who knew him were uncharitable enough to say that he had tackled a mighty big job, but all said they wished him abundant success in his new field of operations.

Captain Bundy was a free lance in his line of religious work, and went where and when his fancy led and where his boat would float. He sent out no advance notices of his coming, but just "dropped in" on the different localities. In fair weather they held services in "God's first temples"—the groves, but in foul they held forth on shipboard.

Captian Bundy and the clerk soon came out of the store with their arms full of packages, which they took aboard, when the captain signaled the engineer to go ahead, and the Glad Tidings proceeded on her way.

This was the first trip Captain Bundy ever made in these waters without a pilot, and he understood that if the wheelsman on a steamer was not familiar with the hidden rocks and reefs therein, the navigation of the same was, as the Indian said of the white man, "mighty unsartin." He, therefore,

called out to the clerk as the boat got nicely under way, "I say there! There's a reef in front of me somewhere, ain't there?"

"You bet there is," replied the clerk, "and you want to keep clear over to the right; and you want to get there mighty quick too!"

"Don't worry about me, sonny," returned the captain, "I know my business, and I know where that reef is, all right, all right."

If he had any doubts about the reef's location, they were quickly dispelled, for he had scarcely quit talking when, with a jar and a jolt, and a swirl of waters about her hull, the Glad Tidings struck the reef in question in such an emphatic manner that her water line was raised about eighteen inches above the surface of the lake at her bow. Most of the afternoon was put in trying to get the boat off the reef, using such methods as were known to the men on board, and as graciously suggested by onlookers, but nothing met the requirements. Once Captain Bundy retired to his cabin for a spell—"to pray," suggested one, "to take a drink," said another; but if for either purpose, it didn't work, for the best effort bore the same fruit. Then the captain, with hands clasped behind him, began pacing the deck, when we got our first real good look at him. He was rather tall and spare, well along in years, and wore a long black Prince Albert coat and a dinky little silk skull-cap, without vizor. Some of the irreverent called him "Santa Claus", on account of his beard, which was long and silvery white, such whiskers as the Old Masters delighted to attach to pictures of Abraham and several others of the Old Worthies, but that was all there was about him to remind one of the old toy-toter.

Along toward sundown, after the captain had exhausted his schemes for getting afloat again, the steamer Mary, Captain McCarthy in command, on her way to her berth at Cedarville, came along and stopped, when her captain called out, "Hello, Cap'n! What's up?" to which Captain Bundy replied, "The bow of my boat, ain't it?" McCarthy admitted that it did look that way from where he was, and asked Bundy if he wanted to get off the reef. The latter said he sure did, and asked the Mary's captain how much he would ask to pull him loose. That gentleman "allowed" it would take a "V" to get his boat to do the job, but Bundy declared it was too much—"plain open-handed robbery"—and that he wouldn't be "held up" in that fashion, but would wait for the Lord to help him off. Captain McCarthy laughed at Captain Bundy, called him a "bloomin' old idiot," told him that the Lord was too busy down at Chicago, looking after the "World's Fair" to bother with him, then signaled his engineer to go ahead, and the Mary went puffing up the channel.

Next morning, as the Mary passed, on her way to St. Ignace, her speed was slackened, while her captain called out to Captain Bundy, "How about that five, Cap'n?" The reply came back, "Never! I'm a waitin' on the Lord!"

That day several other expedients were resorted to, but all failed to work.

As the Mary came along that evening the captain slowed down with a sort o' five-dollars-in-sight feeling in his system, but the emphatic "Never!" of Captain Bundy eliminated that feeling to such an extent that as long as the Glad Tidings remained on her roost the Mary never even slowed down, but her captain contented himself with one short toot of her whistle, while he stood outside the pilot-house door, with hand aloft and fingers widely distended, indicating to Captain Bundy that "Five," the same old price, still obtained.

Many kind efforts were made by friends to help Captain Bundy off the reef, using launches, improvised derricks and other contraptions, but none of them seemed to do the business; but through it all the captain maintained his composure and expressed his implicit faith that at the proper time the Lord would give him a lift, and as an evidence of his faith he kept steam up in his boilers, so as to be ready when that time arrived. While a good many believed that he could get off the reef sooner by using a five-dollar bill and the Mary than by waiting for divine succor, and told him so, he still insisted

that he was willing to wait, and, what was more, he proposed to wait, and he did.

Shortly before the appearance of the Glad Tidings on the scene, a camping party of employes of a Pennsylvania steel-mill arrived and located its camp about a quarter of a mile below where Captain Bundy's boat later took its stand, and this camp became a prominent factor in exemplifying the truth of the old saying—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

This camp contained about a dozen tents, one of which was a fully-equipped saloon, with a gent in immaculate linen and big diamond in constant attendance. One fine afternoon, the engineer of the Glad Tidings, in fear of going stale from over-rest, went a-rowing, and during his spin happened to stop at a dock near the camp and engage in conversation with some of the campers, and, being a decent-looking sort of chap, was asked to "come up and see the camp." He went. When he left, he was feeling fine, and had accepted an invitation to come again.

Near the camp-ground is an old Indian burying-ground, and it is no infrequent sight to see members of that race thereabouts, looking after the interests of their ancestors. One of them, and not hard to find when a camping party with fire-water attachment is in the vicinity, is an elderly red gentleman called "Old Daylight." He soon put in an appearance, and after hurriedly satisfying himself that the graves of his dear departed were still green, he sauntered down to the white men's camp, where he was received with becoming hospitality. For a time he was, as Artemus Ward said of the raccoon, "an amoosin' cuss," but later became an infernal nuisnace, when Mr. Lo was tossed in a blanket, and was dumped therefrom into the clear, cold waters of the lake. As he crawled to shore and regained his feet, he grunted out, "Ugh! Injun d——d wet!" He then heard the call of the wild and disappeared in the tall timber, where he probably remained until a change in camping parties.

Our friend, the engineer of the Glad Tidings, soon went rowing again, and, remembering his promise to come again, called at the camp down the channel. A short time after sun-down, when all the Western heavens and the mirroring waters of the channel beneath were glowing in rose and purple and gold, and the reflection in the placid waters of the cedar woods fringing the channel was as clear-cut and distinct as the cedars themselves, as Captain Bundy helped the engineer aboard and steered him to his bunk, a whip-poor-will's call sounded in the gloaming, but as the engineer's name wasn't "Willie," and the captain wasn't angry but sad, no heed was paid to the suggestion of the bird, and the engineer was permitted to retire with his boots on. In the morning when the captain was feeling kindly and the engineer tough, they had a little heart-to-heart talk, when the former said, "I'm sorry Jim, you can't brace up and be decent. How often you have said 'This is the last time.' " "This is sure the last time—with you," growled Jim, "I'm getting dead tired of your everlasting preachin' to me, and I'm goin' to quit you cold! As soon as we reach port, I'll leave your bloomin' old ship!" "Needn't wait till then, Jim," continued the captain; "if you're bound to quit, you can do so right now. While I am figuring up how we stand you can get your traps ready, as the Island steamer will be along pretty soon." The engineer of the Island steamer had company on that afternoon's trip.

Did Captain Bundy consider himself left in the lurch on account of the "resignation" of his engineer? Not in the least. He not only knew all about running the boat's engines himself, but he saved the engineer's wages as well, which, as things began to look, might amount to quite a tidy sum before the needed assistance came along.

I left that locality shortly after the engineer, with the Glad Tidings still on her roost, fires glowing in her furnaces, steam up in her boilers, and her captain strong in his faith—so he said—that the Lord sooner or later would come to his assistance.

During the following year, and until I again visited that locality the

next summer, I often wondered how Captain Bundy's faith held out, and if there was lurking in his system that streak of yellow characterizing a quitter. As we steamed up the channel, I noticed the gospel-ship was not there, and, in reply to my inquiry, Amos, my old-time guide, who met me as I disembarked, said, "Oh, the lake riz one day, and the ol' man backed off the reef and pulled out; and we ain't saw him sense."

On several occasions during my summer sojourns in that latitude I have known the water to rise eighteen or twenty inches in the channel in a short time. It was something of a mystery to people who were not "on," or didn't use their think-tank. Some said "tide," but it wasn't that. It's plain as Columbus' egg stunt, when you know how. On the opposite side of the channel is a large island—Marquette Island—about three miles long, running east and west, with a big bay at each end of the channel. When the wind blows briskly from the east, a strong current turns to the westward, and when the wind is from the west the current sets eastward. When the wind, after blowing from one of those points briskly for a time, starting a strong current that way, suddenly changes and blows from the opposite direction, forcing the water in from the bay at that end— that's how the water "riz," as Amos said,—a sort o' "meeting of the waters," so to speak, which set the Glad Tidings free.

The Justice of Woman

By Elizabeth N. Barr

Unfolded out of the justice of woman, all justice is unfolded.—*Walt Whitman.*

THAT one sentence of Whitman's ought to be absolution for all his sins of omission and commission. That is a woman's sense of justice toward him. For he has brought us before the eyes of the world in a new and proper light, and in this sentence, we who uphold the equality of our sex and claim for ourselves the right to become fully developed adults, find vindication. Whitman came forward with this principle in the middle of the last century when the Justice of Woman was just beginning to assert itself in a public way. When in her awakening consciousness, the mental and spiritual mother of the race was just beginning to realize, that in her lay the source of all true justice, but that in order to unfold it, she must first obtain justice for herself. Having served and obeyed blindly from time immemorial, the day of woman's awakening was at hand, and she found herself in the midst of an arena of human activity where justice seldom obtained except in name—where the blood, brains and souls of her children were so much commercial asset—and she perfectly helpless, bound hand and foot by law and public prejudice—for she could have nothing to do with her children except to bear them. A mother was a mother in those times whether a woman or a lower species of aminal—they existed for about the same purpose—reproduction only.

Before going further I will ask the majority of my readers to alter some of their pre-conceived ideas of womanhood. Of course you think you have the very highest idea of woman, but a question or two would reveal the fact that you think of her as a bewitching creature that bedecks itself to lure its opposite, or as a cross between a man and a child and existing solely for their benefit, as a something to be dealt with and properly disposed of. Has it ever occurred to you that a full grown woman (and I bespeak for all women the right to become full grown adults), is amply able to take care of herself and that she is not necessarily any problem to you? A full grown woman is an independent personality, existing for her own individual purposes and ends, as well as for the service she renders to humanity. And if that service is to to be of the highest type, her personality and individuality must be given ample opportunity for development and must not be submerged in her duties, or made subservient to any other personality. As a mother she is a mental and spiritual, as well as a physical source. The main objections to equal suffrage have had their foundation in the supposition that woman is a secondary personality and that her individual rights are subservient to certain special privileges which her male companion has delegated to himself. How absurd!

But in this plea for our personal and individual rights, we wish to emphasize the fact that we want to attain our proper status in life, only that our service to humanity may be greater. The awakening of womanhood in the nineteenth century to seek new avenues of activity was only the instinct of service asserting itself, and the so-called revolt of woman against her station in life (allotted her by God Almighty?), was merely the desire for greater service overcoming the precept to obey. Of course she was told that her highest and only worthy service was that of child-bearing, yet when her mother heart rebelled against

the horrors of war, she was met with the argument that it was a part of the divine plan to keep the world from becoming over-populated. It is hard to cope with such sublime logic as this, and woman is not supposed to be a logician, yet her mother heart still went out in compassion to the battlefield, the slums, and the prisons—to stricken humanity everywhere, to the mills where childhood was crushed, to the tenement with its despair of poverty and ignorance, to the child criminals, and to grown criminals, to the woes of her sex brought about by general ignorance of the laws of nature—all manner and all forms of suffering played upon the sensitive nerves of her being and stirred her to action. But looking for the cause of these ills and for the remedy, she found they were political—that in each and every case different laws were needed, and proper persons were needed to enforce these laws. Hence the logical step,—to the ballot box. The leaders of suffrage were, and are to-day, actuated by no lesser motives than of service to humanity. And this service they have given wherever they have obtained the vote. Instances of the influence of the woman's vote for good government could be multiplied indefinitely. Thus equal suffrage becomes not merely a question of woman's rights, but of human progress—another means of making the world a better place in which to live.

Now the justice under which we have been living is a crude affair—for example it is now holding the mother of three children under death sentence, to be executed two weeks after her next child is born, all because she killed her husband in self defense. But justice is justice you know, and if her baby is born on time she will be hung August 12th. O, the glory of motherhood, that high and divine calling! How strange it is that we are not content! (But do not fail to set apart August 12 as a day consecrated to justice.) A rich man steals from thousands of his workmen the product of their toil and becomes a multi-millionaire. One of these workmen, reduced to desperation steals a little food for his starving family. The latter is sent to jail where he is obliged to stay while his family die of want, while special sessions of Congress and legislatures are called to make laws for the real criminal whereby he may exploit on a greater scale. But then you know petty theiving is a nuisance. A man committs an offense against society. He is put in a penitentiary where he receives treatment that turns him out a finished criminal. A man is accused of a crime—and immediately all the machinery of government, backed by unlimited funds, strains every point to see that he is convicted whether he is guilty or not. But of course that is what the State attorneys are for—to secure convictions of prisoners. In short, our government is as hostile to the governed as the tyrannies of the ancients. It compels them to starve in order to build up vast individual wealth, it sacrifices them before the jauggernaut of avarice in a hundred ways. The man is nothing, the dollar is all. This is our present regime of justice. It is the grandest justice that the world has ever seen. All Hail! But does not it look as though we could stand a little alteration even in such sublime conceptions of justice as these. "Unfolded out of the justice of woman, all justice is unfolded." But her position in life has so hampered the woman in her proper functions, that she has been unable to unfold her kind of justice to the world.

What is this justice that we wait to unfold? Take an ounce of your justice, dilute in twenty gallons of charity, sympathy and human kindness, apply hourly to the sin, sorrow and suffering of humanity and you have the Justice of Woman (spell it with a capital "J" for it partakes of the divine). It is the justice of the mother toward her erring child, the king of justice that follows its object to minister unto, and to save instead of to punish—that follow in love and self sacrifice instead of revenge. We need this feminine justice infused into the veins of our civilization. We need it in government, in our penal system, in our jury boxes and on our judge's benches. We need it in our commercial life and in our industrial relations. And we must have it, for our civilization has progressed as far as it can go without it.

Strictly masculine ideals have done all they can alone. They must now be amalgated with finer elements, to instutite a grander civilization. Therefore we say, loose these bonds, take down the barriers that shut us from a free exercise of our ideals in governmental affairs. *Free us that we may unfold justice.* We have a greater service to give to humanity than any we have yet performed. Allow us the means to render this service. Give us the ballot.

On this plea of service, rendered and to be rendered, I base my appeal to the men of Kansas to support the equal suffrage amendment now before the people of this State—on this, and on the ground that it is just and right that we should exercise citizenship. I do not believe the men of Kansas can well afford to ignore us. I do not believe they will ignore us.

And now to the class of citizens who have not grasped the higher motives, who are not interested in human progress, to whose manhood there is no appeal—to you also I have something to say and it is a kindly message of good will—"Look out for the band-wagon!" Take a hint from the member of the last legislature, who in voting on the equal suffrage question rose and said, "I did not intend to vote for this measure, but I see the band wagon coming and I want to be on the front seat: I vote aye." He was a wise man for our equality band wagon is like the old chariot in the song, "and you can't hang on behind." Ours is a cause which is sure to win, but if we win without you or in spite of you, even the Justice of Woman, magnanimous and benevolent as it is, may not be able to save you from the political junk heap.

Ballad on Lazarus

They sat at meat with Lazarus—
  Sisters, and Jewish folk;
With love they looked on Lazarus
  Who from the dead awoke.

A prodigy was Lazarus—
  Oppressed was love with awe
For he who sat at meat with them
  In darkness slew its law.

And one among them in this wise—
  'Twas in this wise spake he:
"Wilt thou not tell us, Lazarus,
  What wonders thou didst see?

"Till thou, none have returned to us
  To speak of what is there.
Where thou hast been, O Lazarus,
  Whether 'tis dark or fair.

"Thou hast the word that ages all
  Have sought, and sought in vain;
For thou wast dead, and sepulchred—
  Thy cheeks do bloom again!"

He that was dead turned full his eyes
  On them that sat at meat,
But void were they of messages
  Borne from the tomb's defeat.

And in their dark a strange thing was,
  And it was like a woe;
If blest was he, or came back free,
  Only the Christ might know.

And never a word spake Lazarus
  Of riddles he had read;
And never word from sepulchre
  Of all the myriad dead.

And whoso seeks that mystery,
  His lips are therein sealed;
For Life knows not the thrall of Death—
  Dumb Lazarus revealed.

—*A. A. B. Cavaness.*

The News Instinct

By Lloyd A. Clary

"I'M sorry, madam, but I can do nothing for you. It seems that the boy is guilty, and we will have to print the facts." As he said it, Fred Mann, city editor of the *Courier*, glanced sympathetically at the little woman who had been pleading for the suppression of a bit of news regarding her worthless son.

Fred felt sorry for the suffering mother, but was so used to the daily exhibition of just such heartaches that never for a moment did his expression soften. He was invariably kind in answering pleas for the withholding of certain items of news, always said that he was sorry, but that the public clamored for news and the *Courier* must give it to them. So he bowed the little lady out of the room and turned with a sigh to his desk to resume the weary grind.

"You're sure gettin' to be the Bully Kid, ain't you," growled "Big Ben" Samson, priviledged character about the office and official fighter of the Courier staff. "Nice job you got—bullyraggin' poor, defenceless females. How would you feel if some of your own family would get into trouble? Would n't want it to get into the papers, would you? I'm positively ashamed of you, Fred."

"Now what the devil's wrong with you?" exclaimed Mann, looking up from his task of turning the ordinary happenings of a dull day into real news. "Too many highballs last night? My boy, I've labored with you these many years hoping to reform you. Will you never take my sage advice and steer clear of Snyder's Bar? I cannot understand your youthful waywardness. But seriously, Ben, you know I don't like to turn these people down. They all have my sympathy. But we need the news and must have it. That's the orders. And as far as having partiality you know I would just as soon tell how you were found "plain drunk' as to tell it about anybody else."

"Thanks. I appreciate your interest in me and I'll buy you a cigar for that when I get the price," grinned Ben. "And just wait till something happens to you. You won't allow a word of it to go in," he added.

"If anything ever does happen to me you just tell the boys not to spare my feelings at all," retorted Mann. "I would print the news just the same about myself as I would about a total stranger," and he again attacked the litter of papers on his desk.

What Mann has said about being compelled to print the news was every word of it true. The *Courier* was the most sensational paper in the country—"yellow" to the core—one long, lurid howl. Its city editor had been placed in charge because of his ability to ferret out all the news of the day, and his instructions were to print what happened, regardless of the consequences. Many times he was forced to do things that he did not like to do. A few times his tender feelings did prevail and he held back a story or two. But these occasions were rare, for he was loyal in the extreme to his employers.

The three o'clock edition had gone to press. Stretching his tired arms above his head Mann rose from his seat and called his assistant, Johnson, to take his chair. Then he went out to get some lunch. He was worn by years spent in the search for news; he had started into the business early and was to-day a very old, young man.

Not more than five minutes after Mann left the office a 'phone call came from Stevens, the City Hall reporter.

Johnson almost dropped the receiver in his surprise as the news came over the wire.

"Here, take this story!" he shouted to a reporter. "Roberts, get down to the City Hall and relieve Stevens. Tell him to beat it to the Wallace Hotel. James, hike out there and help Stevens. Take your orders from him!" So, shouting out the order after order, he rushed into print the biggest sensation the city had known for years.

Copy boys were sent out to search for Mann. He could not be located.

The mayor of the city had been found in a rooming house with a woman! The identity of the woman brought consternation to Johnson, who was "sitting in" for his chief. She was Mann's wife! They were both dead!

What could Johnson say? He didn't want to feature the disgrace of his superior, yet how could he let the chance of such a sensation go by without printing something about it. And the mayor such an enemy of the *Courier* too! He *must* print something about it. He decided to say that it was an unknown woman and to devote all his space to flaying the dead mayor and digging up all the scandalous stories about his past that he could possibly find. So he had set up a headline reading thus:

MAYOR'S DUAL LIFE EXPOSED TO-DAY

Elton V. Smith and Unknown Woman found Dead in Questionable Section of the City

Then, fuming and fretting, he anxiously fussed about the room undecided whether to run the extra or not.

* * * * * *

Having satisfied his hunger and quenched his thirst, Mann started back to the office. He reached the entrance to the building and was just about to enter when a cry of: "Extry World. All about the mayor's suicide!" caused him to turn, hastily toss the newsboy a penny, and grasp a copy of the *Courier's* rival the *World.* The railing by the stairway leading to the basement was all that saved him from a fall as, gasping, he reeled against the wall and realized his wife's disgraceful death. The whole thing was there staring at him from the hated *World.* He saw it and knew what it was and grasped the details without seeming to read a line of the printed page. His brain was numb. He clung to the rail, breathless, stunned.

My God! There it was! the thing he had said could never happen to him. He had been a good husband and his home life had always been pleasant. It *could'nt* be true!

"My God!" he groaned, swaying limp and helpless against the railing. "Little woman, little woman," he moaned, "how could you do it?"

Mann may have neglected his wife in the rush and hurry of his work on the *Courier,* but if he neglected her it was unthinkingly, not intentionally. He was a loving, devoted husband. Late hours at the office and a worn-out, cross feeling when he did come home late at night were not the best things to make for happiness. He knew that he had been unpleasant and peevish many times when a kind word was badly needed, but that he had been the innocent cause of the tragedy by his small show of interest in his wife and poor care of her, caused by his absorption in the writing, killing work of the newspaper—that he could not and did not for a moment realize.

He stood as one stricken dumb—paralyzed, the shock of the revelation having deadened all sense of pain.

Then slowly came the rememberance that his paper was waiting for him to take charge of it in this emergency. The paper he held in his hand was the World! He dully wondered why that was. Why wasn't this his own paper? What did Johnson mean by allowing another paper to beat him on a story like this? Why didn't he go ahead and run the story and not sit like a dummy and wait for him, Mann, to get back from his lunch? What was the matter with the force in the office? Were they all asleep? Slowly the clouds of grief parted and allowed his sluggish mind to act again. He began to wonder what could be the matter with the paper, why it wasn't out.

The news gatherer's instinct was again asserting itself. He could no longer suppress it. And then the reason for

the delay came to him. They were waiting in the office for him to come back so they could ask his advice about running the story! The boys didn't want to hurt his feelings! Why, what—

Up the stairs two at a time he leaped and burst wild-eyed into the local room. Over by his desk was Johnson pacing up and down. A strange quiet pervaded the place. All seemed to be waiting for something.

With a bound Mann was at his desk demanding of Johnson what had happened to the force.

Stretching out a welcoming hand, Johnson started to voice his sorrow and the sympathy of the other boys in the office when Mann interrupted with:

"Cut it out! Is the story up? Has the page gone in?"

Somewhat embarrassed Johnson stammered out that he had prepared to run an extra, but had held it up till Mann returned. "I didn't mention who the woman was," he exclaimed. "I just played up the mayor end of the story. I said her name was unknown." He was trembling, fearful that he would make his friend angry and would hurt his feelings. The sympathy of the boys could almost be felt it was so real.

Mann looked around bewildered. The horror of this terrible thing that had happened to him was coming over him again. Oh, for a place in which he might hide, there to be alone with his grief!

He glanced over toward the window where "Big Ben" sat tense in his chair. Their eyes met. "Big Ben's" eyes held a question, but he quickly shifted his gaze. Mann had seen that look, however, and had read its meaning.

With a sweep of his arms as if throwing aside all finer feelings, Mann shouted, "Hell! Get busy! Run an extra! Make it strong! Dig up all the dope you can find on both parties! Don't spare anyone! Hurry!" and with a convulsive shudder he fell fainting across his desk.

Two Dreams

A tender child, with sleep disturbed by pain,
And fearful of the fancies of his brain,
Yet knowing how unreal the cause for fear,
Awoke, and calling to a loved one near
Cried, "Hold me close; I'm dreaming."
Then hushed in gentle arms, his terror gone,
He lay in soft repose until the morning's dawn.

A weary man, with grief upon his face
And failure's tears within his heart, found place,
But knowing how unreal the hurt of life
This prayer he lifted from his world of strife,
"Lord, hold me close; I'm dreaming."
His heart against the Heart of Love grew calm
And grief and tears were blended in a psalm.

Belle Johnston.

Monteith

By Ned Tessaire

"No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
Long files of cornstacks here and there were seen—"

THE youth stumbling dejectedly over the road—the long road that had no turning; the man behind whistling a tune—for joy in the wide places. The situation needs no comment. It is life. We travel the same road, traverse the same "island in space" all of us; but differently. Our point of view is seldom the same.

Both had been on the highway since dawn. At the first faint flush on the cheek of the day, the boy had stretched his stiffened limbs, and crawled out from his bed of cornhusks in the field, from whence unwashed, unfed, he resumed his heartsick way. The man had not slept at all.

He was one of those who, worn by whatever event of life, find response to every need and mood in the comforting touch of nature; and thus with the swell of soul and advance of day he whistled a tune for joy.

Observing in the gait of the boy a flagging courage, he at length pushed forward and hailed him: "Hallo, going to town?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "do—do they have towns in Kansas?"

"See here, Son, where do you live?"

"In the States."

"In the States! Well, this is one of them, and don't you forget it. And yonder is a town, a Kansas town; they are like the fields that feed them, these Kansas towns—big and broad and rich." He surveyed the boy critically. "What you need," he declared, "is breakfast. Cheer up, there is a place in Washita where they cook things!"

Together they forged ahead. "What is your name?" asked the man presently. "Mine's Monteith, Joe Monteith."

"I am Toby Fullerton," returned the boy, "and I didn't run away from home," he intervened replying to a look.

Monteith laughed, "Well, I did," he said laconically.

The road they followed entered Washita, passed through it as a main street, and went on. The boy was glad to part its company at the door of a tidy restaurant, where, following Monteith, he found a place to wash, a place to drink, and his legs a place to repose beneath a small table at the rear.

"Gee!" he sighed wearily, "this suits all right."

Monteith leaned his head on his hand and smiled. "You look beat," said Toby, with sudden discernment.

"Nonsense!" lied Monteith turning at the same time to grasp a hand thrust down in front of him.

"Hello, Monty, old sport!" saluted its owner heartily.

"Howdy, Jim, where are the boys?"

"Coming—here they are," he added, as several came in noisily and made straight for the rear.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Monty!"

"Hello, Monty, got a new pal? Shake. This to Toby as Monteith presented him.

"Here comes the girl—the kid's hungry, fellows," interposed Monteith, and they settled into places nearby, "Maizie, this is a friend, Toby Fullerton, and he needs a porterhouse, most likely, with plenty of butter on top."

"'Nuff said," laughed the girl, "and you?"

"I think I will have—some tea."

"Please, Monty—" she lifted her

round eyes appealingly, but Monteith had not the foolhardiness to add food to his already overburdened anatomy.

"Sa—ay, you bloody Englishman, the old man is laying for you," came presently from the next table.

"What's the row?"inquired Monteith.

"Oh, Lord, listen to that now! 'Honest, Monty, you seem to be out for good and all—the old man swears he will eat every dollar you earn there."

Monteith laughed outright. "Getting rich, go on!"

For a moment there was silence, and then, "You make me sick," exclaimed one, Ted Johnson. "You make me sick!" he roared again and pounded the table till all the cups were in danger of their earthen lives—"With the whole force working day and night, and the auditor—oh, Lord, the auditor—due any minute, and Monty, where is Monty, where *in hell* is Monty!"

"In that case," said Monteith, "we need help. Do you want work?" turning to the boy.

"You bet!"

"I will make the old man take him on," he observed.

"The dickens you will! When he gets through with you, well—that will be about all!"

Monteith laughed again, and tossed a coin to the waitress.

"I've got money," protested the youth, "I tell you I've got money," digging into his pockets.

"Keep it, then," with amused complaisance, "it's on me to-day. Thanks, men, for putting me next—but now **don't** go getting blue about this, any of **you.** I will be working for the company long after the dear old man has turned up his toes to the daisies." He went out, Toby following, and left them gasping at his spectacular assurance.

On entering the offices of the S. W. and G. Stores' Department that morning, Monteith received the subdued homage of his fellows. Not one of them but would have given his month's salary to have been well out of a like predicament, or, for that matter, to have rescued Monteith, who, besides being a prime favorite, was plainly on his way to the dogs.

Monteith, himself, with Toby in his wake, seemed incapable of either anxiety or caution, but swung up to the "old man's" private desk, and wished him a graceful "Good morning!"

The "old man"—in point of fact a very robust, (as well as rotund), person of middle age, looked up and became at once apoplectic.

"You!"

"Yes; I said good morning."

"The devil you did! And you dare—you impudent hound, to come smelling round here!"

"I am sorry for any inconvenience—"

"The hell you are—gone three days!"

"I couldn't come, sir; really."

"S—S—sick?" spluttered the irate man.

"Beer," explained Monteith, winningly frank. "I think I'll begin now," he added quickly, forstalling the storm gathering behind his employer's bloodshot eyes;—"and this young man, name Fullerton, Toby Fullerton; which desk can he have?—thought I would put him to billing out. Perhaps there is room over by that window. Come on, boy."

They went, at the instant the "old man" found voice and speech to express his indignation and wrath; to call down lurid maledictions on Monteith's defenceless head. Still choking with injustice and threatening in pantomime, his staring eyes finally witnessed the soothing sight of Monteith at his desk.

Monteith at work! It was a soothing sight, if you consider that Monteith, head bent on hand, could follow up the sheet of massive calculations and additions under his pen with similar sheets until, falling like snow beside his desk, they aggregated for the day an amount of work the double and more of any on the force.

With Monteith at his desk there was always hope—hope that by virtue of his magician's brain a timely balance would evolve, showing to the auditor a faultless care in distributions.

But for three hideous days Monteith had not been at his desk? Never mind, he was there now, "and damme, he'll stay!" panted the big man.

* * * * * *

"Going out to-night, Monty?"

"Why not?"

"Double work to-morrow—"

"Nonsense, perfect nonsense!" bluffed Monteith, stopping in his shirt-sleeves to extract two silver dollars from his side pocket. "I figure," he, went on, "that I can take one dollar, buy twenty beers, and be back at ten o'clock; or, taking two dollars, I can buy forty beers and be back at eleven. And so, my beauty, the S. W. and G. is saved again!"

The boy did not laugh. He sat with flushed face fingering his copy of "The Last of The Mohicans." "Why do you, Monty?" he asked.

Monteith, from watching with cynical amusement, fell to studying the youthful face. "There is something in your eyes, boy," he began, and lifted Toby's round chin in his hand "long and light, and gentle and gray, behind those absurd black lashes," he threw himself into a chair. "Do you want to to know?" he asked ,turning to Toby's question.

"If you please."

"Well, then; it is because I don't care a hang! A man must have something to pull against," he explained. "I haven't!" With the old gesture he leaned forward and supported his head in his hands.

They had been together for half a year, the tall graceful man, and the dreamy-eyed boy. But their confidences had not widened from the first day when the boy had ventured to tell something of the poverty of his guardian's home, the necessity driving him Westward, reducing him to the almost penniless condition in which Monteith had found him.

For Monteith, he was an Englishman some five years from home. This, and his penchant for beer were all that was known of Monty. All? If you add his wonderful efficiency as an accountant, a forte widely noticed, and that would have brought reward but for a famed fickleness of habit.

Monteith sat up and opened his shirt. From a pocket in his underwear—and the boy noted that he wore silk underwear—he extracted a curious leather case, and from the case, a photograph. "I once had—her," he said, and extended to the boy the loveliest face he had ever seen.

Toby scanned the beautiful outlines reverently, and blushed boyishly. "She has eyes like yours—and lashes," encouraged the man. Toby's blush deepened.

"She was mine," sighed Monteith, returning the picture to its case. "But my elder brother wanted her. She is his wife by now, probably. I do not know, or ever shall. I think." said Montieth presently, "that I shall spend *two* dollars to-night—back at eleven."

He went out, leaving behind him where he had dropped it on the floor, a curious gilt band. That is, it looked like a curious gilt band, to the boy who picked it up, but in reality it was a clew of fate.

Like most clues it bore writing, and turning it in his hands, Toby deciphered the small imbedded letters: Lady Margarita Cherbury, Sutherland, England. Toby gasped. "Whew! Belongs to the photograph—well what do you think of that!"

Toby was a patriot, an American. But what is democracy in the face of a title? Is a lady any more a lady for her title? Yes, verily; else why good American millions for the bauble?

If Toby sat down suddenly from weak-kneed surprise, he is not to be blamed, any more than when he scrambled to his feet at the next shock. "Golly, what if Monty's a lord!"

What would you do, if you suddenly discovered that you had been housed for six months with a scion of the English nobility? Well you might, but I doubt it.

Toby, standing wide-eyed, indulged in a reckless amount of thought, and then, "Lord or no lord," he said, "it's up to me."

Good old Toby! the surprise swallowed, he is once more the patriot. He folded Fate's little gilt band into an envelope, and following Monteith's example pinned it inside his shirt; his shirt, however, was of cotton fleece.

* * * * * *

Monteith dining alone in the little restaurant some months later, wore a

perplexed frown between his fine eyes and ate listlessly. The girl, however near, murmured excuses for the food.

"Now, Maizie, do I ever find fault?" he asked reprovingly. "Your dinner is is all right, of course."

"But you look so annoyed," she ventured to say.

"I *am* annoyed. Come close, that's a good girl; now tell me, is Toby upstairs? Yes? He has dined? Only a luncheon? No more dinners at night? Rum situation!" He lapsed into silence, lengthened, profound, emerging at last to leave with the girl a coin, before starting for his room above. She stopped him at the stairs, "I don't want this—from you," she faltered.

"Why, Maizie, what's the matter?"

"You have given me too much all the time, and I don't think you can afford it now."

"What makes you think I can't afford it?" Monteith asked, allowing a smile to light his sombre features.

"Because," the girl's chin quivered violently, "I heard you say you could n't afford to have beer."

He laughed shortly, "It isn't good for me."

"I don't want you to get mad at me," continued Maizie beginning to sob, "but I know s-something is wrong."

Monteith passed his arm around her shoulders, "Something is wrong, Maizie, but it isn't worth your tears. If you cry like this I shall have to quarrel with you, and go away."

He wiped her tears with his handkerchief and held for a time her trembling little hands, but in his pity he did not kiss her, though she looked very sweet and childlike, and her distress, he knew, was all for hm.

He entered upon Toby a little later within his face a settled resolution. The boy, busy in one corner with some maps, quailed visibly under the burning gaze of the man.

"I have engaged a room for you at Ratcliff's. You know best why I cannot prolong this arrangement. You can oblige me by moving at once."

Without a word Toby set about collecting his small properties, his books, his maps, his Sunday suit, his underwear and collars.

Monteith sat down and continued fiercely to frown. That he could have been so mistaken! And yet, why not? It had happened once before that eyes of the color of sea-mist had messaged falsely through lashes such as those. . . . His brother, who owned the title and the money, coveted the girl. And she? Was willing of course.

But the boy—he could not help feeling a bit sorry for the boy; poor little devil? What did he want of the money, anyway? What did he do with it? He might at least in his pilfering have left Monty the price of a beer. Oh, well, he was better off without beer, anyway—there were a dozen ways he might have had it, for that matter. For once he might have taken steps long before to forestall the theft.

"Have you nothing to say?" thundered Monteith, as Toby, suitcase in hand, opened the door.

"No," answered Toby, and closed the door behind him.

"Gad! no melodrama there—no pleading, or promising. Well, if I could condone a thief, I would give him credit for that."

* * * * * *

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for." Having faith, our desires materialize.

Toby Fullerton, a twelve-dollar-a-week clerk in a Kansas railroad office, without family or influence, desired to go to England. He went.

By faith? Well he stole a little, starved a little, saved a little. And yet by faith he went; for without faith in himself and his venture, he could neither have stolen nor starved.

"If only writing a letter would do—but it won't." Toby had decided when planning a scheme of salvation for Monty. "For if she *should* be married, think how it would mortify Monty to have her know he cares. He never would forgive me if I wrote. But she's *not* married! no girl could pass him up. Anyway, I am going over and find out. If she's married, mum's the word; but if not—Jiminee!"

And so by faith he bore through half a year the scorn of the adored Monteith; by faith he struggled through the other

half, hoarding the precious fund required for his passage in the steerage.

It had been his purpose to provide sufficient for the return voyage but Montieth's desk being vacated with alarming frequency he resolved to lose no more time, but to be off on his long journey across the continent and the sea.

* * * * * *

Lady Margarita Cherbury was in the library. It was a great room, and sombre, and her ladyship looked very small and delicate against the background of black mahogany desks and shelving—and very lovely; not at all austere and distant as one might expect a great lady to be. However at the moment her girlish lips, for all their fullness, were firm.

"I will see him here, at once," she faltered, for when, as the young man in question had been overheard to say, one had crossed North America and the Atlantic Ocean for the express purpose of seeing one person, not even a too-discriminating butler should be allowed to interfere.

"I will see him here," she said, and in he came.

Toby, after inexperienced days of travel, after sickness on sea and on land, after painful wanderings, Toby—slim and shaken, his new suit sadly worn, his hair too long, his shoes in rags, but Toby triumphant—stood at last in the presence of Margarita, and looking into those eyes that were like unto his own—blushed.

"Why, you are only a boy!" said Margarita, and through the sweet tones of her voice ran like a thread of silver, the maternal note of pity. It fell on the wearied senses of the boy with a cruel sweetness, and bit into the last shreds of his resolution.

He passed a trembling hand across his face, and was silent.

"What is it you would say to me?" the sweet voice went on. But Toby's lips were sealed, and all his heart and will had not power to open them.

"Are you hungry?" came the question hopefully, as a mother might seek comfort for her child. With the asking, Toby realized that he was hungry, and tired, and weak, and all that useless human flesh can be, and he struggled desperately for words to declare his mission. Suddenly his hand shot out and drew from his bosom a frayed and crumpled gilt band. He tottered forward and laid it in her hand. That done he waited breathlessly.

Was it merely a forgotten string? But, no; it was a clew to Monteith's fate.

Lady Margarita lifted the circlet; then suddenly from her titled elevation she fell, fluttering in her soft garments like a wounded bird from the nest, till she became simply a lovely human-hearted girl clinging with her soft white hands to his hands, begging with all her longing soul in her sweet voice if he knew—Oh, if he knew one heavenly least thing about her lost Monteith.

Toby breaking at last through the spell of his weakness found voice in one glad cry—"Little ladyship, I do! I do!"

* * * * * *

Indian summer in Kansas! that season whose perfection of peace and charm is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Golden day follows the golden day while across the sun, across the blue dome of the sky, stretches a feathery film of gauze, and over beyond the fruitful fields hang veils of purple and mauve. At this time of the year, gorgeous in the rich brocades of autumn, preserves still the illusion of youth within her delicate atmosphere.

Monteith drifting slowly through the soft haze of a mellow forenoon, knew himself to be intensely weary—not through his struggle with life, but through his surrender to its hard decree.

Baffled in the foremost desire of his heart, he had accepted defeat as his portion, and gone away, not to bear his grief, not to bury it, but to live with it, as an uncommonly unpleasant but inevitable partner for a life-time. As men who drown the naggings of a tyrant spouse in drink, he had learned the use of beer to lift his gloom, refraining from stronger drinks as a menace to his tissues. But in this he was losing ground, and he knew it,—worse, he was coming not to care.

He had walked out from town; there

was comfort, if anywhere, in the open air of the fields; hope, if any, beneath the benediction of the new day.

A woman came toward him on the road. Something in the delicate grace of her movements thrilled him strangely and for the life of him he could not have kept from staring as she passed. All at once she turned and put out her hand, and Monteith's startled cry, "Margarita!" tore suddenly through the peace of that purple morning.

He bent over her in half terror, lest she prove merely a phantom of his disordered brain, but at the first sound of her voice he seized her hungrily, and folded her to his heart.

"Toby said you needed me," said Margarita, when at last she could explain, "and so I came, we all came; Dayton, his wife, and I."

"Then you are not Dayton's wife? Ah!" Again time intervened before Margarita could go on.

"But you are keeping Toby waiting. He has a carriage down the road."

"Toby! What do you know about him him?"

Margarita laughed delightedly, "That he robbed you burglarously and went to England after me."

"Toby!" Monteith reddened. "It can't be!" And then as the full meaning of the undertaking broke over him, "The young rascal! Let me get at him, I say!"

"Anyway," snickered Toby, as he submitted to Monteith's drubbing, "you'll never get paid back for what I took!"

"He won't!" gasped Lady Margarita, "I thought I was worth something."

"You," said Monteith fervently, "are worth the whole of little green England, and the big State of Kansas, together with every day of my life."

And at that, be it said, both Margarita and Toby were satisfied.

The Engineer

Through lawless lands and stranger
He walks with certain stride,
He recks not death nor danger;
He turns no step aside;
But straight through tumult breasting
He wars with Chance, and stands
A dust grey figure wresting
His triumph from her hands.

He asks no odds of any,
He seeks no easy way,
But in behalf of many
He labors lone to-day;
He builds for strength and beauty
And casts all else behind,
He knows his god is Duty,
This servant of his kind.

And men who follow after,
Along his tracks of steel,
With careless speech and laughter,
Across his bridges wheel;
To these no terrors waken,
Unconscious, they accord
To him the trust unshaken,
Which is his true reward!

Chas. C. Jones.

The Paying Strike of the Senator

By Emmet F. Harte

I saw Jim Morrison the other day in Denver. It was in one of those dingy little book-shops which are sandwiched in between a men's clothing and furnishings store occupying three floors behind a solid plate-glass front, and a corner saloon whose fittings are mahogany, gold-leaf and splendor. Jim had come in to buy a ready-reference book whereby he might compute the interest on $10.10 for ten years and ten months at ten per cent. in ten seconds or find out the height of Mount Chimborazo or the depth of Lake Tchad instantly, and such other knowledge as may be considered coherent in a gentleman who has spent the most of his life wandering around in the gulches and outlying corners of the Rockies to the call of the yellow lure.

I knew Jim when the Black Hills country was first heard of on the map, and had seen him at intervals since that time, once at Telluride, again at Cripple Creek, another time in the Snake River country and he was always prospecting, always sanguine of success and uniformly short of funds.

On this occasion of our meeting in Denver, my hand sought purse-pocket involuntarily when I saw his face light with recognition for I anticipated his usual story of an Eldorado withheld from him on account of his being short a grub-stake or a pack-mule on which to transport the same. But he dispelled any such touching visions by his first words of greeting.

"Come have a drink," he said warmly, "Lord love you, man! I've been pining for the sight of a familiar face. I can't begin to spend all my money by myself. Look here—" And he displayed a roll of a size to be described by that time-honored expression wherein a certain well-known and harmless domestic animal is supposed to be deprived of the function of respiration. It was a nice robust bill roll.

"Never refuse," I answered, so we made sail to the place next door previously mentioned—of course you know I'm not referring to the clothing store.

"I've made a killing at last," he resumed, after we had negotiated the moisture. "I've got more money than some people have hay."

"Great!" I said. "Where'd you find her?"

"Out Grand River way. Always said it was there; knew it as certain as squirrels catches nuts, but couldn't happen to hit onto it. The Senator found it for us; a great bird, the Senator! Been up against it same as the rest of us."

"Then you had a partner in the find," I commented, trying to follow him in my club-footed fashion.

"Sure! Old haphazard Jerry Thornbury. Know Jerry?"

I confessed that, unhappily, I did not.

"Too bad!" he said. "You've missed half your life. Jerry is the card you failed to draw when you expected to hold aces full. You'd like to make his acquaintance. Sit down; what's the difference? I'll tell you all about it.

"You see, Jerry and me got together last May in Idaho Springs. I, as usual, was broke and Jerry, as usual, was somewhat fussed; but he had just finished tearing a ragged hole in a stud-game somewhere and had a large roll. I spirited him off to one side and hypnotized half of it away from him on a condition. He was to spend what he he had left in riotous living by Saturday night following, it then being Friday and we were to fit ourselves out with grub and tools, hie for the hills and go full

partners with each other in the results of a three month's prospect. Everything to lose and nothing to gain as he put it.

"Jerry is about as variegated and diverting galoot as ever wandered astray, but he's no prospector. Good-hearted and cheerful and all that and can cook flap-jacks and fry bacon as appetizing as the next one but when it comes right down to making a good clean look for a quartz ledge or getting into, a sandy slope and washing out for days in the hope of one little speck of color, he's some deficient. He's not guilty and can prove a lullaby.

" 'This don't look good to me,' was his standing remark, and while I kept telling him it was around there somewhere, he couldn't be contented long in a place; always wanting to play me a game to see whether or not we'd move on over a ways after the next pan-out. A born gambler, that's Jerry, ready to cut the cards on anything from who's to get supper, to how many cartridges to buy on the next trip to town.

"Finally we found a little gulch-wash over there that was oozing out about a teaspoonful of free-run a week if we kept reasonably busy and I wanted to camp around there awhile. I had inklings that we might strike the pocket most any time and my luck hung with me pretty well for several days; every time we cut to see whether we moved on or not, we stayed. Jerry grumbled a little but he couldn't get away from his own propositions so we built us a shakedown out of poles and brush and camped.

"After about a week, he commenced making a talk that we ought to have some navy beans; that was all he harped on, beans, beans; we ought to have them, our health demanded them and he had a hunch that after we'd had a good mess of pork and beans we'd just about stirke pay-dirt. Then he got to offering to cut to see whether he went after them or not and bothered me half to death. After listening to his long and tantalizing word pictures about beans cooked in all sorts of luscious ways which he'd spring just before meals, I got so finally I'd catch myself smacking my mouth and tasting those beans.

"At last I surrendered and one night we cut the cards. He won of course. He'd been losing hand-running on every thing for over a week so it was about time for his luck to change. I loosened up with the pocket-book—that was part of our agreement for me to carry the money—and gave him enough to buy everything we needed, sugar, coffee, beans, etc. and a few drinks for himself besides, but above all I admonished him like a friend and a partner to buy the supplies first and let somebody keep them until he got ready to come back which would be when he got sober and broke.

"He promised to do so by all he could think of that was sacred which wasn't no great sight and set out, whistling gaily, down the gulch. That was the last I saw of him for six days, during which I worked out the likely ground in the neighborhood to my complete satisfaction. There wasn't enough gold in that slope to fill the hollow tooth of a prairie dog.

"I sat out in front of our shack one night, smoking a cheerful pipe and enjoying the pink sunset when all at once I heard a rooster crow off to the left a ways as plain as the deuce for low. I didn't hurry off to no doctor to find out out if my locomotor ataxia had got short circuited on the great aorta, not me; I just cocked up my ears a little like a sheep dog that smells his dinner and waited. In about five minutes old Jerry rotated over the nearest rise and skeed down the slope most innovating. He had two or three bundles, the evidences of revelry about his person that must have been a shining marvel when at its zenith, and lastly, a Cuban gamecock, badly rumpled and mussed up by unprofessional handling, but stout of heart and ready to give blow for blow and insult for insult.

" 'What ho, varlet!' said Jerry, swooping down on the domicile and depositing the rooster on a boulder in the foreground; the rest of his burden he still clung to. 'Hurrah for Chrispher Columbus an' the Southern Confed'racy. How'd you like the ball game?' And other irrelevant talk of a trivial and factious nature which didn't remind

me of anything. I smoked a minute and then I inquired;

"Get the beans?"

" 'Jus' coming to that,' he said, producing a bottle just about empty, 'when you interrupted. Have a drink an' forget it. Lemme introduce you to the Senator. Senator, come forward!' I knew there wasn't much to be learned from Jerry that night in the way of authentic history concerning his doings in town so I doped him with black coffee and put him to bed.

"The rooster, who I hadn't a doubt had been living on fond remembrance and mountain air for the last two or three days, I introduced to some scraps of grub I happened to have handy and he justified my expectations; he was just about as hungry a fowl as I ever dared to accuse him of and then some. Jerry had brought the beans all right and some of the other things he went after but he'd either forgot or lost the sugar and coffee. That was a small matter, though, so I went to bed in my own blanket, leaving the rooster to suit himself.

"Well, the next morning Jerry awoke sober and sorry and he told me how it all happened while I got breakfast. He said he had bought the supplies strictly on arrival as per agreement and then treated himself to a drink besides several more which came later and the rest was a trip to dreamland. a phantasy and a flower parade rolled in one. He said he remembered sitting into a game and accumulating chips in piles before him for hours and hours; then he cashed in for many simoleons of real money and took his friends of which he had a large circle by that time to go out and enjoy themselves up one side of the street and down the other. It came to him in snatches of song he said, intermittent like when you hold your hand over the mouth of a crying baby. Wow! and then silence, then once more, wow!

"The second day they wound up at a cock-fight some Mexicans were having and he staked money without heed or hindrance on a dark red rooster with one black feather in his tail until death do us part, the same falling in valiant combat whereupon he offered to buy the victor which was the selfsame Senator who was now arranging his soiled person and keeping a bleared eye on us at the same time in our camp.

"The crowd helped him to count his remaining money and that was the price asked for the Senator to a centavo. He said he never knew anything to come out so exactly before, if they had asked a dime more for the fowl he couldn't have bought him. The deal being made and having nothing else to do he tucked the Senator under one arm and his other packages under the other and treked for the wilds and me. Romantic wasn't it?

"It made me sore for a minute to think how he'd wasted all that money frivolously to say nothing of spending the remainder for a badly battered rooster that was too tough to eat, but any way it was his money and besides you couldn't stay mad at Jerry Thornbury very long, he was too blamed salubrious.

" 'Cheer up!' he said, 'I might have bought a cow in my heated condition; I'm a terrible impulsive buyer at such times.' "

" 'What are you going to do with him?' I asked. 'He looks like he had a bad disposition.

" 'You say what to do,' Jerry returned, 'an' we'll cut the cards for it. Make it something distinguished though for as near as I can figure he cost me forty-five dollars.'

" 'All right ,' I said, 'I'll cut you to see if we make a stew of him; he's too tough to fry. Maybe we can eat the soup off'n him if we don't cook him too long.'

"The Senator's impending fate seemed to be borne to the rascal himself for he eyed me carefully as I shuffled and then drew himself up disdainfully and crowed a loud, brassy crow.

" 'Hear that?' said Jerry, 'He don't care a continental. Can you beat the ten? Good bye Senator!' I cut a seven; Senator's luck still held, the chicken stew was indefinitely postponed. Then to show his utter indifference, he rolled over on his side in the sun and spread out a wing carelessly along his left leg. Worry was not one of his assets.

"We moved camp that day some four

or five miles northeast; caught Senator by sprinkling a few crumbs and grabbing him while he was eating, tied his legs and hung him head down on a pack. That didn't seem to dim his ardor much for he crowed twice on the way. When we finally got located in our new place, he squatted himself comfortably on a boulder to one side and proceeded to catch up some more of his lost sleep and rest.

"I wouldn't undertake to tell everything that rooster did before we got all the little details of our relations in camp straightened out to harmonize with his free and untrammeled spirit. He got so he'd eat out of our hands all right but he didn't approve of any familiarities such as patting him on the back or tickling his neck. Not him! He was able to back up all his objections by biting out pieces of hide the size of a dime with his bill or ripping gashes six inches long with a spur before you knew it too. He aimed to stand for no foolishness.

"And crow! Mercy sakes! Every morning at the first crack of daylight and sometimes before he'd make the welkin and all the rest of the works ring fit to wake the dead. Time after time we cut the cards to determine whether he should be discouraged in his crowing propensities or not by killing him but his luck never deserted him once. Not even the time he flew into Jerry's face when he was prodding him under the chest one morning and slashed a swath from my partner's eye to his mustache at one rip.

"The next thing that happened then was the Senator seen making a circle through the air with his neck in a horny hand and the last jerk when off would come his coco mighty imminent. It looked like the Senator's policy was about to become a claim all right and the only thing that saved him was a pebble turning under Jerry's foot at the last minute which caused him to lose his hold and slam the rooster on the ground intact instead of minus his top-piece. He got up looking pretty roughed and groggy but he wasn't afraid; not the Senator. He waited a reasonable length of time for Jerry to renew hostilitites as game as you please and then hobbled away muttering to himself disgustedly.

"We finally got all difference adjusted and then everything was lovely. It was mutually understood that the Senator wasn't to be coddled any because he didn't like it and in return he preserved an armed neutrality and ate what we gave him cordially; he only crowed when he felt like it, stayed around camp contentedly or went along while we prospected the surrounding vicinity, highly appreciative of his own imporrance and attending strictly to his own business except when otherwise inclined.

" 'Hear him talk to himself,' said Jerry. 'He's marveling to himself what a bunch of bad company a rooster can get into sometimes when he isn't careful. Why, the other day when you were telling that fairy story about placer mining in Montana, he stood on one leg and said "Quah-a-ah! Cut-ah!" Know what that means? That's game-chicken for: "Tut, tut! What a lying scoundrel that Jim Morrison is." '

" 'That was gospel truth what I said about the Standing Hope mine,' I remarked, 'you and that rowdy rooster to the contrary notwithstanding. They did assay $115,000 to the ton; I saw it.'

" 'Senator,' continued Jerry, addressing the rooster, 'If you believe that, stand on your head!' The Senator looked at us out of first one eye and then the other as was his habit without ruffling a feather.

" 'See!' said Jerry, 'He's not going to commit himself to an indorsement of any such tales.'

"After a couple of weeks of mountain air and the amusing of himself according to the dictates of his own conscience, Senator got every feather adjusted, 'preened' and shining and was a regular dude, spick and span as a new dollar. His black eyes got well and his comb brightened up. He was as pretty as a Sunday supplement and the beauty of it was he knew it too and bragged about it. Jerry got to claiming after awhile that he could understand every word Senator said, plain as day.

" 'For instance, now,' said Jerry, 'he says to me the other day, "Cuh-uh-uck!

Cuh-cuh!" which means "How'd you like to light in town again, where you could get something to eat?" It would suit me all right," I says, how do you like prospecting anyway? "Wah!" he says, "Quah wat!" Anybody can understand that. He's disgusted with it.'

" 'I didn't notice it on him,' I remarked. 'He goes along with me and stands by while I dig up the earth, watching every shovelful for the bug or worm we never find. He seems to be having a first class time.'

" 'I'll play you three best out of five hands of draw to see if we move on over the hill to-morrow,' Jerry proposed next. I took him up and he won on a measly pair of eights. In the morning we packed and Senator who was broke to follow by that time moseyed along, hopping from boulder to boulder and looking for imaginery grass-hoppers in the occasional tufts of sage.

"We picked out a place in a little valley where there was a brooklet about the size of a pick handle trickling among the rocks, also a few scrubby trees and some desultory grass which Senator tore into for grazing purposes.

" 'This neighborhood looks promising,' I said, noting the signs and omens. 'I wouldn't be surprised if we strike something around here.'

" 'I'm for you,' said Jerry, agreeably, 'And I'll bet you I find it first. Even money, the first day's pan.'

" 'I'll take it,' I said, 'and draw with you. The first ace gets supper.' Of course that was where Jerry lived and he bit like a snapping turtle on that. However I had the satisfaction of sitting back, comfortably smoking, while he performed the culinary stunt just the same. About the time Jerry got the bacon to sizzling we were startled by a high keyed note of warning from Senator who was browsing close by in the grass. He was craning his neck and and working his eyeglass overtime.

" 'A snake, likely,' said Jerry, feeling for his six-shooter, 'Come here, Senator before you get charmed!' But not Senator. I saw the feathers begin to to ruffle up on his neck and the fire flash out of his eyes and then he leaped, all spraddled out and there was big doings. It was a snake, all right, a big, mountain rattler and he certainly bumped up against buzz-saws, prickly pears and streaks of lightning when he licked out his tongue at Senator. They had it fast and furious for a few minutes, in which the rattler sung and struck and got his mouth full of feathers. In the meantime the rooster bit and ripped for home and mother. He used his head in more ways than one, too, going in like a flash, slashing at the enemy's ugly mug and side-stepping like a rubber ball.

"We couldn't get a chance to shoot, Senator was too busy and too promiscuous around there but it wasn't necessary anyhow for the Grand River country was a rattler short in two rounds and what was left of the said snake after the battle was pretty much tattered and torn. The rooster made bloody ribbons out of him.

" 'Good old Senator! Good boy!' said Jerry, offering to pat the rooster on the head in congratulation.

" 'Look out!' I said, 'Don't get gay with him. He'll fly into you in another minute.' For the scamp was right ready to take a slash at Jerry, too; scrapping was that lad's long suit.

"We made a week's stand in that valley, investigating the ground pretty thoroughly for the yellow metal but we didn't find nothing to hurt. It was along about then that Jerry caught cold in his feet.

" 'I'm a fool,' he said one night, 'I'm not making any accusations about anybody else around here but as for me, what's the sense of me wasting my young life rummaging around these hills and hollows when I could take the Senator and make more money in ten minutes than I'll ever make here before judgment day and then some,' he said, together with a lot more.

" 'Well, holy nutpicks!' I said, somewhat nettled, 'why don't you slide out and go do it then? You ain't picketed to nothing as I can see and my eyesight's reasonably good.' I did sort of hate to see the Senator leave; we'd taken a considerable shine to each other in the last few days and he'd got to following me around most fraternal. supposed he liked me because I didn't cater to him none and didn't talk no foolish sentiments to him like Jerry did.

" 'Well, now,' Jerry continued, somewhat irritated himself, 'You needn't swell up about it! You and me ain't married are we? Can't I light out if I want to?'

" 'Sure you can,' I said, getting madder. 'Take your hammer and pile out as soon as you like. Grunting and grouching around here won't help me out any. I'm sick of it. What do you want to do? Divvy everything or take it all? Your money bought it.'

" 'I'm not caring about that,' he said. 'Divvy the money and you can keep the outfit. I'm no short horse. I want you to understand that and you can be damned besides.' I kept still at that for I didn't want to hurry the row into a gun-play which would only have resulted in somethimg serious to one or both of us. I unbuckled the money-belt and threw it over to him.

" 'Take it all,' I said, 'it's yours. Go and swill it up and have your headache and good luck to you, Merry.'

" 'No!' he said, 'Half of it's yours and I'll meet you half way on parting friends, too. I havn't got nothing against you, I just aint any prospector, that's all.'

"We shook hands on that and rolled up, each in his own blanket, for the night. The next morning Jerry took a little bite of grub in his pocket and the Senator under his arm and pulled out for civilization. The rooster seemed indifferent about it, clucked contentedly in his throat and took everything for granted. Lord, I hated to see the rascal go! He had got to be such a first rate partner. The last I saw of him was his tail plumes waving from under Jerry's arm as they disappeared around the hill.

"It was pretty lonesome that day and I was just about of a mind to pack up and take the trail for town myself. I made some coffee and fried my bacon about sundown and was sitting there by the fire mighty down in the mouth when I heard a rustle and looking around there come the Senator along the valley, with Jerry not very far behind.

" 'Here we are back,' Jerry said, grinning. 'When we stopped to eat our dinner, I put Senator down to stretch his legs and, by George, I couldn't catch him again. He wouldn't follow going the other way but he came along all right this way so here we are. We've come back to prospect awhile longer. What do you say? I'll cut you for deal.'

"It sounded mighty fine to hear the Senator crowing as usual the next morning and we got out with pick and shovel early. Of course we didn't make any strikes; we didn't find a sign of color all day for the simple reason that we didn't look in the right place. The right place was where we'd overlooked it. Senator had to show it to us.

"Jerry said afterwards that that was what he came back for, at any rate the second day, while we were making preparations to start up the gulch and were still in camp, I heard the Senator quah-wah-ing to himself, where he had been scratching close by in some trash.

" 'Look and see what he's found.' Jerry said, 'Maybe he's dug up the long lost bug he's been looking for.' I looked and it was a bug all right—the bug that makes men do foolish things. It was a yellow chunk of free gold about the size of half of an English walnut and the Senator was eyeing it with first one eye and then the other, powerful suspicious.

" 'Jerry!' I said, 'come over and see what the Senator's found now.' Jerry came over and then we had a look-feast. That nugget wasn't all of it either; we found more and something else with it.

"Some poor cuss had found his last long resting place, right in that spot, as we unearthed with our shovels after a few minutes' digging. He had a slashing good stake with him too, as we found; looked like it had been in a buckskin bag which had long since rotted and left the gold on a little pocket of the soil where it had laid.

"We uncovered the skeleton of the man and the rusty remains of what had once been an old army revolver, empty of loads.

" 'This is like robbing a grave, Jim,' Jerry broke out finally. 'What do you think about it?'

"I studied it over for quite awhile. 'Well,' I said, 'seeing as the poor devil didn't live to enjoy the fruits of his work, which you and me would have

been the last to wish otherwise if we'd been present at the time, and, seeing as how the gold ain't going to do nobody any good here, not even the party himself whoever he was and with all due respect and regards to him and hoping he's gone to a blamed sight better place, I vote we take it.'

"'I'll cut the cards with you on the same anyhow,' he said, 'you for, me against; you've got a queen to beat. That don't look like it was for us to take it, does it?' I slipped off the next card; it was the king of spades. Jerry didn't make any more objections to taking the dead man's stake after deciding it in the manner we did, so we took it.

"We buried the bones in a desert grave and set up a rock at the head and foot to mark the place, which was all we could do, then we made tracks for the world of restaurants and electric pianos. When we divided the pile of dust, it made a trifle under three thousand apiece for Jerry and me and, as Jerry was in the mind of going out to Seattle where he's got a brother living, we cut the cards to see who acquired all right, title and interest to the Senator and I got him.

"Jerry went to Seattle, yesterday. As for me, I don't just seem to be having a good time on this dead man's gold. Every time I spend a dollar I feel like somebody's watching me and a fellow can't engage in no riotous living under them circumstances, can he? About the only thing I can do that don't bother me none is to throw a ten or a twenty in the tambourine when the Salvation Army girl passes it around or buy feed for the Senator. Them two things seem to be all right. How is the Senator? Oh, he's fine and jaunty and spoiling for a fight. He's living in my room down here at the hotel—costs me two dollars a day extra but it has to be, that's all there is to it. Want to go down and see him?"

Palimpsest

Within the dusty archives of a convent old and grey,
Sometimes is found a parchment, hidden long from light of day,
From which the earlier writing had been scraped with scalpel keen,
Leaving a page, as at the first, all fair, and white and clean;
And on the parchment thus redeemed, wise monk, with skill and care,
Some newer, nobler creed inscribed; some miracle more rare.
The former script, of lesser worth, must needs be cast aside,
That in its stead, the larger truth might evermore abide.
In after ages, learned men on scientific quest,
Unearth the scroll, and know that they have found a palimpsest.

O God! The record of my life by sin is ill defaced;
But by Thy skillful, patient hand, the script may be erased,
And on the selfsame parchment, made clean, Thy hand shall write
The story of redeeming love, in characters of light.
Leave not upon that page, I pray, of former sins a trace,
And in their stead do Thou inscribe a miracle of grace.
'Twill take the scalpel, Lord, I know; full well I understand
That tears will start, and blood may flow; e'en so, hold not Thy hand.
I will not shrink nor cry aloud, howe'er by pain distressed,
For only thus shall I be found at last, God's palimpsest.

Mary B. Yates.

They That Serve

By Patrick Vaux

"SHE's running in shore!"

"Yes, running in shore!"

The subordinate executive officer of the U. S. A. cruiser shot a glance at the stolid face of his superior, then at the runner, then again at McDavitt. But still the blunt features of the Lieutenant were unchanged.

He stood with one brown hand resting on the bridge rail, the other holding the binoculars at his eyes. Softly he let go his breath, then he put down the glasses, and winked his strained eyes.

"You're right, Brackett! She's ready to head inside these reefs in the nor'-east. She'll be running for Natnongon, I'd say. If she won't heave to, it's up to us to cut in after her. Oh, these d——d reefs and bays!"

Again the commanding officer glued his sight on the runner. Her smoke-stack vomited a thicker coil of black smoke as she ran straight for the opening threading the reefs obstructing the fairway into Natnongon, Kalimun Island, in the South Philippines. Excitement greatened.

The boatswain's mate jumped to the forecastle scuttle.

"Rouse out, boys, rouse out! Find y'r feet, there! We'll soon be doin' better nor kickin' around lookin' for work. Rouse out! Rouse out!"

Idlers and the watch below scrambled on deck, and excitedly eyed the chase. An echo of their remarks caught Lieutenant McDavitt's ear, and he nodded to himself in the affirmative.

"There isn't half-a-knot in our favor," he grunted in disgust. "and this craft is doing as smartly as she'll manage with these condemned boilers of hers. But that runner must be nipped up . . . Norris to the bridge. . ."

The engineer volunteer, oily, sweaty, and wet with playing a hose on a heated bearing, thrust his head above the white bridge deck.

". . . Rush her up . . I must have it. Look there!" The C. O. flung out his arm at the runner as if to grip her forthwith.

Norris saluted, and wiped the perspiration off his face, leaving it but more begrimed.

"She can't . . she can't! It's top notch she's runnin'," he answered slowly in his loud hard voice. "She's got a bigger head nor her boiler'll stand."

Lieutenant McDavitt shrugged his shoulders.

"Blow us to blazes!" was his retort. "But that vessel I intend having close on my quarter."

For the second old Norris looked blankly at his officer. He cast a long look at the runner as he stepped down the bridge ladder, then nodding to himself disappeared under the breach of the bridge. Within the next ten minutes the anxious lieutenant felt multitudinous little muffied throbbings and shiverings running throughout the iron hull of his command, telling of hard-driven engines and over-pressed boilers.

With her 3-inch quickfire on the forecastle, two 6-pounders and two Colts amidships and aft, the cruiser made a brave show, and, on the whole, though hastily fitted out, was efficient enough for her duties. Not yet had the resistance of the Spaniards ceased throughout the Archipelago of the Philippines, and though Manila had just fallen to the Stars and Stripes, here and there at outlying bases an oppugnacious and stubborn defence was yet to be encountered.

With her stem ripping the sea apart into foam-tipped, wide-stretching ridges, the cruiser sped onwards in pursuit.

Astern, her screw beat up huge patches of foam into the short swirling wake. The whole hull of her jarred and quivered as if demoniac hammers were thumping on her sides.

The sun leaned over the pink and mauve horizon; it changed the swiftly varying green of the waters into an intense blue, and tipped the swells with gold. To port the fresh green island of Kalimun filled the eye, its blue hills trailing into the south-east, more blue and more indistinct in the thickening atmosphere of dewy morning.

Lieutenant McDavitt put down his binoculars. Quick, emphatic his voice rang out to the forecastle, and almost immediately the seven-foot little monster there crashed out, spitting live shell, a little way short of the steamer. A puff of white smoke broke out from the steamer's stern, and a small shot fell wide to starboard. The Lieutenant uttered a curse in his surprise.

A new defiance was flung in his face. But before the cackle of the cruiser's quickfirer again pierced the calm air, the chase was showing her taffrail, for now she was heading through the reefs. The shot ricochetted harmless across her creaming wake.

"Port ten points." And with a swir the cruiser swung.

"A squint at her bearings. Nor'-east three-quarters nor' by that patch of rock with the trees on it, is it? Steady wheel, steady it is."

McDavitt glued his binoculars to to his sight, and traced the runner as she shot through the passage landward. None but the natives who pilot small craft between the numerous reefs and shoals besetting the southerly coast of Kilamum can tell how dangerous are the many and intricate channels.

"Yes, she is making for Natnongon," he replied in answer to Gunner Gracket. What water is there in the pass?"

"Eight to eight and a half fathoms, shallowing on four, by the Dons' chart sir."

"In we go," grunted the commanding officer as he rang his engines "Slow ahead."

By now the runner had ensconsed herself beyond the break in the steep coastline. She imagined that tortuous passes, numberless shoals, and reefs and cays gave her protection. But the cruiser was forging in-shore after her.

Jerkily the U. S. war vessel pitched and rolled in the wash and back swirl of blue water. She rocked and jibbed like a barrel.

With heart beating and eyes fixed on his leading mark, Lieutanant McDavitt thrust his craft forward. Weighty masses of water buffeted her, and she gave a succession of sidelong jerks; and fears shot into her C. O. that she had struck. Yeasty brine blinded his eyes, but with cool calculation he put down the wheel an infinitesimal degree, and the next minute she had dashed through the dangerous channel into smooth water fronting the shore.

With leadsmen active on either bow, and aided by the blink above the shoals and the varying color of the waters, Lieutenant McDavitt brought the patrol safely round the adjacent point. She was then off the break in the coastline.

The precipitous shore stood soundless without signs of human existence, and with its tangle of trees and undergrowths afforded secure and immense stretches for cover. The Lieutenant threw an uneasy glance around, for his eye caught the blink of innumerable shoals and reefs. He wondered if he could manage to regain the open sea after—?"

"Oh h——l! We do all things," he remarked derisively to Brackett. "We'll see what's what."

"This is something worth! Mebbe a taste of IT! Geewish! Some real, red-hot fighting ruck, mebbe, sir!"

"Wait till we're through with it," rasped the C. O., "just you wait!"

With steady pulsations from her engines the cruiser surged onwards, her smoke often beclouding the wooded steeps of the stream. The sense of danger had communicated itself to the men. Alert they stood at their posts. But the gun-trainer of the forecastle piece was muttering garrulously to one of his crew, and some men of the starboard quickfirer were looking with wide, staring eyes at the near declivities as if they were searching for death's face. At the port Colt, one was snapping the

trigger to make certain of its action, while another was looking about him to keep his faculties from being intimidated. On the swarthy face of the Bridge himself was an expression that made the abrupt lines of his mouth and forehead grim and powerful.

All was still. On a weak inland breeze came the sickly rank smell of rotten vegetation and fetid mud. Some treacherous birds wheeled screaming above the tree tops. Here and there on the short spaces of muddy bank sedate alligators looked at the fresh intruder in lazy alarm.

As McDavitt swung the cruiser to starboard a little to clear an outlying edge, his keen eye caught a pin-point gleam high in the green mask of thick bush and trees to star-board. Sharp and resonant snapped his orders. The next second, metallic wailings lashed the ear, crimson sparks glinted amidst the mass of foliage to starboard as a masked battery of two guns opened fire.

The 127 feet of the cruiser shook to the discharge of her broadside, but the enemy's fire swept her deck. The men of the forecastle gun were mown down save one, and the starboard 6-pounder put out of action. In vain the Lieutenant tried to place the battery, but the glint was gone in the murky smoke. Yet the fierce fire from the re-manned bow gun had plugged something, for to a heavy reverberation the cannonade slackened, then ceased.

As McDavitt swung the gun-vessel away from the nose of a mud bank, he could feel that she was still free of water, though undoubtedly she has been hulled. Throwing a look on the deck where fiends were plying hiccoughing pieces, he shouted orders and encouragement.

And down in the sweltering bowels of the sorely mauled patrol, her volunteer engineer was keeping one eye on his steam guages and on his telegraph dial, and one on his engine; one ear at the voice tube, and one listening to the beat of his machines, one hand on the wheel of the stop valve and one on the reversing gear. He heard the crashing of the guns and felt the recurrent shocks. It came to him the vessel would shake herself apart.

She rounded the little sharp elbow in the channel. The next minute Natnongon lay ahead.

Commander Lieutenant McDavitt with bird-like glances viewed the scene. Before him was a small reach of water. On the far side lay the straggling white-washed town, and in front of it a dilapidated pier, alongside of which two torpedo boats lay moored. Within 300 yards of the cruiser the runner had come to, the steam still escaping from her blow offs. Ashore a bugle was soaring vociferously, and two pieces of artillery were apparently being brought into position on the pier.

"Boys, we've got to do it," roared the Bridge, waving his right arm ahead." "If we don't settle their hash, they'll settle ours."

That instant the air sang shrill with the bullets from infantry in cover; it screeched with the strident reports of the guns. The following moment the U. S. A. gun-vessel was run alongside her, and with depressed port guns she raked the steamer's deck. Her engines were rung astern, then stopped.

"Boarders away!" was the yell as the Commander Lieutenant leaped on her starboard bow. With a roar his men followed.

Panic seized the merchantmen, and without waiting for their visitors they jumped overboard. The officers, led by their gaunt, yellow-faced captain, rallied round a small poop gun, but, sooner than they could throw back its breech-block, a Colt had pumped out its stream of lead, and they were riddled to tatters.

Already steam was bulging in spreading clouds from one of the torpedo boats, and the other was erratically pitching shells at the American. To port, above the town, artillery appeared to be moving into position on an extensive knoll. So the cruiser having thrown a prize crew into the Sta. Maria Teresa, headed for the town, firing with a deadly steadiness.

Along the beach, spurting fire seared the depths of the mango groves where some infantry were taking cover. On the pier one gun, smashed about the breach, lay with black smoking muzzle almost at right angles in the air. The other was firing spasmodically, for tor-

rents of bullets from the Colts, sweeping the site, were drilling its gunners into atoms. But again and again gallant fellows rushed forward and remanned the piece.

The Commander Lieutenant saw bursts of steam suddenly break from the hatchways and scuttles of the torpedo boat, and completely envelope her. It was the spitfire town which would beat him off.

The husky grim voice took McDavitt like the voice of Doom. He wheeled, an oath flying from his dry lips. Only a second ago they had been there, working like madmen, each doing the work of three.

"Port Colt jammed, crew all down."

At the fresh report something uncontrollable seized him. He jammed the telegraph hard over, ringing off his engines, and knowing the gun-vessel would bring up athwart the knoll he dropped over the bridge rail, and swiftly gained the silenced forecastle.

A bullet grazed his right cheek, another fleshed his temples, another, passing through his pith helmet, threw it off. But he knew only of the knoll guns and the infantry that were plugging him.

On the forecastle the steam capstan, fore bitts and staunchions were demolished, and there was a pool of blood, amidst which lay huddled, twisting bodies. One bluejacket, stripped to the waist and smutty with burnt powder, was trying to sit upright while he clasped both hands round his shattered knee as if holding it together.

"It's them d——d sodgers on that hill," he cried hoarsely. "Kill them—kill them—"

From amidships a blackfaced demon came flying, and with his help the Commander-Lieutenant brought the quickfirer into action again.

He aligned it. He let out at the knoll raging, and 12-pound shells dropped neatly on its summit. He smiled unconsciously to himself.

Steam, burnt powder, the stink of blood, of burning wood from the blazing town, caught his nostrils and pricked his senses like maddening poison. Everything became shadowy, unreal, save those belching muzzles on the irregular crest of brown earth and torn shrubs. Now he saw them wreathed in thin white vapor, now glinting in the sunshine, now hidden from sight, but still flamed their ruddy flashes; their roars beat forever. He worked like a superhuman, he raged loudly—deliriously. Seconds, minutes, hours, years elapsed for all he was aware.

There came a mighty blinding flash. A rolling, crashing thunder, and dust and and earth and masses of stonework were tossed geyser-like in the air. A shell of his had burst upon the ammunition in the rear of the battery. The guns and their men were obliterated.

McDavitt stopped firing, and stared confusedly about him. Only desultory rifle-reports to starboard told of the enemy. The smokestack he saw, shot away down to its heater; the little wheel-house showed jagged against the calm, blue sky; one of the bridge stays was entirely gone, the boats, mast, and derrick were knocked to pieces.

Then a tremenduous cheering resounded in his ear. Yes! It was victory that his men were cheering. The thought came to him in exquisite surprise.

This, then, had been the "real thing!"

Gunner Brackett caught sight of him as he stood motionless on the battered forecastle; and, his right arm in a sling and his head heavily swathed in bandages, he leaped towards him.

"She's started in the bows—makin' water like a mill-sluice—pumps can't keep it under. For'ard, starboard she is split with shot-holes—she's sinkin' fast."

In that moment the Commander-Lieutenant was himself again, and he swung down for the bridge, marvelling that he had escaped.

"Full speed astern," clanged the engineroom gong. "Get the wounded together, Gunner,—I'm running her alongside the prize—stand by to fire a time fuse in the magazine."

And as the prize was slipping down stream, a thunderous detonation crashed through the heavy air. An immense puff of black smoke, spreading into a huge cloud of dusky vapor, overhung the scene of victory and defeat. The U. S. A. cruiser was gone.

McDavitt took a long look at his

surviving men. Every one of them was tired to his marrow, and, ragged and begrimed, still hard at work. Some were tenderly handling the wounded, carrying them into the temporary sickbay on the steamer's upper deck.

"Here we are, Gunner," he mumbled, his lips cracked and bleeding, "With a prize worth fifty thousand dollars or so—but—I'd rather have those twenty-five dead of mine than all the prize money in this war! Why don't they at home have the proper gear for us to work with? D——n them, I say, d——n them!" . . . "Steady it is, wheel, starboard a point, and into the open she goes!"

Away astern the murk and smoke of War's sacrifice still stained the pure and limpid atmosphere of morning.

Down De Lonesome Graveyahd Road

When de yellah moon am shinin'
An' de shadows dance an' play,
An' wind am kinda whinin'
In de oak trees by de way,
An' de cricket am a-singin'
Lak hahd times it nevah knowed;
'Tis den you see dem ghostes
Down de lonesome graveyahd road.

One time, it was in Novembah,
An' a way long time ago,
In de evenin' I remembah,
I was tiahed an' walkin' slow;
An' de moon an' stahs wah shinin'
An' de wind it softly blowed,
An' I heard an ole owl hootin'
Down de lonesome graveyahd road.

Made me shakey an' I walked hahd,
Foh it sounded mighty queeah,
An' I had to pass de graveyahd,
An' de gate was drawin' neah;
I had a sack of tatahs,
An' dey wan't no little load,
But you oughta seen me tote 'em
Down de lonesome graveyahd road.

All at once de moon it scooted—
In behind a pesky cloud,
An' agin dat ole owl hooted,
An' he hooted good an' loud;
An' I heard de bushes movin',
An' de nex' thing dat I knowed,
Dah was somethin' white astandin'
In de middle ob de road!

Dah it was, all silent, standin'
An' a pintin' straight at me,
Jes' as if it was demandin'
What my business dah mout be!
But I didn't stop to 'form him,
An' right dah I dropped my load,
An' made a sprisin' record
Back de lonesome graveyahd road.

Jerome Twichell.

Here and There

THAT MAN TAFT Well what about him just now? Anything new? Yes considerable. Mr. Taft, for one thing, is finding his feet, getting good strong ground to stand on, doing better and getting stronger with the people all the time Canadian Reciprocity has helped some. Even those who oppose it for selfish motives realize that it is a step in the right direction even though they think the step may cost them individually something. They recognize his honesty of purpose in it. That it is on the whole a popular move is shown by the fact that more than two-thirds of the Senate are for it, and still more significant, more than three-fourths of the House, fresh from the people, were for it. If signs count for anything, the great majority of the American people favor that particular measure. The opposition to it is scattered and ineffectual.

It is certainly a big thing to strike out on a new line like this, to prepare a treaty as far reaching as this without taking the advice of a single leader of the party, launch it without help and at once have back of it such an overwhelming public sentiment as appears to be backing this measure.

It shows that Taft is becoming a real leader and that the people are getting ready to follow him. He is to-day certain of renomination. Whether he is reelected or not is uncertain, of course, but right at this moment I believe he is stronger than the Republican party.

I do not mean that he could poll more than a party vote, if he even could do that. What I mean is, that more voters have confidence in Taft, in his honesty, sincerity and courage, than have confidence in the Republican party as a party. He can poll more votes than any other Republican who is likely to be a candidate, and he is not losing any votes now.

A SPECIE EMBASSADOR Taft gains in spite of the foolish things that he does, because people believe he is honest. One of the most foolish was the appointment of John Hayes Hammond "Special Embassador" to the coronation of George Fifth. "Specie Embassador" would be a better title. Just why such a man should have been appointed to such a position remains to the world at large a living mystery. Hammond never had any diplomatic experience, he was utterly unknown to the great world of diplomacy, he had had no experience in public life, no special qualifications except the price. He has plenty of money, how he got it is another matter. An adventurer guilty of treason to the Boer republic, his enormous ransom first brought him into the public eye. His first big coup was his endorsement of the Independence Mine sold by Stratton to the English syndicate for ten million dollars. Hammond's report turned out to be an utter fake, the stuff was not there. Somehow he got in the good graces of the Guggenheims and became their trusted engineer. It was said that his salary was a million a year. On his advice and report they bought into the famous Nipissing mine in the Cobalt group in Canada. Again Hammond's report turned out inaccurate. Hammond lost his job, and the Guggenheims lost about four millions. The general public lost about fifty millions. The curious thing about it is that Hammond came out of the crash with an immense fortune and he and the engineer Beatty, a former assistant of his, are to-day the closest friends, although it was Beatty's subsequent report that proved Hammond's a fake and showed that the mine was of little value. Both of them made a great deal

of money out of it, that much is known. And this adventurer, with a score of shady transactions like this in his past, and with a big law suit pending against him for fraud, was selected to represent this great republic at the coronation.

Taft is the victim of his friendships. By and by he may find out that he is surrounded by a set of high class crooks and bloodsuckers who prey upon his good nature to make money. But he will have to find it out pretty soon and throw the whole bunch overboard or the scandals they are making for him will ruin him.

THE INSURGENTS It seems to me that the Insurgents have made a mistake in opposing reciprocity. They are inconsistent. They have declared themselves in favor of a lower tariff and yet the first big move that is made in that direction they oppose because it does not go all the way at once. This is hardly good politics. The Democrats have shown far more sense. They took the measure, formulated by a Republican President, and got behind it. It did not go as far as they wanted to, but it was a step and they took it cheerfully and as a result the Democratic party is stronger to-day than it has been in many years. The opposition of the Insurgents in the Senate, too, has been almost petty. Realizing long ago that they were beaten on the issue, they persist in perfectly futile and almost childish opposition. LaFollette has apparently lost his head. In his desire to be President, he is opposing Taft on everything with the result that he has weakened himself and strengthened Taft.

THE CASE OF BRISTOW Senator Bristow has come out with the bold declaration that Taft does not represent the Republican party, and that he, Bristow, is against him for President. Bristow is evidently for LaFollette and he appears to be the only leading Insurgent in the State who is for LaFollette or against Taft. He stands practically alone. If Bristow were a big man with a personal following he might be able to do this, but if the Senator will recall the political history of our country on such matters, he will feel some cold chills in the region of his spine. No man in public life has ever successfully opposed the President of his party.

Douglas, Conklin, Platt, Foraker, Mason and a dozen others tried it, and every one of them was retired to private life. Under our system, the President is the titular head of the party and no Senator is strong enough individually to cope with the power of that office. Senator Bristow is aggrieved over appointments. He has not received what he considered his share of the patronage of the State and he is mad. As a result he is playing his game badly. He is playing into the hands of the men who want his scalp. He is getting out of the party and he is not strong enough to make a party of his own in Kansas.

A HARMONY CANDIDATE One of the best things that has happened for the Republicans of Kansas, since they began fighting each other ten years ago, is the candidacy of Arthur Capper for Governor. His nomination is practically assured right now. Mr. Ryan, a member of the Railroad Board, is also an avowed candidate but he will not get far. He has made a good Railroad Commissioner, but he is not generally looked upon as gubernatorial size. Not yet, anyway.

Mr. Capper has been perhaps the biggest factor in the progressive movement in Kansas. He is not a writer. He can't sound the tocsin and make the welkin ring like Bill White. But he had the circulation and he had good writers for that circulation and the *Capital* was progressive while Bill White was still in the bonds of inqiuty. Capper saw it first. There is no denying that, and he has been on the job ever since.

At the same time he commands the respect of the other crowd, the affection of

many of them. He is not hated as Stubbs is. He is not disliked as Bristow is. He is known to be fair, just, kindly considerate, and very broad between the eyes. He could do all the things Stubbs has done, or rather tried to do in the Legislature without setting the hair on any one. He has personal charm which Stubbs and Bristow lack. He has balance. He is willing to listen to the other fellow, and meet him half way, if that does not mean an abandonment of principle. When it comes to that kind of a question Arthur Capper doesn't budge. If it is a mere question of the best way to do a thing he will come clear over to the other fellow's side, but if the thing is right and ought to be done, there is no moving him.

He is a high class business man and no one in the State knows more about State affairs than he does.

If any one on earth can measurably heal the breach and unite the party Capper is the likeliest man.

Notice

To any one sending us a copy of the Kansas Magazine for November or December 1910 we will give a 3-months extension to their subscription.

KANSAS MAGAZINE CO.

The Schweiter Building

The front cover of this magazine is a good likeness of the Schweiter office building, a modern reinforced concrete fire-proof building erected in Wichita during 1910, one of the finest modern office buildings in the Southwest. The property is valued at more than $500,000.00 and contains 256 offices, besides one entire floor devoted to a millinery department. This magnificent building is one of the creditable and substantial evidences of Wichita's steady growth.

Mr. Schweiter, the owner of this building, is one of the old settlers of Wichita, having located here in 1870.

Twice Told Tales

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story new or old, that has humor in it

Only a Starter

A crochety old Kansas farmer had trouble with his neighbor, and as a result sought his counsel. "I want yeou ter write him a letter an' tell him this here foolishness hez got ter stop," he declared firmly. "I know what I want ter say, but I hain't got the larnin' ter put it right."

"What do you want to say?" the lawyer asked.

"Wa—all, begin by tellin' him he's the durndest, all-fired lyin'ist, thievin'-est, low-downest, skunk on airth—an' then work up."

◈—◈

A Larned man who was the father of twelve children had rocked each one in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one evening when his wife remarked: "William, that cradle is nearly worn out, it's getting so rickety, I'm afraid it will fall all to pieces,"

"It is about used up," replied her husband; then, handing her a ten-dollar bill he remarked: "The next next time you go down town get a new one, a good one, one that will last."

◈—◈

Dr. MacC.——had been up all night on a case and was so tired he could hardly keep his eyes open, when the office boy announced a patient. The patient was shown in and the doctor asked what his trouble was.

"It's right here," said the man pointing to his chest, "I've an awful pain."

"Take off your coat and vest and I will listen to your heart," said the doctor.

The doctor put his head on the patient's chest and said," count slowly, one—two—three—"

When the doctor awoke the patient was counting slowly, "One thousand nine hunderd and nine, one thousand nine hundred and ten—"

◈—◈

A great Bend man, the proud father of several daughters was endeavoring to find out a certain Larned young man's intentions in visiting his house.

"Yes," said the old man, "I am proud of my girls and would like to see them comfortably married. I have made a little money and they will not go to their husbands penniless. There's Jane, twenty-five and a good girl, I shall give her four thousand dollars when she marries; then comes Rose, who wont see thirty-four again, I shall give her eight thousand; and the man who takes Jessie, who is forty will get fifteen thousand—ahem!"

The young man reflected a moment or so and then inquired slowly: "You havn't got one about fifty, have you?"

◈—◈

An Incriminating Fact

Rastus was on trial, charged with stealing seven dollars and eighty-five cents. He pleaded not guilty, and, as he was unable to hire an attorney, the judge appointed Lawyer Clearem as counsel. Clearem put up a strong plea in defense, and Rastus was acquitted.

Counsel and client met a few minures later outside the court room.

"Now Rastus," said Clearem, "you know the court allows the counsel very little for defending this kind of a case. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm entitled to much more pay than I'm getting for my valuable services, and you should dig up a good sized fee. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, Boss," replied Rastus, "I still done got dat seben dollahs and eighty-five cents."—*Everybody's.*

He Couldn't Believe It

A number of years ago, when Alvey A. Adee was Third Assistant Secretary of State, an employee of the State Department was called to the 'phone and the following colloquy ensued:

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adee."

"A. D. what?"

"A. A. Adee."

"Spell it please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A—."

"'You go to the devil!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.—*Metroplitan Magazine.*

A Poor Picture

Two children were looking at some pictures of sacred subjects in a colored Sunday supplement. "Who's that?" said the little boy. "Oh," said the little girl, "that's Jesus Christ, but it isn't good of him."

What She Wanted

A big negress came before a Virginia judge the other day, seeking redress for domestic troubles.

"I's a wronged woman," she declared in a give-me-back-my-child-you-villain tone, "an' I wants redress fru' dis yere co't."

"Tell me about your trouble," said the kind-hearted judge.

"It's about mah ole man. He's done been ca'yin' on plumb scannalous wif a lot of dese yeh young niggah gals, an' it's got so bad twill I don' see him no moah'n once a week. Sompin's gottah be did!"

"H'm! I see," said the Judge. "You are seeking a divorce—a legal separation—is that it?"

"Go long, man! Divo'ce nothin'! Think I's gwine t' gib him what he wants and 'low dat man who, 'spite all his cussedness, is de han'somest niggah in Coon Tree Holler, t' go skyhootin' 'roun' 'mong dem little yaller girls? N', sah! I doan' want no divo'ce, n'r dat legal septitution you-all's talkin' about. N', sah, jedge; what I wants is a injunction."—*Lippincott's.*

Never Heard It

He wanted a shirt waist for his wife. The saleslady looked at him coldly.

"What bust?"

"Why, I don't know," said the man looking around in a startled way, "I didn't hear anything."

Partners in all Things

A young lawyer in a Western town was taken into partnership with his father, and soon got the idea that he was the whole firm. He fell into the habit of saying, at the conclusion of a successful case:

"Well, father, I won that case, all right."

Finally the old man, becoming irritated by the son's assumption of importance handed out this advice:

"George, it seems to me that whenever this firm does anything you might give me half of the credit for it. Don't put on so many airs."

The youth took the advice to heart, and a few days later rushed into the office with this report:

"Father, I—I mean *we*— have been sued for breach of promise!"

The Ladies Home Journal describes the Messiah at Lindsborg in this manner: Two hundred old maids setting in the front row of seats will stand up and sing, "Unto us a child is born," then about three hundred old bachelors in the back row will stand up and sing, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

Missouri Pacific New Trains and Through Sleepers

Effective Sunday, June 18th, 1911

For Colorado

Train No. 403 leaves Wichita 3:00 p. m., with Chair Car, Sleeper and Diner.
Train No. 401 leaves Wichita 10:05 p. m., with Chair Car and Sleeper and Diner.

For Kansas City

New Day Train No. 420 leaves Wichita 9:00 a. m., arrives Kansas City 5:30 p. m.
Return Train 421 leaves Kansas City at 1:10 p. m., arrives Wichita 9:55 p. m.

For St. Louis

Train 410 leaves Wichita 2:20 p. m., arrives St. Louis 7:30 a. m.
Return Train leaves St. Louis at 8:10 p. m., arrives Wichita 1:10 p. m.

For Coffeyville, Little Rock, Hot Springs

Train No. 721 leaves Wichita 8:10 a. m., with Standard Sleeper.
Train returning from Hot Springs, Little Rock and Coffeyville arrives Wichita 7:15 p. m.

BOOST FOR KANSAS

YOU have a friend or relative who wants to know more about the West. You can't tell it all in a letter. Let us help you. Send 25 cents and your friend or relative's name and address and we will forward three recent numbers of **The Kansas Magazine** containing a fund of valuable information concerning Kansas. Fill out the coupon.

Name_____ **Address**_____

Sent by _____

SICK PEOPLE

LOPEZ

Cures all forms of Blood Poison, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Eczema, Liver and Stomach Trouble.
For a run-down system you will find nothing better.
For free booklet call or write,
LOPEZ REMEDY COMPANY, 311 E. Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas

Do You Like Flowers?

You can have them with little trouble if you will write, telegraph or telephone your needs to us Prices are reasonable and we ship anywhere

W. H. Culp & Co., Florists
Wichita, Kansas



CHILE

The great Mexican dish, easily made with Dye's Chile Mixture. The modern Chile maker, 10 and 25c at your grocer. If he has sold out send 10c for a can and booklet of Mexican Recipes.

W. A. DYE
Mexican Chile Supplies
107-109 South Rock Island Av. **Wichita, Kans**

The Western Iron and Foundry Co.

Iron and Steel for Buildings and Structures

GENERAL FOUNDRY, MACHINE AND BOILER WORK

2nd and Santa Fe Sts. Wichita, Kansas

THE KANSAS WESLEYAN BUSINESS COLLEGE
THE EFFICIENT SCHOOL FOR BANKS AND RAILROADS

Furnishes more Bankers, Civil Service help, Commercial Teachers, R. R. Stenographers, and Telegraphers, than any other school. U. P. contracts to take all our male operators, and allow salary while learning. We guarantee position for complete course or refund tvition.
Twenty Instructors, eighteen rooms, one thousand students. Terms Reasonable.
NEW FEATURES—Farm Accounting, McCaskey Register, Wireless Telegraphy. Write for Catalog and Free Tuition Prize Offer. No agents out to get you to sign up. Address,
T. W. ROACH, President, 201 S. Santa Fe, Salina, Kansas

Hotel Imperial

Broadway at 31st and 32nd Sts., New York City
Absolutely Fireproof

Only One Block From The New Pennsylvania Station

Just across the street from the 33rd Street Station of the Elevated and the 32nd Street Terminal of the Hudson Tubes. This latter system connecting with the following Trans-Atlantic steamship lines and railroads within twenty minutes:

RAILROADS	STEAMSHIP LINES
Erie	Hamburg-American
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	North German Lloyd
Lehigh Valley	Holland-American

At the center of the new shopping district, within easy distance of all theatres, the Metropolitan opera house, and other places of amusement.

Theatre and opera seats may be secured in advance through the ticket office in the hotel lobby by applying to us

800 Rooms, 600 of which have private baths
Rates $2.00 per day and upward

Booklet of hotel, complete schedule of tariff and map of the city forwarded free of charge on application to

COPELAND TOWNSEND, Manager

If You Are Constipated

There is only one rational method by which you can be cured, and that is by means of

THE "J. B. L. CASCADE TREATMENT"

A constipated condition of the bowels is the cause of 90 per cent of all illness. The blood constantly coming in contact with the accumulated waste in the colon, absorbs the poisons distributing them throughout the system, weakening our resistance against infection and bringing on directly countless other ills, which gradually become chronic—Indigestion, Headache, Billiousness, Palpitation, Rheumatism, Dizziness, etc. It is frequently the direct cause of Appendicitis.

The "J. B. L. Cascade" in a perfectly natural way, without discomfort or evil effect, thoroughly flushes and cleanses the intestines and keeps them free, clean, and active. Thousands have been cured and benefited by this treatment —why not you? Let us send you a copy of our booklet—"Why Man of Today is Only 50 per cent Efficient." It is based purely on common sense and will be most interesting to you, whether it convinces you or not, and we will be glad to mail it free, postpaid, on request.

CHAS. A. TYRRELL, Formerly President of
TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 134 W. 65th St., New York City

Electrical Appliances

It's a real pleasure to cook with Electric Appliances. They are quick, reliable and always ready. A dainty breakfast can be quickly prepared with the Electric Coffee Percolator and Electric Toaster. When unexpected company comes, the Electric Chafing Dish eliminates embarrassing delays and accidents with the impromptu luncheon.

Our new display room contains everything electrical and we invite you to call and see our appliances demonstrated.

Ready When You Turn the Switch

Kansas Gas & Electric Co.
239 So. Main



Established 1884

Edward Vail & Co.
110-112 North Main St.
Wichita, Kansas

Leading Jewelers
Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry
Silverware, Cut Glass
References: All Wichita Banks

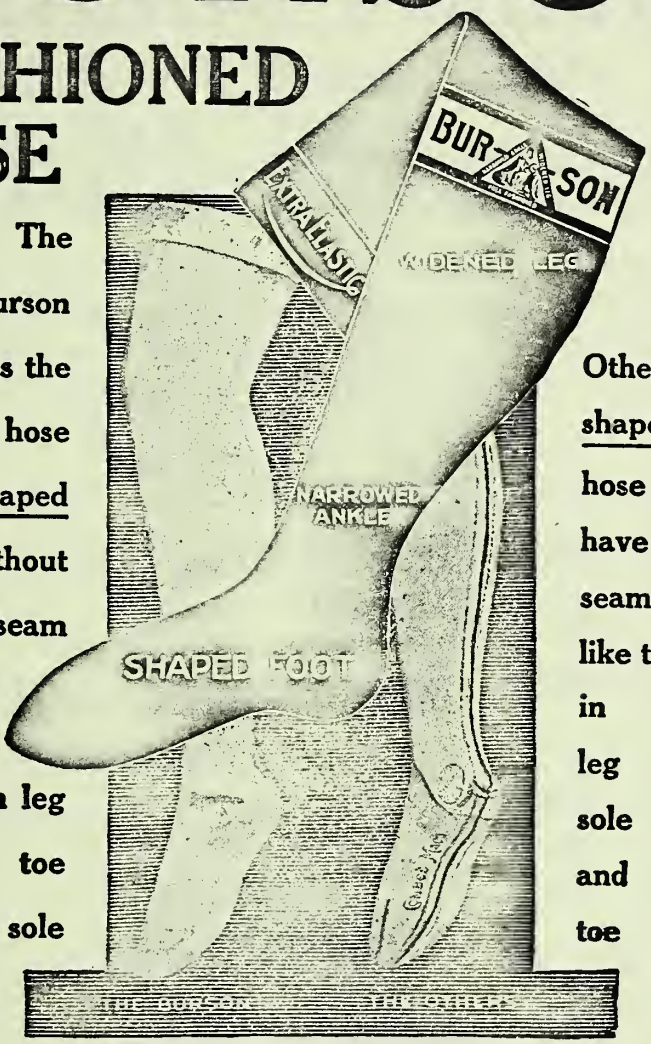
◈Superfluous Hair Permanently Removed by Electricity◈

MRS. KEITH
Ladies' Hair Dressing Parlors
Hair Goods of Every Description
Phone 2824 157 N. Main St. WICHITA, KANSAS

BURSON

FASHIONED HOSE

The Burson is the only hose shaped without a seam in leg toe or sole



Other shaped hose have seams like this in leg sole and toe

Above we show the BURSON and the "others"—turned inside out. Note the difference.

The Burson stocking is knit to shape in leg, ankle, heel, foot and toe without seam, corner or uneven thread anywhere. It keeps its shape.

Burson stockings can be had in *Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized*—and in all weights—a complete line of Women's Hose in all sizes and qualities. Made in Rib tops and out sizes also.

Prices range from 25c up to 50c a pair.

COX-BLODGETT DRY GOODS CO., Wholesale Distributers, Wichita

Exclusive Features

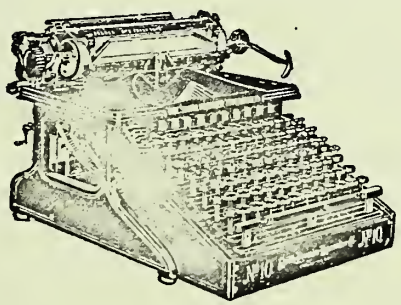
of the New Model 10 Visible

Smith Premier

The only front stroke machine having a complete, straight-line keyboard, a removable platen, interchangeable carriages, a gear-driven carriage and easy erasing facilities, every operation controlled from the keyboard, a decimal tabulator and column finder.

These features are so necessary that other typewriters will eventually come to them. Why not get the machine that has them *now*—the Smith Premier?

Write for information. THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
714 Deleware St., Kansas City, Mo.



There is a Young Lady in Your County Soliciting Subscriptions for The Kansas Magazine

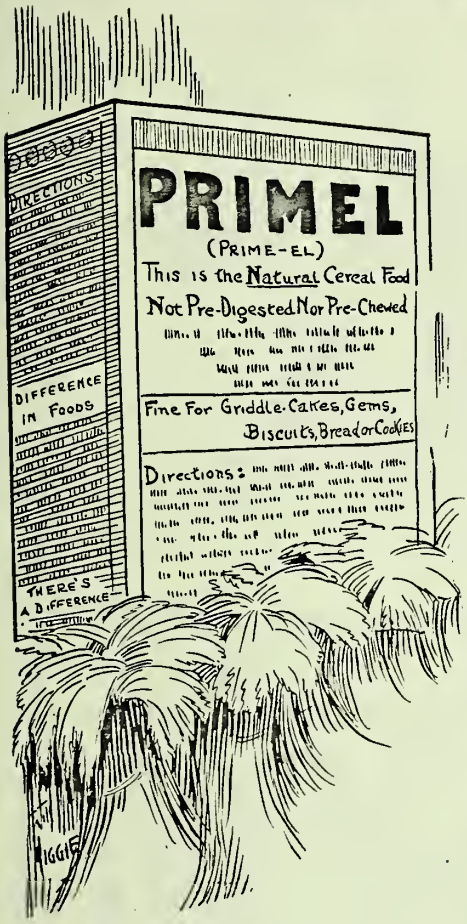
She will be the official representative from her county in the Grand Educational Tour which will be conducted by the Kansas Magazine Company next August. There will be one representative, and only one, from each county in Kansas.

The itinerary of the Grand Tour will be from Wichita to New Orleans; from New Orleans to New York by Ocean voyage: from New York to Albany, New York via Hudson River; from Albany to Boston; from Boston to New York; from New York to Washington D. C.; from Washington to Chicago; from Chicago Wichita via Kansas City. Extended stops will be made in New York, Boston and Washington.

Any courtesies shown the young ladies in their soliciting campaign will be greatly appreciated by

THE KANSAS MAGAZINE CO.

You will Feed Your Family PRIMEL Every Day



---When you know how Pure, Helpful and Nourishing it is

It has a pleasant tasty flavor that makes a hit with the youngsters and the grown folks. Made of the pure, natural grain and nothing else. Made in Kansas, of Kansas grain, for Kansas people and others.

Many cereal foods are made from hulls, useless as a food, without nourishment or flavor and expense. Primel being made of the whole grain, retains all the life and strength-giving qualities which the human body must have to make up for the daily wear and waste in grown-ups and to fill out the growing boys and girls.

There is more muscle and brain in an ounce of Primel than any other cereal, therefore, it is the cheapest.

Sold in ten, fifteen and twenty-five cent packages at your grocer. If he will not supply you, we sell direct from the factory at wholesale prices.

Ft. Scott, Kansas

There is an 8-ounce SAMPLE PACKAGE waiting for You

Enough for a good taste all around, ("five dishes.") That is the best way for you to judge Primel, then you will know its goodness, its pleasing and appetizing taste and its wholesomeness. Send 10 cents, which is to cover the postage only, your name and address on the coupon and your grocer's name.

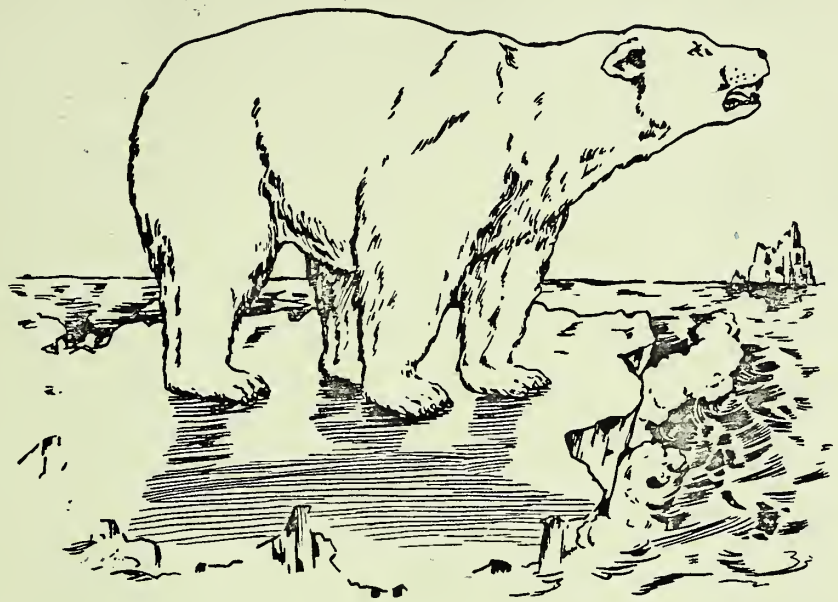
COUPON

For the enclosed 10 cents, please send me the trial package of Primel, "enough for five dishes."

Name.....

Address.....

Grocer's Name.....



POLAR BEAR FLOUR IS KING

The New Era Milling Company

ARKANSAS CITY KANSAS

4780 6